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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Admirable Dewey By Walter Davenport

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JUNE 8, 1940

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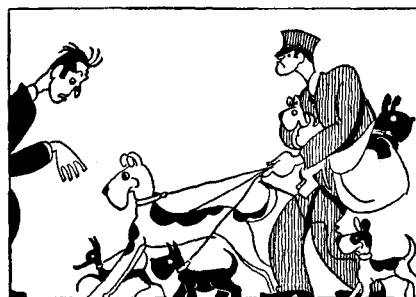
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COVER

ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

IT WAS raining and it was Sunday, and Mr. Lewis Malcolm was glad. A perfect day for an exploration of the attic of his house in Shreveport, Louisiana. We don't know what else he dug out of the dust, but our share of it was the autobiography of a departed dictator—Huey Pierce Long. The book—Every Man a King—arrived just as we had emerged belatedly and depressed from the sweaty, red-eyed pages of Adolf Hitler's self-appreciation, Mein Kampf. Mr. Malcolm may like to know that we read Mr. Long's recital of his battle to crown his fellow men in exactly two hours and that it took a dark brown-shirt taste out of our mouth. And yet we couldn't help making comparisons. The abstemious, mystical Mr. Hitler, being a better duck, has thus far escaped the assassin, and Mr. Long, an alcoholic carnivore who wasn't agile, didn't. As a result Mr. Hitler has gone places and lives to regret perhaps two or three of them. Mr. Long was just emerging from his Louisiana swamps and bayous. Each started out determined to make his neighbors happy if he had to kill them in the process. Mr. Hitler is doing it the hard way. Mr. Long proposed to buy power and glory with promises of easy money, easy work and easy virtue. Mr. Hitler's racket is cosmic; Mr. Long's was poolroom. But both started from the black bottom. Perhaps we shouldn't get serious. What we started to say was that we liked Huey—liar, blusterer, fraud, buffoon that he was. We wish we knew Mr. Hitler. We'd probably forget ourselves and call him Huey. One day Huey accused us of libeling him. We asked him why he didn't sue. He charmed us permanently with his reply: "Well kid, you got your racket and I got mine; let's be friends."



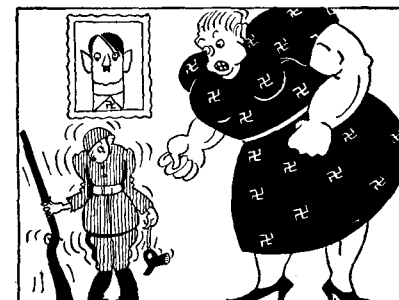
"IF YOU'RE the firm that's giving dogs away free for guessing names," writes Mr. Elizar Golob of Baltimore, Maryland, "see that you don't send any to my family or be held responsible. So you will know who I don't want any dogs sent to, there is my wife Annie and children Olga, Marina, Mary, Veronica, Berta, Jeanne, Frank, Ernest, William, Gottlieb, Moishe and Ben. I ain't mention the baby. I told them not to guess the names but you will know who should not get any dogs if they guess behind my back. If you ain't the firm say so."

WE ARE offering no dogs. If Mr. Golob's boys and girls insist upon guessing names we shall ignore them. We're in no condition to worry about whose names they are trying to guess or why. We are in immediate danger of becoming a war casualty. Every day or two somebody we know is demanding to be seen off for Europe where he proposes to drive ambulances or write articles or make relief surveys or make confidential inquiries into Britain's, Germany's and Italy's aims. Unfortunately, we haven't kept count but we'd say, doing a bit of guessing ourselves, that we've seen two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen off to the scenes of international discord. Frankly, it's wearing us down. We've just about enough energy left to wonder what becomes of them after we've seen them off. None seem to come back. And we've heard personally from only one—a journalist who wrote us saying that in Paris he'd met a man named Joralemon who knew us and wanted to be remembered to us. Offhand we can't recall Mr. Joralemon. Probably some one we saw off.

ALL we know is what we read in your letters. Therefore we're ready to make a modest wager that Mr. George W. Moggleson of St. Paul, Minnesota, is reasonably accurate in his prediction that it would be a sinful waste of time to invest all your trust in the keynoting speeches and platforms that will escape from the approaching conventions. "The Democrats," sighs Mr. Moggleson, "are going to ask us to give them a hand for making us what we are today and the Republicans hope we'll scream for joy to think of what we'll be tomorrow if they win. It'll be just like Dude McClay. Last week the Dude was induced by a tough relief administrator to take a job and go to work for the first time in six years. So the Dude did. Three days later he was back. 'Listen, Dude,' said the administrator, 'I thought I told you to take that job.' And the Dude replied: 'Well, I did, didn't I? What the hell do you expect a free, white American citizen to do? Stick to it?'"

WE'VE been visited by a lady who, until they closed the gates, lived in Germany for five years. She would like to write a piece for us wherein she places the blame for the present war in the more than ample laps of the German women. It is her opinion—and she proposes to prove it—that the German men decided that it was safer or, at any rate, more comfortable to fight England and France than to hang around home. She tells us that the average weight of the German women is a hundred and sixty-six pounds, average height, five feet nine inches and that they hold nine out of twelve athletic championships in which both sexes competed on what she laughingly

calls "even footing." The vast majority of German soldiers, she goes on, don't dare to return home without decorations for valor. Military discipline is easy under such circumstances. The officers merely threaten the erring warrior with writing to his



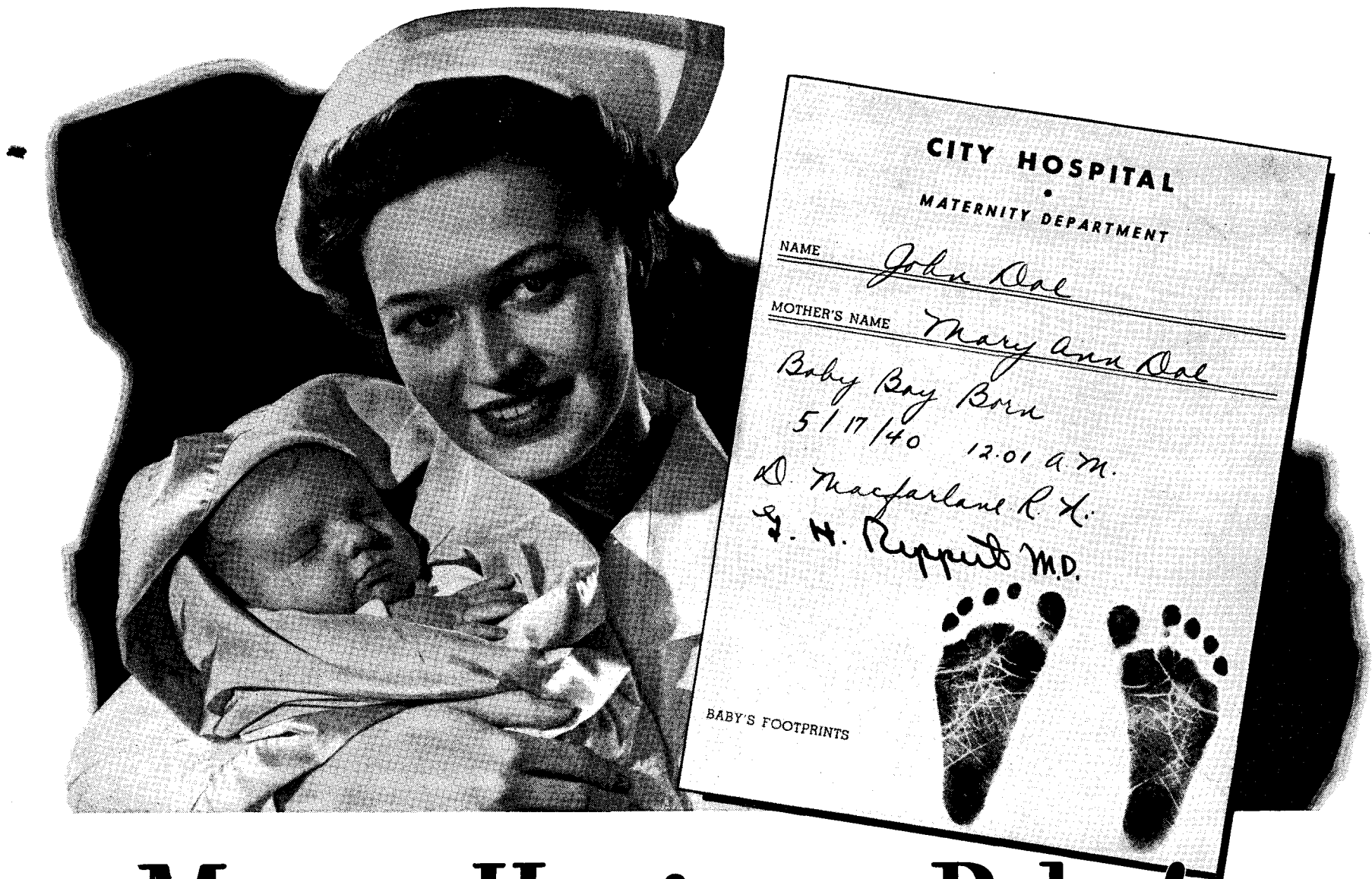
womenfolk. The lady tells us that she has personal knowledge of severe beatings administered by German women to men who shirked giving their all to their Fuehrer. However, we're not encouraging her to write the article. Maybe we're overcautious. But stranger things than meeting a German woman have happened to us—and less painful.

AS WE rather expected, we've heard from a Friend of Greenland—a Mr. Yens Torgard—who advises us from Souris, Prince Edward Island, that a Greenlander he knows that his native land has remained calm and unafraid until it learned that the United States was showing sympathy for the "Greenland," writes Mr. Torgard, "not worrying about a Hitler invasion. But Greenland will fight to the death against the protection of the United States until it is certain that it will not become a ward of your New Deal. Greenland is a poor country and cannot afford to be rescued by Mr. Roosevelt."

BUT maybe no such calamity will befall Greenland. It would, however, be her own fault if it did—for being within the Western Hemisphere. Moreover she might be more gracious about it. Several of those South American republics take the protection of the United States much more philosophically. We've just heard from Mr. Walter Evans Kirby in Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Kirby is a banker and travels around South America a great deal, two reasons why he should be regarded as an authority. "I overheard a couple of Bolivian statesmen talking about the peace solidarity of the Americas," says Mr. Kirby. "They seemed to have some doubt about Uncle Sam's generosity. One of them said: 'I wonder how much they'll give us to let them protect us from the Nazis?' And the other replied: 'I don't know, but we oughtn't to sell out at the first figure.'"

AND we used to be the Yankees . . . W. D.

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Mister...Here's *your* Baby!

MAYBE you've wondered how they keep the babies straight in a busy hospital. All those new-born bits of humanity, looking as much alike as peas in a pod . . . how in the world do they send the right baby home with the right people?

One way is to turn the matter over to the baby. He puts his foot down on his birth certificate, makes his first mark in the world, and all doubt is ended.

On the surface, tires, too, seem alike. There are vague claims, shifting prices and unsound "bargains" that make it easy to take the wrong tire home.

To find the right tire, you need a sure mark of identification—one that means *safe* driving for you and your family.

Before you buy any tire, find out who made it, how long they have been making tires, how many tires they have made, and how those tires have performed. Find out what their production facilities are for making *quality* tires to sell at *low prices*.

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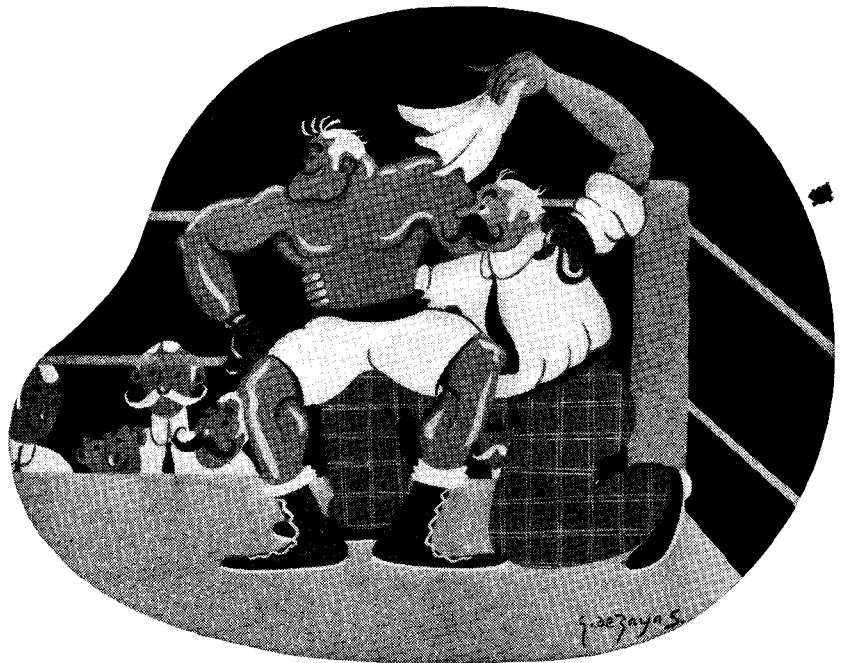
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In boxing matches up to fifty years ago, a fighter was not provided with a stool on which to rest between rounds. Instead his handler would kneel on one knee and hold him on the other.—By Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A motion-picture theater company in Ohio, in order to have its seats directly in front of the screen so all patrons can view the picture on the angle of projection, has invented, patented and built a new type of theater with two auditoriums and a new type of projector that throws one film on both screens at the same time.—By Mrs. W. W. Botzenhart, Columbus, Ohio.

The Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman raises enough cotton each year on its 28,000 acres of land to pay not only all of its own expenses of \$350,000 but also to send an \$80,000 profit to the state treasury.—By T. F. Moriarty, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In cases of emergency, inspectors have entered the fireboxes of large boilers for a superficial examination, lasting as long as ten minutes, while the fire was merely banked sufficiently to prevent the distillation of noxious gases.—By George J. Simpkins, New York, New York.

Man o' War, Seabiscuit and Gargantua are the only animals whose biographies have been written by the press associations and are on file, ready for immediate publication upon their death, in the offices of more than two thousand newspapers.—By Carroll Arimond, Chicago, Illinois.

Several states limit the amount of insurance that may be collected on the lives of children at various ages. For example, in New York, irrespective of the number of \$1,000 policies that may be obtained through fraud, only \$40 can be collected when the child is under one year, only \$200 when he is under five and only \$400 when he is under ten.

Many post offices in this country are in such isolated and thinly populated areas that it is more economical to deliver mail to them by individuals under contract than by postal employees and equipment. Of these 11,335 "star routes," the most expensive, which costs \$30,000 a year, runs between Miami and Key West.

Because some advertisers fail to print a return-postage guarantee on their third-class mail matter, approximately 5,000,000 pieces of advertising literature, being undeliverable, are destroyed each week by the Post Office Department.—By Lucille McGrue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Sometimes the same book is published in separate American and British editions under separate titles. A recent case is that of a novel that is known in England as "Take Courage" and in the United States as "The Power and the Glory." Also those asking for "The Power and the Glory" in England are handed a book that has been published in America as "The Labyrinthine Ways."

In preparation for any war emergency, Switzerland has stored away huge quantities of wheat in great air-tight tanks that have been "hidden" on the bottom of lakes, their locations being marked only by small inconspicuous buoys.

New York City has a theater that presents, without an admission charge, such plays as those of Shakespeare, Maugham, Molière and Ibsen; a park that is closed to children; rural free delivery and star routes that serve more than two thousand families, and a hotel that reserves its rooms exclusively for farmers.

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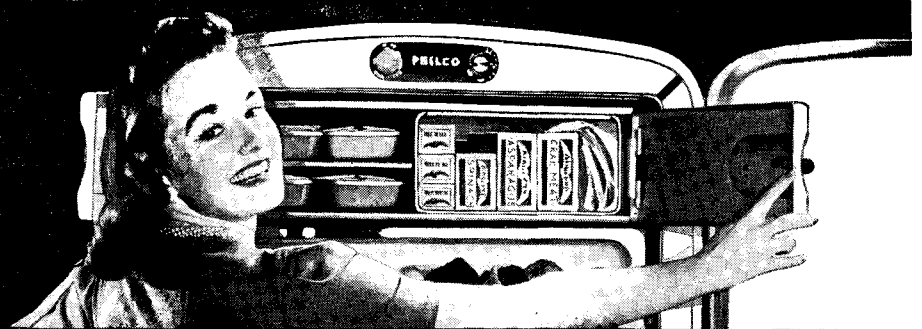
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AFTER the porter had taken her bags away Sheila Moncrieff sat in her compartment calmly turning the pages of a new novel while miles of auto-camps and dusty palm trees flashed by the windows.

It was a strange novel, quite difficult to follow, but one that had to be read. It was written by a young Irishman with a thin and desperately sensitive face. "An exciting discovery," it said on the shiny black-and-yellow jacket, "who has left mere storytelling far behind in his search for new expression."

Baillie Schulzberg, who reviewed books for The New Soil, had given it to her at the Grand Central, the night she left New York. Arriving late and breathless, he had pushed his way through the people who crowded her compartment with their flowers and their goodbys and their boxes of candy. As he bent over her his overcoat hung down in a straight line from his lean throat, and he held his fuzzy hat in his hand.

"You simply must read this," he said, gazing at her through his thick glasses with his perpetually astonished earnestness. "It is utterly required reading for everyone of intelligence. But utterly, my dear."

Later, as he pressed her hand to say goodbye, he added: "I'll send you the really significant new ones as they come out. You mustn't entirely lose touch with creative minds while you're in exile in Hollywood. Never forget, even there, that the hope for the future of the American theater movement lies, in great part, in its intelligent young actresses. . . ."

SO SHE was carrying the shiny new novel under her arm as she waited in the vestibule while the long trans-continental train slid into the Los Angeles Union Station. Looking at the faces along the platform, she didn't see anyone she knew. But as she stepped to the ground and stood hesitating, a young man slipped through the crowd and took off his hat.

"Miss Moncrieff," he said. "I'm Scott. Perhaps George told you. . . ."

"Oh. Yes," she said. George was her agent, and he had told her that Mr. Scott, who was in charge of his Hollywood office, would meet her.

"We are seeing to your luggage," Scott said. "And I know you'll want to rest for a while before you do anything else. We've taken rooms for you at the hotel. But some of the people from the studio—it won't take a minute."

They were standing in a little group beyond the edges of the crowd, casually looking her over but smiling as if they rather wanted to be friends.

There was Killian, who was going to be the director of the picture; and a couple of women whose names she didn't quite catch because of the gabbling crowd uproar behind her—but the middle-aged one kissed her and called her "darling" in a cool, clipped drawl and the other, the demure one, turned out later to be a maid, sent down by the





He looked at her for a long minute. Then he said: "Let's find Bobbie. I'll tell him you're going back in my car"

studio to meet her; and a bald, cheery youth named Van, who was a designer at the studio and had come to size her up for clothes; and one of Killian's assistant directors, one Nielsen, who murmured politely and turned instantly to watch a very pretty returning school-girl being welcomed at the Pullman door by her family; and two photographers, and a man called Larry Donat, apparently, who seemed to be head publicity man at the studio. Anyway, he had an assistant, too, who smoked a pipe somberly in the background and jotted down names from left to right when the photographers made their pictures.

"Joe wanted to come, too," Killian said. He was a jaunty man, with a

sad and battered Irish face. "But he couldn't. He had a conference. He sends you his love."

"Joe?" Sheila said.

"Milrais," Killian said. "He's your producer, you know, my love. But call him Jukes. We all do: we know that he's a member of that sociological family but changed his name."

EVERYONE laughed, and they all started walking toward the place where the cars waited at the curb. There were two studio cars and all the others got into them, but Killian helped Sheila into Scott's long, red-and-chromium roadster and the three of them roared away from the curb into the boulevards

with the wind singing around the glass slides which enclosed them. They rode for miles along wide pavements filled with the golden light of sunset, part of a solid stream of smooth-flowing traffic. The tops of the white buildings were coppered with the light from the distant sea.

"You know," Killian said. "Great knee-pincher, Joe. He's been reading novels about Hollywood, these last few years. They've given him ideas."

"Oh. Really," Sheila said.

Scott turned his face briefly from the wheel.

"I don't think that in this case . . ." he said.

"No. Not your knee, my love," Kil-

lian said. "Decidedly, not your knee. Why, damned if I'd dare myself!"

Sheila laughed with them and then they were slipping into a long, cool-shadowed driveway which swept between tall palms toward the light-jeweled façade of the hotel at a dreamlike distance. An elderly gentleman, carrying his gold lace as nonchalantly as eggs on his vest, opened the car door for them, and they drifted into the hotel and up in an elevator half as large and rather richer in dark velvet than some sets she had worked in on the fashionable cross streets off Broadway.

Her rooms were a suite; and the three of them stood chatting easily in the living room, which someone—perhaps the studio, perhaps the agency—had filled with flowers for her. A boy in a white jacket brought cocktails, and, pulling back the curtains of a westward window, she looked into a jade-green sky, soiled a little with lights at the horizon, but clear as deep water where the evening star burned in infinite distances above the West Coast.

AND after they had gone, she wandered about the living room, touching once an amusing little blown-glass bubble still holding in secret glee the colors of the sunset among the darkening flowers on the mantel, letting her fingers trail over the open pages of a magazine on a table beside a chair. . . . Looking down she saw that the magazine had been left there by someone on purpose, and it was opened to two photographs, on facing pages. She picked it up, and flipping on a light, looked at her own photograph—one of the set of stills which had been made, when she took her screen test in New York for this part. Underneath that slightly glassy-eyed likeness was a chatty legend:

"Sheila Moncrieff, most distinguished, perhaps, of the younger American actresses who is to be starred in Milrais' production of *The Wishing Cap*, with Bart Ragle. This is Miss Moncrieff's first venture in pictures, but the public knows her for her fine and sensitive work on the New York stage in *The Crystal Goose*, *Azimuth*, *From the Children* and other high-brow hits of the cerebral circuit. Daughter of a wealthy banking family of Duluth, Miss Moncrieff went from Wellesley to playing bits with the Provincetown Players, and then through the arty labyrinths of summer stock to the Theatre Guild, and so to stardom in veddy select pitches offside of Columbus Circle. It's needless to say that sinful, commercial Hollywood is watching to see what this intellectual ingénue will do, now that she has consented to work in show business."

On the facing page, the solemn, wistful visage of Bart Ragle was creased and wrinkled in a heart-warming grin—but his eyes, even in this photograph, still said "Excuse me, please" in a humble, smart-aleck sort of timidity. She had never met him, but she had seen his films, and that was the nicest thing about him. Coming from nowhere, his scared eyes, his thin, fluttering hands, were an artistry that she recognized. His legend said:

"Bart Ragle, who will co-star with Sheila Moncrieff in *The Wishing Cap*. That makes an interesting combination, really, because coming up from the six-a-day in vaudeville, this troupier from away back is hardly the wavy-haired Harvard boy you'd expect to play opposite the iciness of the lifted Moncrieff eyebrow. But *The Wishing Cap* is a strange story—and perhaps this wistful, grinning hooper of the old dusty stages, this orphan of show business who reached stardom the hard way, is the one to wear it, after all."

(Continued on page 62)

Midsummer Madness

By Grantland Rice

The annual army of golfers has started to dig in for the season—and we do mean dig. Mr. Rice consulted the best of the pros and gives these words of wisdom to both duffer and champ

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX



AS SUMMER spreads its mantle of sunshine over more than five thousand golf courses, at least two million baffled and dejected human beings are on the fairways again. Year after year these millions have started this same trek of pain and despair with practically the same result—scores that range from 90 to 120—scores that rarely change except for the worse.

I am speaking now of the ninety-eight per cent who support all the golf courses, all the professionals, 600,000 caddies and all the golf-equipment manufacturers. I am not speaking of the few hundreds or perhaps the few thousands who started young, probably as caddies, and happened to develop correct habits as observing youth often does. To me these are unimportant though often inspiring and helpful factors.

The suffering ninety-eight per cent practice and they pray. They take lessons from at least five thousand professionals. The players can't understand why they seldom get any improvement that lasts. They still refuse to believe that fundamental statement from George Low, the veteran Scottish professional—"Golf is an 'umblin' game."

For these millions who spend so much of their time among the heelprints in bunkers, in the clutches of the matted rough, in water hazards and the out-of-bounds sectors, I bring a message of summer cheer. They have high-grade company but they are tangled up in the most intricate and involved game sport has ever known.

Golf is not a physical game. At least seventy-five or eighty per cent is on the mental, emotional or psychological side, which so few appreciate.

Through last fall, winter and this spring I have been in the middle of more than two hundred of the finest golf players and golf instructors in the game. I have been trying to wrench from this galaxy of golf greatness just why it is that such a simple physical game as golf is should be so hard for most people to play. In this list were such names as Bobby Jones, Ralph Guldahl, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Harry Cooper, Horton and Macdonald Smith, Paul Runyan, Denny Shute, on and on and on, names known to the headlines for years.

I know the great majority of these players and instructors are smart, keen, skilled and deeply interested in their game. Yet most of them report failure except for the brief period where they have pupils under direct control. Within a few weeks they can take from eight to ten strokes off the average golfer's score, but after the pupil strays away from his tutor he is back again in the middle and muddle of old and discouraging habits that promptly swing him down to his former level of mediocrity.

This isn't the fault of the leading instructors. It is neither the fault of the average golfer nor the fault of the game itself as a playing medium. It might well be, except for the great minority, that golf is an unteachable game over the longer run. In my opinion the pros have turned in a fine job, against almost impossible odds.

I'd like to give you a few angles on the problem they must face—the problem the average golfer must face. A brief while ago I played a round with Paul Runyan, the Little Poison from Arkansas, who has won two P.G.A. championships. Paul Runyan is small

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Object lessons in the value of knowing how to beat your toughest opponent—yourself—are Ben Hogan and Jim Demaret, who cleaned up winter golf

Bumble Cobb and a dish of cream named Nora.
A willing victim of the national confection

I'll Take Vanilla

By William R. Cox

BUMBLE COBB would rather eat ice cream than be a welterweight. It showed on Bumble Cobb's pleasant but crumbling physiognomy that middleweights hit harder than welterweights. But Bumble Cobb was a young man of simple pleasures and the crowded dishes of delicious, frozen confection that added pounds to his sturdy frame were bright little gobs of dissipation in an otherwise rather dull existence.

Bumble Cobb was a journeyman fighter. He was not a championship contender. A contender is a youth with color and crowd appeal and a smart manager who is in with the mains. Bumble was a young veteran with lumps on his puss and a businesslike left hook and a manager who was in with the mains—but in behind the scenes.

Bumble's manager was Nick D'Amato, a saturnine gentleman who had a piece of this one and that one and who always did very well, come what may, by Nicola D'Amato. When a fast, clever youngster like Irish Dick Galloway came along, for instance, Nick D'Amato was usually somewhere around getting paid off in the dimness of back rooms.

Galloway never knew anything about it, but Nick was highly instrumental in the Irish Rapier's success in popping over a series of opponents to compile a formidable string of kayos and thus threaten the crown of the current champ. For every Galloway there are a dozen to twenty Nick D'Amatos, slick, double-breasted gentlemen in white hats who stay in the background and produce the fodder for the build-up that must precede success in the squared circle. It is all very confusing at times and there are many wheels within wheels. Bumble Cobb fitted into this complex machine as a very small and easily replaced cog.

In the course of events the match was made, Irish Dick Galloway vs. Bumble Cobb, ten rounds to a decision at the Mandrake Club, winner to meet Jakey Levey, foremost contender for the middleweight title. Bumble went into training at Willman's to make it look good and the papers printed reams of nonsense about the pair of them and what the odds should be on Galloway.

EACH night Bumble would buy a paper and read this learned pap while he ate his steak or his chop. Then he would go to an early movie at one of the midtown theaters. Then he just had time to stop in Green's Chain Drugs, Inc., at the corner of Thirty-seventh and Seventh for his dish of butter pecan ice cream, glance over the racing form and get home to tune in on Luke Periwinkle's Swing Swans over QJZ. It was not exciting, but it was a clean life.

He scarcely noticed Nora Stoop at first. She was just the small, starchily attired creature who bore to him his double order of butter pecan ice cream. He sat and read his racing form and nibbled at his confection and when he was finished he left a careful nickel tip and paid his check at the cashier's desk and went out. It was very discouraging to Nora.

That is why she spilled the water. She

did not really mean it to go all over his pants. She just thought it would muddle around the table top and probably wet the racing form, of which she did not approve.

He was nice about it, though. He kept saying, "It's nothin' at all, baby. Think nothin' of it. They needed pressin' anyhow."

And he looked at her. He was not a handsome youth, but his eyes were quite clear and not yet glazed with catching the hard ones to the head. The twist to his nose was not unattractive and, of course, there were his shoulders. They were fine, wide shoulders in his neat, green suit.

Nora said, "Please, Mr. Cobb, I'm terribly sorry."

BUMBLE said with polite interest, "You know me, huh, baby?"

She blushed. Under stress she always blushed, much to her dismay. She was a plump little girl with black eyes and black hair and red cheeks and lips. She had been born on the west side of New York and was therefore very unsophisticated and romantic.

She said, "Well, gee, Mr. Cobb, you're a fighter. Everybody knows who a fighter is."

Bumble frowned. "You run around with the fight mob, huh?"

"Oh, no," she replied hastily. "I never even saw a fight. I just follow them in the papers. My whole family follows them in the papers. I think fighters are brave."

Bumble said, "Yeah. Any guy with nerve enough to get up in front of all them people in just a pair o' tights is brave enough."

She said, "You're kidding me, Mr. Cobb."

Bumble returned to the racing form. He said, "Okay, sister."

She had to wait on a customer who was sternly rapping for service. When she was free again he was gone. But there was a dime instead of a nickel on the table. She put the dime away carefully in a corner of her purse, where she wouldn't spend it. She went home and told her brother and her father that she had spoken with Bumble Cobb.

Her father, who was Tom Stoop, the traffic cop at 72d and Broadway, was unimpressed. He said: "Who'd he ever kill?"

Her wise brother, Johnny, said, "That palooka? Don't have nothing to do with that tanker, Nora, baby. He is strictly a diver. Irish Dick Galloway will tip him over so fast the ringsiders'll get splashed."

Nora's black eyes grew stormy. She said, "Bumble Cobb is no faker. He will positively knock out this Dick Galloway, smart guy."

"In a pig's eye," scoffed Johnny. "If he knocks out Galloway, I will not only be surprised, I will buy you a new hat."

"The little one with the blue feather that sticks up in the air?" asked Nora shrewdly. "The one I showed you in the Prette Shoppe window?"

"Even that one," nodded Johnny soberly.

The next night was Wednesday. The fight was to take place the following Tuesday. Bumble Cobb came into Green's at exactly nine thirty-five and took his usual seat in the low-backed booth against the wall.

A plump white hand set a dish in front of him. It was the biggest order of ice cream Green's had ever dished out at the price. He looked at it, then at the smiling little girl in the stiff white apron.

He said, "That's service, baby. Thanks a million."

Nora stood her ground. She said, "You are going to beat Dick Galloway, aren't you, Mr. Cobb?"

He said absently, "Sure, baby. I'll murder him."

Her voice was warmly triumphant. She said, "I knew it. I told them so."

She rustled away in her starch. Bumble looked after her a moment, frowning.

There had been something in her voice. It had been a long time since he had heard that note of admiration and confidence. He sighed and went back to the ice cream and the racing form.

Thursday night the ice cream threatened to overflow the flower-shaped glass container. Bumble said kindly, "Baby, you sure do put out for a pal."

Nora smiled. She had white, pretty teeth and the smile wrinkled her nose and she looked as cute as a bug. She said: "It's good for you. A fighter that eats ice cream instead of drinking beer and stuff ought to be strong and tough."

Bumble said, "I don't go for the ale, baby. Ice cream is my only weakness."

Somehow she got the nerve to say it. She blushed, but she got it out. "You haven't got even one other weakness?"

But Bumble only said, "Nope," and poked his nose into the folded sheet of statistics anent the running of thoroughbred horses.

He was, however, not thinking of the twinkling, slender legs of equines thundering down the stretch. He was not thinking of Nora, but he was also not thinking of his daily wager.

HE WAS, strangely, thinking of weakness, and of Nick D'Amato's hard, tight face and dead brown eyes that were like the eyes of a stuffed animal in the window of the taxidermist down the avenue. He was thinking how he had been sparring with Dopey Bo Mall over at Stillman's that afternoon and how Nick had sauntered in and thumbed him to one side. And how Nick had said:

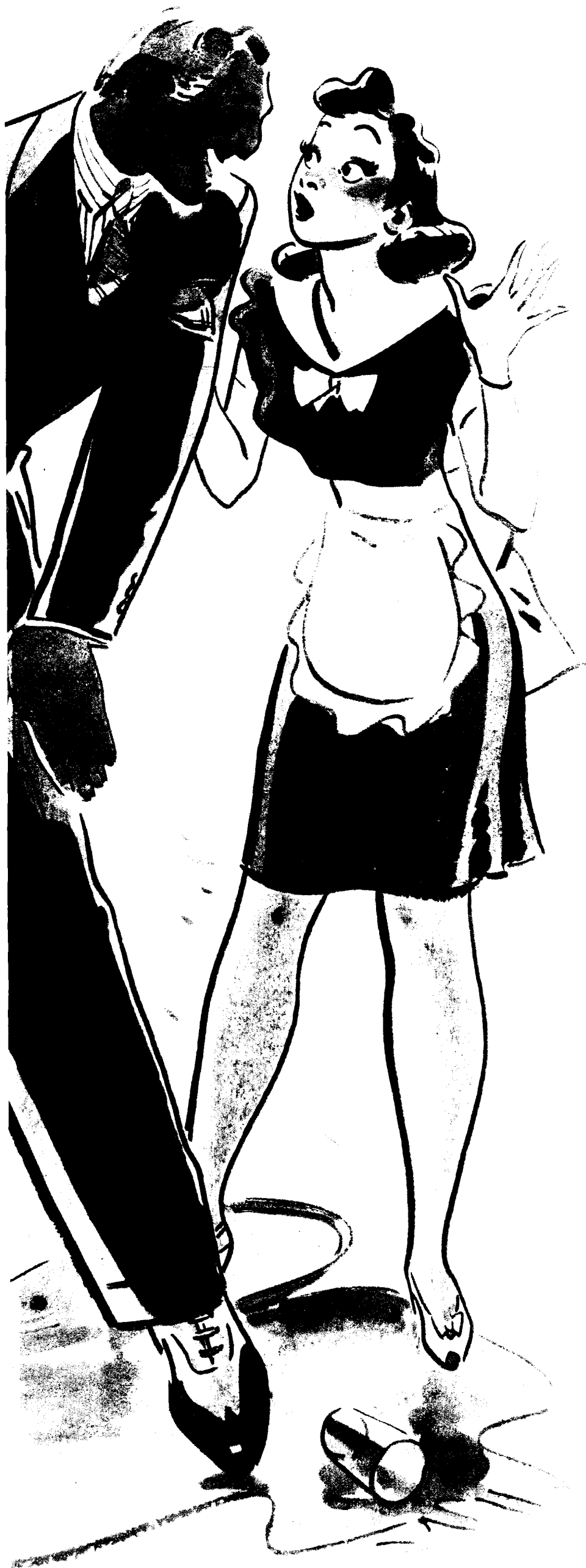
"The sixt', bum. There's five C's on the line fer you. And it's gotta be good this time, see?"

The dead eyes came to life for a second and burned at him like twin beacons. And he had been scared again. He could not get around it. When Nick looked at him like that his bones turned to jelly and his blood to water.

It was because of the stories. There were a lot of stories around about Nick D'Amato and when he looked like that Bumble believed them. Nick was in. You couldn't do anything about it. When a guy is in—he's in. You couldn't even argue with him. You just took orders.

Like Bumble had just been ordered to





He was nice about it. He kept saying, "It's nothin' at all, baby. Think nothin' of it. They needed pressin' anyhow." Nora said, "Please, Mr. Cobb, I'm terribly sorry."

take it in the sixth. To go out there and leave his chin unguarded and allow the unsuspecting and hard-hitting Galloway to park one on the button. It would have to be legit and Galloway would really have to sock it home, too, because the customers must not have a firm basis for their suspicions.

Lately the customers had been on the verge of believing that all was not what it seemed when Bumble Cobb went to the post. His early sensational rise, before he had come under the management of Nick D'Amato, did not jibe with his later unimpressive string of defeats. Nick, indeed, before the Galloway match had come along, had been ready to send him out to win against a couple of boys who were not in with the right people. Bumble needed a bit of rebuilding.

For of course a tanker who never wins is of no use. After a while people say, "So he beat Cobb. Who didn't?" This is very bad business for Nick D'Amato. When the Galloway fight was offered he had almost been tempted to refuse it virtuously. When, however, green, crisp bills were waved before him there had been no alternative. The sixth round had been picked and Bumble had been signed for the slaughter.

For a moment, with the ice cream trickling meltingly down his throat, Bumble thought of revolt. Then he remembered the stories about Nick D'Amato and an ever-ready shining blade and he knew what he would get if he did not lie down in the sixth round. He would get a tight-fitting wooden overcoat and six feet of ground in Evergreen Cemetery over in Newark, the town he came from.

HE FINISHED his dish rather hastily and went home to the modest hotel without another glance at Nora Stoop. He admonished himself severely for allowing his thoughts to stray so far from the safe and sane path of the journeyman pugilist.

He continued to exchange pleasantries each evening in the drug-store nevertheless, when the girl had time to pause in her labors and smile upon him. He learned all about Tom Stoop, the cop, and about that wise Johnny, the brother who knew it all. He learned that Nora averaged about eleven dollars per week at Green's and that if she was very quick and handy she might even be promoted to the noon shift where the tips were more opulent and plentiful.

And Nora learned that he had been fighting five years and that he considered himself an artist with a left hook and that some vague day he would get started again and knock over some good boys and really get somewhere. Queerly enough, she also learned that he

had five hundred bucks salted away in a Newark bank and why he told her that he could not imagine, as even Nick D'Amato was not privy to that secret.

He had always thought of that half a grand as a considerable nest egg. He had mentioned it to the girl offhandedly, as though it were nothing. It took him two days to become aware of the fact that actually five hundred dollars was nothing. When it occurred to him he became sullen and dissatisfied with himself and on Monday he did not even eat all of his ice cream.

BUT on Monday his appetite was back and he said carelessly, "Well, baby t'morrow this time I'll be in there."

She was pale and her voice trembled a little: "I—I won't see you till afterward."

"Naw," he said. "I got those last-minute things t'do—you know. And I don't eat no cream the day of the fight. Not until it's over."

She said breathlessly, "When it's over? You'll—you'll come in here when it's over and get your cream?"

"Sure, baby," he said. "Why not?"

She said, "Oh—I don't know. You take it so natural. It seems like such a big thing to me."

"Big?" he echoed dubiously. "It's just another bout, baby. I been in there before."

"But Galloway is a comer," she said. Her eyes were very big and round. "If you beat him you'll be right up there. You will get all those big-money bouts. Even the papers say so."

"The papers . . ." he started bitterly. Then he stopped. There wasn't any use telling her all that. He finished, "Galloway is just another pug, sister. I fought a hundred of 'em."

The picture of Nick D'Amato rose before him. He tried to shrug it away. He did not want to think of the sleek man in the double-breasted suit.

Nora said, "I'll be listenin' in. There's a little radio in the back and I can sneak a listen. I—I wish . . ."

"I could getcha a pass," he mumbled. He did not want to get her a pass. The last thing in the world he wanted was to get her a pass to see him fight Irish Dick Galloway.

She said, "Oh, no. I couldn't get off. It's a busy night here and if . . . I might need the money."

She was blushing again. Even Bumble knew something was up when she blushed about nothing at all. He said:

"Need money? What you been and done now, baby?"

"Well, they talked so smarty," she said spiritedly. "They said Galloway was too good for you. They said—other things that I wouldn't even repeat to you."

(Continued on page 50)

IF YOU have nothing else to do on June 24th you might stop off in Philadelphia and watch the Republican party decide who owns it. On one side you'll behold representatives of the current proprietors—Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, Mr. Alfred M. Landon and Senator Robert A. Taft—grim, frigidly conventional, hating the New Deal with dignity and all looking like Clarence Day's father.

Keep your emotions well in hand. Don't be frightened by the screaming. If you'll look closely you'll find that the uproar issues from the throat of a smallish plumpster with a toothbrush mustache on his pouting upper lip. His name will be Thomas Edmund Dewey and he has hurt his own party's finer feelings almost as much as Mr. Roosevelt has. The present members of the Republican household are afraid that he's the man who came to dinner and that they're not going to get rid of him for some time. Several of them told us that it's even worse than that. They're chilled by the thought that perhaps Mr. Dewey will develop into the Republican party's William Jennings Bryan.

When Mr. Dewey came over the mountain a few months ago seeking presidential nomination there was considerable light banter. Political whiz-bangs like Mr. Harold Ickes accused the Republicans of plundering kindergartens and founding institutions in their search for somebody whom somebody might vote for. And quite a few Republican round-bellies seemed to agree that nominating Mr. Dewey might be a breach of the game laws or at least a violation of one of the numerous statutes based upon that mysterious thing called age of consent. Nobody except Mr. Dewey ever thinks of him as thirty-eight years old. But it's true. Mr. Dewey is almost old enough to be an official of the American Youth Congress.

They Didn't Ask for Him

But the situation is somewhat changed since Mr. Dewey announced that he had heard the voice of the people. Like O. Henry's heroes who kidnaped the town's holy terror and tried in vain to bribe the brat's parents to take him back, the Republican fuehrers have spent the past few weeks wistfully wishing that something discouraging might happen to Mr. Dewey and his aspirations. They feel that this is their year to elect a President and that they don't need the district attorney's help. To begin with, they disavow any intention of kidnaping Mr. Dewey—merely meant to pat him on the head. And look what he did: Tried to put the snatch on them.

You'll know as soon as we whether Mr. Dewey will be the Republican nominee. We do know, however, that unless he changes his mind (at which he's no amateur) he will accept nothing less. As a candidate he has a quick, professional laugh, an almost aggressive geniality. Back of that is, however, a swift, often furious testiness. If you'd like to see it, suggest to him that he'd make a dandy running mate for Senator Taft, Senator McNary or Mr. Hoover. Mr. Dewey's pet hate is vice.

Perhaps you don't know whom the Republicans will nominate. But Mr. Dewey does. We've seen no such self-confidence since that evening we spent at Tony Galento's. Mr. Dewey is as confident that he'll be designated as you are that you're reading these inadequate lines. He expects the convention to name him on the first ballot, which is not only disconcerting news for Messrs. Hamilton, Hoover, Vandenberg and Taft but is wholly contrary to the hope of Philadelphia that the delegates will be around for some time and spend lots of money. If you have a chance to talk to Mr. Dewey or hear his immediate

ballyhoo, drop everything. The opportunities to hear such clangorous bell ringing are rare. We heard a visitor venture that it would be quite a jump from a public prosecutor's office to the White House.

"Not for a man of the boss' caliber," snapped one of Mr. Dewey's torpedoes. "Abraham Lincoln did it."

"Didn't Mr. Lincoln spend a couple of terms in Congress between?"

"What's a couple of terms in Congress?"

And of course there was no answer to that, as any congressman will gladly tell you. While we may have to wait until November to learn whether Mr. Dewey is a Galento in the ring, Tony has nothing on him in the training camp.

For several healthy reasons his chances of snatching the nomination are better than passing. He's the first glamor man the Republicans have produced since Theodore Roosevelt. He's a natural showman. He is cocky, able, energetic, healthy and has nothing to hide. Little Boy Boo. Intellectually, Senator Taft is better equipped. Compared with Senator Vandenberg, Mr. Dewey's experience is that of a bright primary-school pupil. But while these two gentlemen will be pausing to think, Mr. Dewey will be pell-melling over the horizon crying havoc. Mr. Dewey not only looks like a cheer-leader; he actually

ADMIRABLE DEWEY

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

He expects to make it on the first ballot. Tom Dewey will tell you himself he's able, energetic, healthy and a great vote getter. And his chances of snatching the nomination are improving daily





Mrs. Dewey sang for a season with George White's Scandals. With her here are her sons, Thomas E., Jr., left, and Tom. They are 8 and 5 respectively

At a "nonpolitical" banquet in Wichita, Kansas, Thomas E. Dewey chats with another one-time presidential aspirant, ex-Governor Alf Landon of Kansas

is one. To the Republican voters who have yearned for years for something or someone to cheer with and for, he's as welcome as payday. Elevating his pert nose a couple of degrees, he's out to disprove that nobody loves a prosecutor.

He is headlong—almost brash. He has but one treatment for opposition: off with its head. He'll probably learn something before the convention closes even if he's its choice. He has all the courage of the naturally bold nature that's never been hurt. And he has all the bright selfishness of those who have never fought another man's battle. His hero is Thomas Edmund Dewey. He wouldn't know a doubt if he met one.

He's a vote getter if not a vote holder. He's not what is usually known as a man's man, but women go for him. Women, mothers in particular, vote for him in carlots—their hearts murmuring, "My boy, my boy." But he doesn't seem to hold the affections of men. He angrily resents the crack, "You can't dislike Tom Dewey until you know him well." He contends, curiously, that this was never said by anybody. It is variously attributed to Representative Bruce Barton, National Committeeman

Kenneth F. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson and other Republicans who can't stomach him.

He goes to the convention with none of the handicaps of experience. There is nothing in his public life to be dragged forth to give him pause; except for a brief stretch as Assistant United States Attorney his public life is limited to one job—district attorney of New York County; and he has discharged that office better than well. He's had all the luck and has known what to do with it.

Surprises for Mr. Lehman

He came up the soft way. A grand jury, convinced that the current district attorney was not in sympathy with its desire to identify and indict racketeering politicians, asked Governor Lehman to supersede the prosecutor with a man who would work with them. The governor asked four able lawyers to take the job. One after another had to decline. Mr. Dewey's name came next. His words of acceptance had scarcely died away before he lit into the loan-shark racket and packed off thirty-six of its practitioners to prison. Very rough on rats.

For a crusader like Mr. Dewey, the morals of New York County (Borough of Manhattan) were made to order. For years Tammany Hall had been devoting itself exclusively to abolishing decent government, doing everything short of making it a felony for a citizen to be honest. Tammany never forgave Governor Lehman for Mr. Dewey. Perhaps Mr. Lehman has since regarded him as one of his tactical errors. As deputy assistant district attorney, accountable only to Mr. Lehman, Mr. Dewey waded in. Singling out as his major objective the Honorable James J. Hines, the most powerful of Tammany's district-leader statesmen, Mr. Dewey went first after Mr. Arthur Flegenheimer, a policy-racket hoodlum known as Dutch Schultz. And if Mr. Flegenheimer had not been rubbed out by a squad of reefer-smoking triggermen employed by rivals, he'd have gone to jail—at least.

Mr. Dewey then proceeded to demoralize sin. He indicted Dixie Davis, Dutch Schultz's legal brains, although he didn't quite reform him, Mr. Davis turning then to journalism. And he sent the city's foremost panderer, Lucky Luciano, thoroughly to jail for thirty to

fifty years. Without missing a step he ruined the restaurant union racket by sending about ten whining mobsters to jail. And so on.

The man was morbidly methodical although his eagerness and straining for effect occasionally plunged him into legal and political blunders. Emotionally he is younger than his thirty-eight years. There are a large number of estimable citizens who find it impossible to love Mr. Dewey, his somewhat difficult personality being responsible for that; but you will find none who will not grant that he's an inspired organizer and a born wahoo. And as long as Mr. Dewey has his own way, his organization has no trouble with him. Anyway, he organized himself into the district attorney's office, in full command, on the victorious Republican-Fusion ticket in 1937 and lost no time in dragging the Honorable Mr. Hines into court. He was so eager to stuff Mr. Hines into jail as Dutch Schultz's patron saint and protector that his impetuosity caused the court to decree a mistrial. But on the second attempt he convicted the Tammany boss, who will soon go to jail unless he wins an unlikely reversal.

Between the two Hines trials, Mr. Dewey ran for governor. He almost demonstrated that Mr. Lehman had made a mistake in selecting him for that special prosecutor job. Mr. Dewey lost by less than sixty-five thousand votes. That defeat was the political making of him. In 1936, Mr. Lehman won by 520,000; in 1934 by 808,000. In those years he had no such hornets to slap down, his opponents being utterly conventional gentlemen who threw no kerosene on the public's imagination. Thousands of Republicans awoke with a start and began to holler.

We go into all this for no better reason than to show you why, at last, the Republicans have forsaken their hookworm and have started jumping up and down. If Mr. Dewey were able to show that he could run something heavier than a prosecutor's office, we'd be tempted to predict a bit of bad news for his Democratic opponent—if Mr. Dewey's nominated. His speeches are vigorous indictments of the New Deal but present nothing positive to supplant it. As he presents no mitigating circumstances when demanding that the jury find the prisoner guilty, neither does he complicate his denunciation of the

Roosevelt regime with ifs and buts. He'd abolish it from AAA to ZZZ and for two pins send them all to the penitentiary—both ways from Harold Ickes.

Not that he was always thus. There were moments—before he became convinced that he was badly needed in the White House—when he saw less than evil in such Rooseveltian inspirations as, say, the CCC. At least once he even had approving words for Mr. Hull's reciprocal trade treaties. But that was before he decided to be President, before he appealed to the dairy farmers and cheese makers of Michigan and Wisconsin for Dewey delegates.

The Broadway Slant

Much effort is directed at suppressing his earliest utterances lest it be discovered that he was not always of the opinion that Mr. Henry Wallace's administration of the Agriculture Department was criminal. Moreover, he is not today as enthusiastic about the FBI as he was before he went national on his public. Yet he readily grants that OGPU and Gestapo activities of the FBI are not the fault of its director, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, who, says Mr. Dewey, takes his orders from the Attorney General.

Which recalls the understandable consternation of a group of Mr. Damon Runyon's Broadway parties. These parties, observing the wonders of life in the lobby of a hotel, saw Mr. Dewey and the boss G-man meet, greeting each other with warm vigor. Immediately and unanimously they agreed that they could not support the district attorney's desire to become the President of their country. Even the runner of an innocent, homemade racket wouldn't be safe with that pair running the government. Their comments to the public press were terse, however—"Ah-ha" and "Jeez."

What Dewey lacks in originality he makes up in vigor. For example, he would balance the federal budget, resorting to no magic but accomplishing that much-discussed task by the simple expedient of stopping spending. He would, he says, abolish numerous unnecessary agencies of government although he doesn't name them. He would prune the personnel of those remaining. He would conserve the nation's income by taking relief out of politics, turning that function over to the several states. Farm subsidies would be rationalized with an eye to the farmer's just needs rather than his dreams. Mr. Dewey having worked as a lad on a farm near his native Owosso, Michigan, is not tackling the farm problem without the benefit of a loamy background. And yet even this familiarity with the soil has not inspired him with untold theories of salvation.

He would accomplish "a fair parity between agricultural prices and industrial prices." He would see that the farmer "gets a fair exchange of the goods he needs for the goods he produces." He would "provide government crop loans at reasonable levels." He'd advocate "soil conservation, convert submarginal land to more economic uses, extend the farm co-operative movement, preserve the American market for American agriculture and broaden research in the use of agricultural products."

Asked several times while dashing back and forth across the country seeking delegates just how he would accomplish these desirable ends, Mr. Dewey was none too specific. Reminded that his farm program was not revolutionary and that the New Deal had spent seven years in pursuit of similar ends, Mr. Dewey indicted the New Deal for incompetency. Its failure was traceable directly to its defeatist philosophy.

"We have," said he, to nobody's great surprise, "a surplus of food in a hungry

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Young Abe takes a hand in the making of a good citizen out of a newcomer to the Umpqua Valley

By Charles Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

LITTLE ABE almost stumbled on the scene and it almost made his stomach roll over. It was in his secret glade on the black oak ridge, above his father's homestead on the river and below the high rim of the Umpqua Valley. Little Abel Chottaw prowled home from school that way, because there might be things to see, to play man with.

Here, between the reality of the river settlement and the indefinable dark world of forest above, he might surprise a marble-eyed timber wolf, prowling for stray shoots as evening closed down. He would raise his needle gun, made of a forked vine-maple branch, and coolly drill the dirty-gray monster. More than one fat blacktail he had jumped here, dropping the deer with a snap of his well-aimed trigger finger.

Never had he come on anything like what he saw now. He gripped his vine-maple gun, quickly brushing the long, soft, brown curls back from the sides of his eyes. But then he knew he couldn't use a gun on the taffy-haired fat boy in the oak glade and he laid it down quietly.

The movement caught the fat boy's eye. He held a wild bird caught between his knees. It was the size of a blue jay but half its feathers were gone and it might be a dove. He stopped whatever he was doing to the bird, pushed himself to his feet, rolled closer to Little Abe to inspect him.

Little Abe was too much like Abel, his father, to say anything at this tight and shaking moment. Fat was a newcomer; Little Abe looked upward at the bulk of him and crosswise at the breadth. Fat wasn't a phantom Indian he could use a wooden gun on. He shook his curls to strike and that was the fatal signal.

Fat's paws shot out and had the long curls on each side of Abe's head. He used them as handles and shook and Little Abe set himself against pain and dizziness. He couldn't strike; he wasn't on balance a second. He heard a voice chopping around, sickeningly high-pitched: "Curly-girly! Curly-girly! Mamma's 'ittle 'et-a-beddy . . . Curly-girly. . ."

UNDER the oaks it was black dark and Little Abe stirred, flat on the ground. For a long time he had lain there. Part of the time he pictured revenge on the strange boy, Fat. Mostly he knew he would never show his torn curls and pommeled face at home again. Or anywhere in the canyon. It must be a lone life in the forest for him.

He sat up and he could see tall, gaunt Papa Abel in the kitchen of the big house, with his mother, slender, dark Ailse. It was night and past suppertime and Ailse would be scared as a bird. Big Abel would laugh at her, and say, "The lad's likely cleanin' up a whole parcel of redskins. He'll come home totin' their scalps."

Totin' their scalps. . . Little Abe got up and felt around for his gun. He snapped it over his knee. . .

Halfway down the home trail he saw two eyes, high and wide-spaced. He didn't know whether there was lynx-cat, cougar or wolf behind them. Little Abe found a rock in the trail, hurled it and the eyes went out.

Crossing the home barn lot he came onto Duke the Loafer, the big horse that had seven devils in him, that always chased Little Abe around. Duke stood spraddle-legged, head and ears high against the night sky. He rumbled in his nose warningly. Little Abe wanted

to boot Duke's ribs. But he circled around.

Through the kitchen window he watched his parents. Ailse's knitting needles were flying, her small face puckered with worry. His father worked on something—harness.

Little Abe let himself stiffly down on the door log. After a moment the door opened quietly.

Big Abel Chottaw said, "Howdy, Chief Old Socks. You lick a lot of Indians?" Little Abe's mother was flying toward him and he put his forearm up across his eyes.

Little Abe came home from school next day with fresh blue bruises, new rips in his pants, two swollen eyes instead of one. He hadn't obeyed his mother and come with the other boys by the river road. He had again prowled on the ridge, to his glade under the oaks. The only difference was that he reached home this time in daylight. He hadn't sprawled in the glade till dark, digging face and fingers into the leaves, after the battle was over. Crossing the barn lot he threw a swift, flat sailor rock to the right of Duke and it curved in at the last second and bounced Duke well in the ribs.

Ailse was alert for her son's coming and she heard Duke grunt. She ran out. Short moments later she faced Big Abel, where he worked in the barn. She held her son beside her with an arm tight about his shoulders. Little Abe was only eight, but he came above the waist of his mother's fluttering dress.

AILSE was white about her lips. "Abel, look at him. His clothes, his face! He wouldn't tell me last night. But now it's happened twice, it'll happen every day. Abel, it's that new family. With that ugly fat boy, and he isn't even in school. He lays in wait, like an animal. Abel—"

Little Abe looked at his father with steady eyes that would have been round except for the puffs below them. He wasn't outwardly squirming. He got out: "I had to tell Mom. She said—she'd keep me home from school. Or go to school beside me. An' you told me never to go givin' Mom any of my lip. I had to tell—"

Big Abe nodded. "That's a nice bash on your knuckles, Old Socks."

"I got in a lick—one. Maybe," Little Abe brightened, "he got a loose tooth from it. Then he got holds on me—"

"Abel, that fat boy gets hold of his hair. His curls—look at them!" Ailse caught the brown head close to her breast and Little Abe stood stock-still against his mother. "Abel, aren't you going to stop it? I thought you would this morning. I never thought you'd let a big bully beat your son the second time."

Abel held a wood chisel and a mallet in either hand; he tapped the chisel butt with the mallet a time or two. He asked, "Old Socks, did this other lad pick on you?"

Little Abe wanted to get free from his mother's arm and stand alone. But he

(Continued on page 54)

"Abel," Ailse said, "you wanted his curls cut, and him turned into a wild animal, and now you will not permit me to cut them"

By Frank Gervasi

It takes a war to make a man like the sinister and cynical Mr. Athanasiades — and perhaps it takes a man like Athanasiades to make wars. In any event, the Greeks have a word for him. He is "L'homme Diable"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY SERAIDARIS



Munitions merchant Athanasiades, the Sir Basil Zaharoff of the new war

SOME fifty-five years ago in a mud-walled village somewhere in Asia Minor a son was born to Kyrios and Kyria Athanasiades — "The Athenian Ones." How this underprivileged child, with odds of about a million to one against him, managed to survive amidst goats, fleas, epidemics and the constant enmity of the Turks is a story lost to posterity. He was Greek and a marked man and his origins were of the most humble dimensions. But by 1920 we find the child of Mr. and Mrs. Athanasiades—Bodossaki by name—the owner of the luxurious Perra Palace Hotel and Jockey Club in Istanbul, and married to a beautiful woman who was related to General Liman von Sanders, German organizer and inspirational force uniting the Turks against the World War Allies.

He was internationally known to sportsmen and gamblers and those businessmen who operate on the fringes of dangerous undertakings such as revolutions and wars. He was renowned as a keen-brained businessman who knew how best to turn a keg of dynamite, a block of foreign exchange or a parcel of real estate to his economic and political advantage. He was a big-time promoter, property owner and bon vivant, but he was Greek.

When the Turks under Kemal drove the Greeks into the Aegean Sea, Bodossaki, "The Athenian One," was dispossessed of his properties. With his lovely wife he fled to the homeland of his forefathers with whatever he could salvage in the way of jewels and ready cash—which must have been considerable, for he apparently had a large stake with which he engaged in the risky but extremely lucrative business of gambling in foreign exchanges. He sold Greek currency—the drachma—short, made millions, financed one or two revolutions but ran afoul of the understandable opposition of the Greek National Bank to his foreign-exchange manipulations. The bank dumped \$15,000,000 worth of British pounds sterling on the Athenian bourse and the drachma rose from 200 to the pound to 120 to the pound, and Bodossaki was caught short to the tune of four or five million dollars. He was through, it seemed, and might even go to jail or be deported to the islands for a long, long time.

But not Bodossaki. He seems to have convinced the authorities of the National Bank, who by the way had used considerable of their depositors' money to break Monsieur Athanasiades and who were themselves in hot water, that maybe he could repay his debts if he were permitted to remain free. Except for various highly technical financial operations, whose details are not worth recording here, Monsieur Athanasiades disappeared from the Greek scene until the Spanish civil war broke out.

With whatever loose cash he could scratch together, Monsieur Athanasiades purchased from the government all the old rifles, antiquated machine guns and other obsolete but operative war material lying about. This he sold to the Spanish government of Madrid for cash in advance, and right away Monsieur Athanasiades saw he had a gold mine.

Money Talks in Greece

It so happened that there was a German-built, partially German-owned gunpowder factory in Athens, known as Reinmetal Fabric Borsig, which he saw could be built up into a first-class munitions works. Athanasiades sold the idea to the government. The government bought out the Germans and permitted Monsieur Athanasiades to manufacture bullets, bombs and shells for the Spanish government, always on a payment-in-advance basis.

The gentleman who was only a few years ago the Grade-A public enemy of Greece became one of her outstanding citizens, for Monsieur Athanasiades in one year of operations brought into the strongboxes of the Greek government a total of six million dollars gold in profits. To a country like Greece, perpetually in need of foreign exchange and particularly of yellow metal, it was a major strike, somewhat as though the government had suddenly found a gold mine right under the treasury building. All of which brings us to the Monsieur Athanasiades of today—suave, amiable, persuasive and impartial to the last decimal point, a lean, tallish man with a spatulose nose and the look about him of complete detachment from life. He is self-sufficient and self-confident, as well-tailored and groomed as a race horse, and were it not that he has that

look about him of a man accustomed to running ticker tape through his fingers and that something in his eyes of cold, immediate evaluation of people, one would say offhand he was a gray-haired, baldish philosopher, unconcerned with the inanities of moment-to-moment existence.

He has become the biggest merchant of bombs, bullets, shells and other forms of capsuled, mechanized death in the Balkans and one of the leading freelance armsmongers in the Mediterranean. He is to this war what the goateed late Sir Basil Zaharoff was to the last World War.

In his methods and in the ramifications of his overlapping interests Monsieur Athanasiades personifies Greece. Not the Greece of peasants, olive groves and goatherds, the Greece that gave the world democracy and tragedy, but the Greece of today—of Dictator Yanaki Metaxas, of secret police, of opportunism. The Greece, that is, where the doors of Parliament have been closed

since December, 1936, when the world's first democracy became the world's latest totalitarian state.

King George II doesn't like Athanasiades. He called in the arms magnate soon after his restoration in 1935. Aware that Athanasiades was closely identified with revolutions generally, and particularly with that very revolution that helped Kondylis pave the way for George's return and Metaxas' assumption of power, the king told the Greek financial prestidigitator to lay low. "In fact, *cher Monsieur*," the king is supposed to have told Athanasiades, "unless you behave yourself you'll find yourself on a nice sunny island or you might even lose your head—if you get the drift."

Monsieur Athanasiades continues to operate, however, and so it's a sort of back-fence secret that the munitions maker and Metaxas are good friends, at least Athanasiades enjoys freedom of action.

An analysis of the business ethics of
(Continued on page 49)

The Runaways

By Dale Clark

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN HOLMGREN

MRS. STORR looked up quickly from her chair beside the blazing fireplace when the car growled into the driveway. She drew the shawl around her shoulders, stood, and, gripping the silver-banded cane, limped into the hall. Looking up the stairway, she called: "Oh, Zella . . . Mike's here."

Her daughter didn't answer.

The doorbell rang. Mrs. Storr shook her head, drew the shawl tighter before she opened the door.

It wasn't Mike, it was a young couple out there in the rainy, late spring night. Strangers.

"Mr. A. C. Storr?" the youth on the doorstep asked. "Is he at home?"

Amy Storr's husband had been dead these dozen years.

"Come in," she said. "What is it you wanted?"

Moist cold radiated from the young man in the belted topcoat, the girl in the boxy reefer.

"We—we saw the sign over the gate." His voice faltered. "We want him to marry us."

"Oh," said Amy. "Well, I'm A. C. Storr."

"You are?"

Mrs. Storr tapped her cane on the floor. "Why shouldn't a woman be justice of the peace? What'd you expect—a chin-whiskered movie extra?"

"I was surprised," the young man mumbled. "That's all."

"Hmm. Thought you were in the backwoods, I expect," Mrs. Storr said accusingly. "Where's your license?"

"Right here, ma'am."

Amy examined the license suspiciously. John Clayson, 21—he probably was; Elizabeth Fine, legal—she hardly looked that old. Both from Bernalto. College kids.

"Take off your wet things." She supervised the hanging of their wraps in the hall. "There's a fire in the front room. Dry yourselves. We'll need a witness. I'll fetch my daughter downstairs."

Zella was unpacking an opened suitcase on the bed. She turned to Mrs. Storr in the doorway.

"Elopers," Amy said, low-voiced. "Nice, clear-eyed babes in the wood. They're not drunk—I smelled their breaths—and their license is perfectly in order. . . . Still, I don't want to do it."

"Then don't," Zella said.

"I could send them away, of course. But they'd only drive on to the next town. . . ."

"Mother, that's not your headache!" Zella was twenty, and abrupt with the impatience of the young.

Amy sighed. "I'm not so sure. She looks just a child to me. If I could prove that, if I had an excuse to take up their license—run down and talk to them, dear. While I think of something."

She limped the length of the upstairs hall, down the back stairs, into the kitchen. Rain-filled wind caught her face as she opened the back door and stepped out.

The roadster lacked side curtains. Mrs. Storr's fingers hunted stiffly for the dash switch. She found the driver's license in the glove compartment. Not the young man's but Elizabeth Fine's. Elizabeth Fine was nineteen years old. Mrs. Storr shook her head in disappointment.

When she got back inside the house, Zella was talking to the young couple in the front room. Amy tiptoed to the coats in the hall, supporting herself gingerly on the cane's rubber tip. In the topcoat pocket she found a letter; in the girl's handbag, a crumpled telegram. She read both, shamelessly.

THEY stopped talking as she limped into the front room and sat down in the chair by the fire, hands cupped over her cane.

"John," she said, "in the bookcase behind you, there's a calfskin book containing the legal marriage forms. I'll need it. Thank you."

"Yes, ma'am."

Amy smiled. "You're a quick, intelligent chap, John. I don't see why you had to fail those final exams."

He stared, stammered: "But—but—"

"It seems a pity you couldn't buckle down to work," Mrs. Storr said sorrowfully, "especially in your senior year, such a few weeks from getting your degree."

Elizabeth Fine gasped. "Why, Jack! She read your father's letter! She must

have!" The girl gave Amy Storr a look of flushed indignation.

"Mmm-hmm, I did," Mrs. Storr confessed. "And your family's telegram, too, child. Rather a difficult family you have, isn't it?"

"Mother!" cried Zella, appalled.

"It's awkward, all right," Amy admitted. "You're both in a pretty bad way, between flunking John's exams and Elizabeth's being ordered straight home. Still," slowly, "I should think you could face those things."

"Jack!" the girl said. "She hasn't any right to—well! Jack, we're getting out of here!"

Mrs. Storr wagged her cane. "You mean, *running away* from here. . . . Well, I'm not a bit surprised. That's all you're doing, anyway. John's running away from school because he failed there. And you're running away from your family, Elizabeth, because you're not quite sure of your own strength of mind."

Zella had been making swallowing sounds. "Mother, really, aren't you going pretty far?" She shared a young, sympathetic glance with Elizabeth Fine.

"Of course I am," Amy Storr agreed almost grimly. "They asked me to marry them, didn't they? I think I'd be going a great deal farther if I did that. Too far, maybe. I'm old enough to know something about marriage—quite a lot, in fact." She shook her head. "What are you two going to do about your problems *after* you're married? Run away from them? Run away from each other? I . . ."

The young man stood in front of her, shoulders stiff, chin pulled in. "Go on," he said darkly. "We can take it."

"Oh, I'm through," Amy told him. Her smile was tired. "I'm not any hand to settle other folks' troubles, and it wouldn't do you any good if I was."

Amy smiled. "You're a quick, intelligent chap, John. I don't see why you had to fail those final exams." He stared at her

She looked at the girl. "You're the one to advise him. If you can face the facts. . . . That's something you'll have to learn to do," she said sternly. "Marriage won't work when two people are acting on childish impulses—when they're looking for the easiest way out. The more you love him, Elizabeth, the more important it is not to form a habit of running away from plain truths about each other."

ELIZABETH FINE walked across the room. "Come on, Jack." She turned in the hall doorway. "Maybe you're right, Mrs. Storr. It might be better to wait . . . Anyway, we'll talk it over."

Afterward, when the young couple had gone, Zella looked up from poking the fire, her face flushed. "Mother, I'll bet they go straight to the justice in the next town," she asserted.

"Not tonight," Amy said. "Not without this." She chuckled, drawing the license from the folds of her shawl.

There was the sound of a car in the driveway.

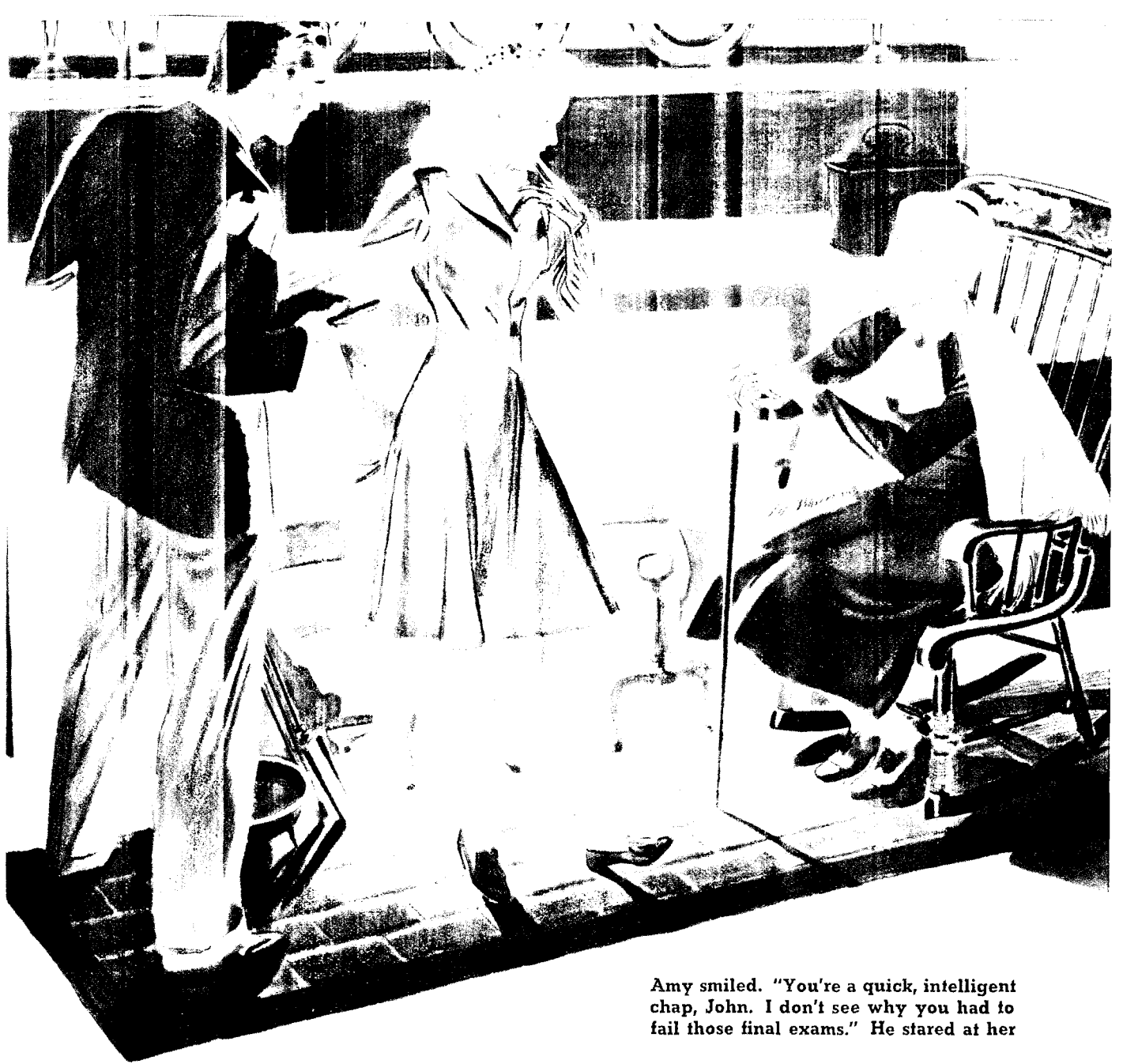
"You see!" Zella said triumphantly. "They've come back for it."

Mrs. Storr frowned, stood, and limped to the parted curtains. "No, they haven't," she said. "That's your husband's coupé. It's Mike this time."

"I won't see him! You can just tell him I never want to—!" Zella stopped, thought-struck. "Mother!" she accused. "You weren't talking to those kids at all!"

"Maybe," Amy Storr admitted, "I wasn't talking to them exclusively." The doorbell rang. She stared sharply at her daughter. "Well, you'll have to make up your own mind. What do you *really* want me to tell him?"

The girl hesitated. "Oh . . . Say I'll be down—as soon as I get my things back in the suitcase!"



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Movie Chances

By Frank Condon

The official word from Hollywood is that green-horns are no longer wanted for the movies, but our Mr. Condon has evidence that points to the contrary. What you really need is a little luck



IT IS now a popular belief in California and New York that a young person can no longer worm, cajole, blast, bluff or fiddle his way into the movie game and that all the doors are locked against inexperience. Young people are discouraged and urged to leave Hollywood, lest they starve. They say you could fumble your way in once upon a time, but not now.

In the sweet by and by of the films, before Vine Street had its first pavement or night club, if you popped up and claimed to be an actor, the simple-minded studio folk not only believed you, but instantly put your name on the pay roll. You remained in contact with the cashier until they found you out, maybe years after. If you proclaimed yourself a book author, with novels and written works of art, they never inquired too searchingly. All you needed was to look a little inky and after that you walked up once a week to the window and drew yours. "Twas lovely thing," the old-timers swear, as the studios never knew exactly what you were doing on the lot and only faintly suspected what they were doing themselves.

Then times changed, balloon tires came in and the studios turned hard and calculating. They stare at you with a cynical smile and ask what you have done and where. If you are utterly unknown, you are required to go elsewhere and become known. . . . Go back to New York and get a job on the stage. Show us something. Make a name for your-

self, like Frank Craven or Orson Welles. And don't be hanging around our back stoop, thinking to sneak in. . . . We cannot waste our time and money fooling around with unknowns and youths.

Therefore, it gives me great pleasure to make known that it's a lot of movie nonsense. They're bluffers—just a lot of impetuous old softies and you don't have to go rushing back to New York and work in Tobacco Road. You need only a dab of luck and some small ability, and a hasty look-over will bear me out.

Take William Holden. To be sure, he was a stage actor and a good one, but he's in the movies now and he didn't expect it. How'd he get in? He was over there in Pasadena at the Community Playhouse, doing an old man with whiskers. A Paramount talent scout wandered backstage and happened to see him remove his whiskers, not dramatic in itself, and was so petrified by the youth who emerged that he had Paramount sign him up.

They gave him the usual test. A girl acted with him. Columbia Pictures borrowed the test from Paramount, being wishful to have a peek at the girl, but they had to see Holden, too, and were so taken that they chucked him into Golden Boy—the lead. That was luck. The girl had none, at least that day.

Or Karen Morley, who waited patiently, day by day, in the reception room at M-G-M, where everyone sits down, looks sad and stares at the telephone for hours on end. A grim boy behind a desk writes out passes for the lucky ones, meanwhile surveying the others with coldly sardonic tolerance. Nothing ever happens to sitters in a movie reception room, but something happened to K. Morley, merely because she was there so often.

They needed somebody to model Garbo's wardrobe—just try on hats and sweaters for the austere Swede—so they asked Karen, she being present no matter where they looked, if she would care to try on a few duds, which she did cheerily. Once inside the studio, they never got her out again. Later on, she married Director Charles Vidor.

Or Loretta Young. Her sister Polly had a good movie job, but Loretta had no job whatever and to make matters worse, was known as Gretchen Young. See if you can snag a movie job as Gretchen Anything. The sister fell ill, and when the studio inquired by phone Loretta slid up to a gateman, said her name was Miss Young and the fellow let her in. It was six hours before they found out the facts, and by that time she had a job.

Or Gail Patrick, a gal from the South.

One of the most unlikely places to discover acting talent is in the fashion newsreels, but that's where the movies found Elise Knox

Her right name is Margaret Fitzpatrick. Paramount was fussing around at the time, trying to run down some young gazelle who could play the part of a panther woman, everybody concerned being a trifle vague as to what a panther woman looked like. They proceeded to hold a panther contest, girls sending in photos from near and far, and a Miss Kathleen Burke won. Among the unsuccessful photos was a picture of this Fitzpatrick girl and somebody suggested they'd better send for her. They did.

Or Miliza Korjus, the opera singer, quietly singing away at grand opera, never dreaming of life's surprises. A movie man stumbled across one of her records, a red label on one side and a head picture of the singer on the other. It was such a lovely head that they invited the lady to start at once for Hollywood, which she did. They didn't remember that opera singers come frequently on the hefty side and Miliza was no exception. For the next two years she took off weight and is now

(Continued on page 53)

THE tall, dark Hindu in nine yards of homespun cotton waved a paper and said, "To hell with the police." The crowd around him milled and murmured and the tall Hindu sent the British to hell in Hindustani. The sun went down redly behind Malabar Hill and in the hot Bombay sky the vultures wheeled and dipped above the Parsi towers of silence where every sundown the day's dead were laid out on the gratings. The tall Hindu yelled, "To hell with the British imperialism!" It sounded pretty noble and dramatic.

He waved the paper again and said the viceroy of all India had forbidden him to leave his home, or to address meetings in favor of Indian independence. Here on the paper was the order. He waved it again. Somebody in the crowd, there on Chowpathy Beach, which is the Hyde Park and Union Square of western India, thrust aloft a crimson flag with the hammer and sickle on it. The speaker tore up the paper and tossed the shreds. The crowd roared.

Then a dapper white man in a trim uniform snapped an order and the cops charged in, whacking Indians across the knees with five-foot bamboo rods tipped with brass—the famous lathees. People ran. The place was a jumble of brown bodies, flying white cotton and hard-breathing little Maratha policemen. They went stumbling about in the sand. Four cops grabbed the man who had torn up the paper and hustled him away. The red flag went down in a mass of tumbling, fleeing men. Blood trickled down brown, skinny legs. The little white police inspector wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Jails all full," he explained. "Have been for weeks. So we break their kneecaps. Puts 'em in jail in their own homes for a month or so."

This was India, early in May, as the rebellion against British rule got into its stride—the great Gandhi-created tide of revolt that its leaders hoped would end with the English driven out of India and the red, white and green flag of the

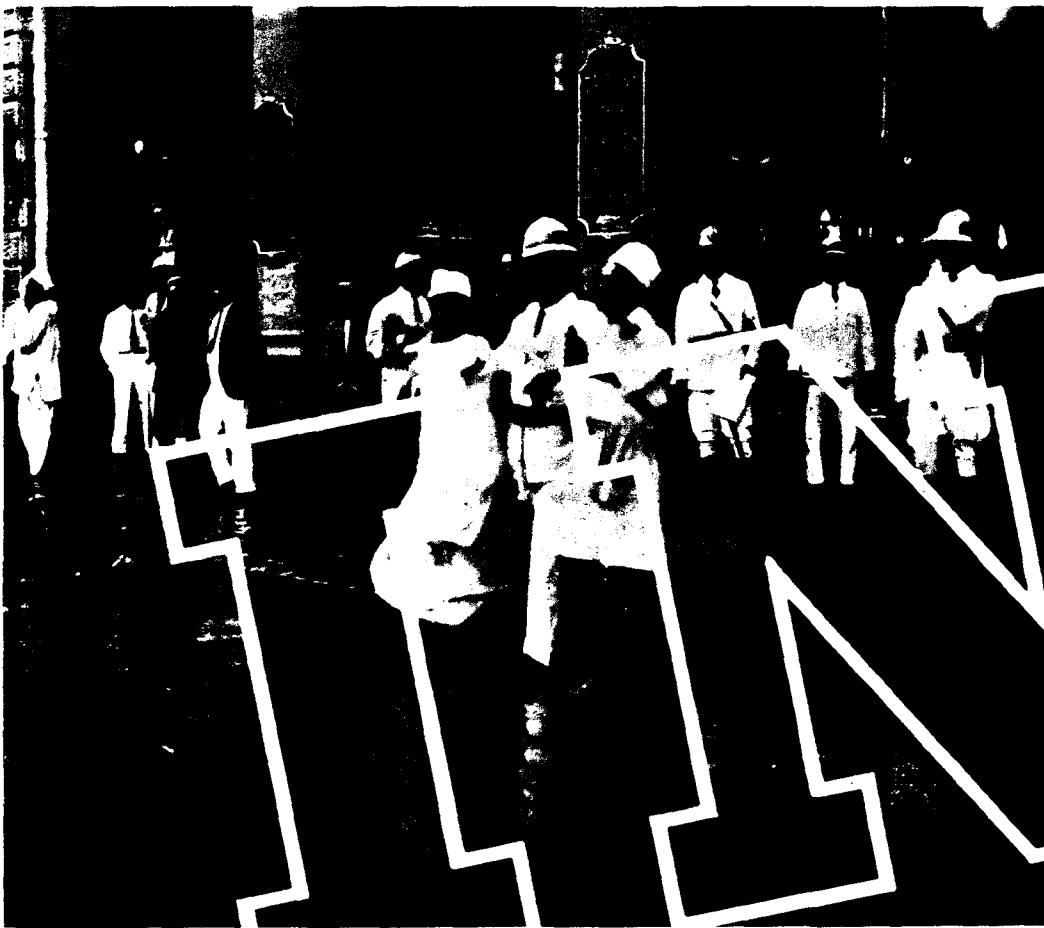
republic flying over the viceroy's palace in Delhi.

In March the Indian Congress at Ramgarh had declared that India would have no part in the "imperialistic war" in Europe; that it was now or never for independence. The Mahatma, beaming behind his spectacles, had said into the microphones that the battle must be run his way or he would quit. Other speakers had echoed his words. Socialists and Communists had yelled for direct action, now. But Gandhi prevailed. In April he called for organization and disciplining of his hosts in thousands of villages. Telling them to get ready to sacrifice themselves before the lathees—and the guns.

Early in May the legions were ready. In many a sweltering city and baking countryside the rebels were out of hand and rarin' to go. A dozen leaders were calling for purnaswaraj—complete independence—now, or else. There were street fights in a score of heat-stricken cities. Guns barked and tear gas drifted

through the narrow, stinking bazaars. The red flag flew and mill hands battled in Cawnpore and Bombay. In the Punjab the Khaksars marched. Armed with long-handled shovels, shouting Fascist slogans. The English said Germany backed them and shot down two score and jailed a hundred more. In Calcutta, with ten thousand sacred cows loose in the streets and the scavengers on strike, foreigners stared disease epidemics in the face. Students struck in a dozen colleges. On the far northwest frontier the tribesmen battled British troops among the barren hills.

This was India in the early summer of 1940 as the great rebellion—that might turn out to be a revolution, or end up just as another suppressed mutiny—got going. Nearly a fifth of the world's population writhed and struggled in a great upward thrust, almost weaponless, trying to dislodge a handful of English who ruled over them with an iron hand, backed by terrific laws, upheld by armed police and fewer than



WIDE WORLD



Above, section of road wall is dynamited to impede patrols by rebellious tribes of northwestern India, who do not favor resistance in the passive manner of Gandhi

Off to one of Bombay's well-filled jails goes the native at the left, above, for picketing a store selling British goods. Picketing is a part of the widespread boycott plan

India's native princes, living in regal splendor, are part of her problem. Left, seated, is the powerful Maharaja of Baroda. Most of the princes side with England



sixty thousand British white soldiers.

India was that—and India was gray-ing grandmothers of 35 sweating 72 hours a week in Ganges delta jute mills for forty-eight cents. India was 26,000 people dying on Bombay streets every year from starvation, and worse. It was dust and heat and filth and glaring sun and tired Englishmen lying in hot darkness, arms outstretched, wrists in pans of water. India was the Taj Mahal, a glorified union depot, and it was the old city of Lahore of the dreadful nights, with three hundred white girls kept prisoners by their Indian owners. It was a bewildered viceroy living in a political goldfish bowl at Simla with the cool wind sweeping down from the snowy Himalayas. It was three hundred million serfs and a handful of millionaire rajas lolling in luxury amid their wives and dancing girls. India has white women wed to men they once imagined to be princes, eating their hearts out as minor wives among a score—or a hundred. It was India of the princely maharajas—but you'll hardly believe the maharajas, when we get around to them. . . .

You traveled around India and discovered the English, this time, were not



BLACK STAR



WIDE WORLD

taking it lying down. In Indian India, still of 2,000 B.C., and English India, still of the 1890's, you sweltered in hot, dusty trains crawling across the plains and Englishmen clenched their fists and said this time there would be no fooling. They were out to win the war, and God help Gandhi or a quarter of a billion Indians if they did anything to help Germany. You climbed four flights of stairs to dim, heat-filled offices and Englishmen thumped on desks and said that, bloodshed or no bloodshed, this thing was going to stop if it left windrows of corpses from Ceylon to Calcutta.

You sat in hotel lobbies with the fan whirling through the thick, muggy air, and Englishmen asked plaintively why Gandhi and the rebels wouldn't accept dominion status for India—after the war. If it was good enough for Canada and Australia and South Africa, why wasn't it good enough for India?

In his little mud hut at Sevagram, in the central provinces, the Mahatma merely grinned his toothless grin and said his proposal was absurdly simple: Let the British turn India over to him, rajas and Taj Mahal, railroads and mills and tea plantations and rice paddies, mines and palaces, wharves and

Mahatma Gandhi, top, 72-year-old native leader, is the man who will decide whether open rebellion or a compromise is in store for his followers. Below, British tanks on patrol near famed Khyber Pass where native tribes are rebelling

highways, then, said Gandhi, he would commune with himself and presently he would decide what to do with the country.

He thought, said the Mahatma, that perhaps the English might be allowed to remain as guests of the republic. They might maintain their army, under Indian direction, until India could raise its own. The British navy, too, might still patrol the coasts while the republic was getting organized. There might even be some compensation paid for the seized property.

At this, the British saw red. They had about eight billion dollars' worth of property in India; it paid dividends of a billion a year—a month's wage for

every family in England. It was the prize profit item on the British ledger. Lose the profit from India and the whole British economy would have to be revised, lest it collapse. Never, they said, would they give up one rupee's worth of anything.

The Mahatma smiled and said the British should stop being worried about material things and concentrate on the spiritual. Already, he pointed out, they had spurned his advice to offer non-resistance to Germany. Now they were again ignoring his wisdom. The English retorted that nonresistance hadn't helped Czechoslovakia or Denmark and that for their part they intended to resist expropriation with every gun and bomb they could muster. Let Mr. Gandhi beware. The long-predicted crash of the British Empire would not be heard for a long, long time.

Tanned English officials, sipping strong, hot tea, blurted irascibly that Gandhi should learn the facts of life. They had offered him independence—in everything but India's foreign policy. They were certainly not going to give him a free hand in that—and have Germany or Russia or Japan start a war the Indian republic could not possibly fight, much less win. Gandhi, they said, wanted the blessings of freedom, with none of the responsibilities—they offered him substance and he held out for shadows.

Red-faced army men at Rawalpindi and Poona and in baking army posts from the Khyber to Burma went over maps and plans for suppression of the rebellion and for checkmating any help the Russians might try to send down through the passes. Railroad people checked the long-standing arrangements for getting every civilian—and all white women and children—out of the country when the terror started.

On his side, the Mahatma had per-

haps two hundred fifty million people, Hindus and Moslems, practically unarmed, terribly ignorant and superstitious—but fanatical in their faith in him and his cause.

On their side the British had their white troops. They had all the rajas, terrified at the idea of losing their feudal states. They had most of the Indian civil service and probably a large proportion of the native army of 250,000 under white officers. Most of the native army, they insisted, was loyal to the king-emperor, but the files of history disclosed cases, here and there, where Indian troops had refused to fire on their fellow countrymen. You couldn't tell.

Let's take a look at the place. India is a hot country, about three fifths the size of the United States, but with about three times our population. The coming census is expected to show close to four hundred million people. Most of these live on the land in incredible dirt, poverty and ignorance. Fewer than eight in a hundred can read or write. Their average income is \$13.50 a year—a high city wage is twenty cents a day. About a quarter of a billion of these people are Hindus. The rest are Mohammedans. One hundred million of them, in native states, are mere serfs, with few rights, subject to the whims of their rajas, Gaekwars, Nizams, princes, maharajas and kings who have the powers of life or death over them.

You get some idea of India by comparing it with America. The British were in India long before the United States was organized, but India has only 44,000 miles of railroads against our 237,000; 50,000 miles of indifferent roads against our 3,000,000 of good ones. Collier's alone has more circulation than all Indian newspapers and magazines combined. The place has only 200,000 radio sets—half of them bootlegged to escape

(Continued on page 34)

UNCENSORED

In Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi, Mr. Marshall was told bluntly that he could cable just what the censor thought fit, that any attempt to get out the truth would land him in prison along with the rebels. This article was radioed from Manila—under the American flag—which is the last free news transmission point in the Orient

WON'T WAIT

By Jim Marshall

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

KNOWING almost nothing concerning her early history, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings—for thirteen years a student in a school for underprivileged girls in Washington State—yields to the wishes of Judge Judson Marshbanks (one of her guardians) and goes to San Francisco. There she becomes the secretary of wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter, whose companion is Emma Haskell—Cherry's other guardian.

From time to time, she sees the judge; and she meets the members of his household: his domineering old mother; Amelia Marshbanks, spoiled young daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred; and Fran, the judge's attractive young wife.

Mrs. Porter dies. She leaves Cherry fifteen hundred dollars. Whereupon, Cherry plans to enter Stanford. Then comes a series of appalling shocks. In the course of a number of talks with the judge and Emma, she learns that her mother had been Emma's sister, Charlotte ("Lottie"), that her father (who had never married her mother) had been Amy's father—the judge's brother, Fred! Then Emma astounds her by telling her that she is not Charlotte Rawlings at all—she is Amelia Marshbanks! According to Emma, shortly after Cherry and Amy were born, Cherry's mother had switched the two babies. And the judge not only corroborates the story—he produces papers (signed by Fred Marshbanks and Cherry's mother) which prove it to be true.

Cherry and the judge discuss the situation, and the judge's mother (who has always disliked Cherry) overhears them. She "protects" Amy by seizing the papers and burning them.

Meanwhile, Cherry has fallen in love with a young artist: Kelly Coates. He has asked her to marry him, but she has made no promises.

Amy meets a count—Mario ("Gogo") Constantino. She tells Cherry that she wants to marry him. . . . At the judge's home, old Mrs. Marshbanks launches a vicious verbal attack on Cherry. Amy overhears something of what is said. Alone with Cherry, she says: "Was my father really your father too?" Cherry says: "Emma says so." Amy hesitates. Then: "Uncle say so?" "Yes," Cherry replies.

IX

HONEST?" Amy asked, between a smile and a frown. And Cherry could see that she was not wholly displeased with the idea. "But Emma wasn't a servant," she presently added; "she was a trained nurse. That's quite different. So Emma and my father—" mused Amy, a deep dimple appearing in her flawless little cheek.

"Not Emma. Emma's younger sister, Charlotte."

"And was she a servant?"

"She was only nineteen. She was just out of boarding school."

"Oh. So you were that sort of a cut-up, were you, Daddy?" Amy said. "Cherry," she asked curiously, "did you feel awful when you found out?"

"I think I did." Tears came to Cherry's eyes; again she felt lonely and forlorn.

"That makes us cousins, doesn't it?" Amy asked, still marveling at the strangeness of it. "No, it doesn't," she corrected it quickly, "it makes us half sisters! Your name's Charlotte, isn't it? They named you for your mother. But I wouldn't feel bad about it," Amy went on, with a hint of patronage in her kindly voice, "because, after all, my father was a perfectly fascinating person, and he was a Marshbanks, and it

was—oh, I don't know, a long time ago, and nobody knows it, so who cares? Because those things do happen," Amy finished sagely, "and every family has something like that in it. And if we're sisters, well, we like each other anyway."

Cherry was standing looking at the other girl steadily, but with no expression whatsoever upon her face. Now she said in a thick, unsteady voice that conveyed the effect of ungraciousness:

"I think I'll go to bed, Amy. I'm terribly tired."

"To me," Amy said, with a little important stress upon the pronoun, "it's all sort of silly because I have this plan of marrying Gogo in my mind. You don't believe I will, and nobody in this house does, but I'm going to just the same! Tonight—he didn't dare stay long because he was afraid of Gran's getting onto it—but tonight he said to me, 'In ten days I will have the sweetest little wife in the world in my arms, and then I defy them to get her away from me!' Cherry, did you think he was fascinating?"

"Yes, that was just what I did think he was—fascinating," Cherry said wearily. She put her two hands to her aching head, and held them there as she went away. Amy, sitting on the bed and pulling off her invisible cobwebs of stockings called after her: "He liked you, too!" But Cherry made no answer.

She went to her room and began slowly to undress, her head still ringing from the sound of the voices in the room across the hall, and especially the old woman's voice. But the thought of Kelly rose steadily to the surface of the moving sea of other thoughts, and a warm sense of comfort and happiness began to envelop her in spite of herself. He had come to see her, not anyone else—he had made that very clear—and every moment of that hour of confidence came back to her with an increased and deepening feeling of happiness. Nothing else mattered, now that Kelly was her friend.

Before she fell asleep she heard Fran and the judge come in, and Amy's voice in the hall. Amy had not been quite as confident of her position as she had seemed to be, perhaps, for Cherry, springing out of bed and going to open her door a crack, saw that she was still dressed and had evidently been waiting for her uncle.

"Uncle Jud, could I speak to you a minute?" asked Amy.

"Tonight?" said the judge's pleasant voice in answer.

"If I could, Uncle!"

"All right, trot down to the library, there's a fire there, and I'll leave my coat up here," Cherry heard him say, and then Fran's voice, "If it's that comic-opera count, Jud, be firm with her!"

He followed Amy down, and there was silence abovestairs. Cherry, nervously excited, got into bed intending to wait until Amy came up, and to gather, if she could, from Amy's manner how the conference had gone. But she was too sleepy. Long before the light in the

(Continued on page 28)

They saw old Martin pause at the library door and put his hands over his eyes. "They've got him!" he said brokenly

False Face

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**Crook meets impostor, and
a foolproof racket dies of
an overdose of ingenuity**

KANE TERAGHAN, reading the **HELP WANTED MALE** ads in a Washington newspaper, shied when he came upon a fairly accurate description of himself. The last time such a description had circulated it meant nobody else but Teraghan; he was "wanted," and he had landed in jail. This was the ad:

"VALET OR SECRETARY. White, Height 5-10 or 11, Weight abt. 170, Age abt. 40, American, no accent unless New York, correct English, black or iron-gray hair, preferably curly, prominent bony nose, temperate, blue or blue-gray eyes . . ."

Teraghan's alarm subsided; he was a free man, having served his sentence, and was looking for a job; here it was, made to order. He had been neither valet nor secretary, but appearance, he guessed, counted more with the advertiser than performance. He went at once to the address given, Room 327 in an office building.

In the corridor outside Room 327 was a long line of applicants. A short gentleman, heavy-set and dark, was pacing slowly along the line, inspecting the applicants, picking one infrequently and telling him to go into the room. He arrived at Teraghan, halted, scrutinized him with interest, beckoned him to step aside.

"The position is to work for me," said the gentleman under his breath. "Agreeable?"

"Why not?" said Teraghan, wondering mildly at the form of the question and its subtly combative tone. He answered whispered queries: "I was born in Brooklyn . . . I'm a high-school graduate."

"The position," said the gentleman, "pays one hundred dollars a month and board and bed of the finest. Agreeable? Wait inside till I dismiss these fellows."

ROOM 327 was unfurnished and had evidently been hired for the purpose of the advertisement.

Teraghan's new employer was a man of uncertain race: probably Spanish-American or Portuguese-American, with a dash of Indian blood, dark, sleek, with large and spreading features. He spoke excellent English, with the precision of the educated foreigner. Contemplating the still-faced Teraghan, the dark man smiled, pleased; Teraghan was obviously the physical type required.

"I got out of Lorton Prison yesterday," said Teraghan bluntly, being intuitive. "Care to look at my discharge, sir?"

The advertiser lost his smile, but was undecided, indicating to Teraghan that he had guessed right: this business was color.

"If that's your reference, Teraghan, I've been offered better! Why were you in prison? Never mind—let me see that paper. . . . You were a bank clerk? And a bank robber!"

(Continued on page 46)

**He began to trace the signature.
He had no great gift for forgery,
but he improved with practice**





It proved to be Greg Ashburn who found sanity. He thrust between them, shoved John away and crowded Caleb back.

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

WRETCHEDLY unhappy when the girl he loves—Natalie French—marries Mark Gabriel, Caleb Thatcher leaves Wallisport, Massachusetts. A few years later, after he has fought with the Loyalists in Spain and Natalie has become a widow, he returns, only to learn that Natalie has undergone a curious change, and that he no longer loves her.

No one knows it, but Natalie is infatuated with Gregory Ashburn, an Englishman, who professes to love her but who will not marry her—he says that, inasmuch as he may soon be fighting abroad, he does not wish to subject her to the risk of a second widowhood. . . .

Wallisport regards Caleb Thatcher as a "dangerous radical" (which he is not). Among those who disapprove of and dislike him is Mark Gabriel's brother, John, head of the Gabriel Machine Tool Company (furiously at work filling war orders).

Bert Hendricks, Caleb's buddy in Spain who had once saved his life, comes to Wallisport. Sent by a union to observe an election in John Gabriel's plant, he spends much of his spare time with Caleb. . . . Meanwhile, Caleb has become interested in the town's "glamor girl"—Hope Shaler, who is engaged to John Gabriel.

A fire—which Gabriel feels sure is of incendiary origin—destroys one of the company's

buildings. Whereupon, the cops plan to arrest Bert Hendricks.

Hope helps Bert escape—she puts him in her car, drives him almost to Boston. Before they part, Bert gives Hope a small leather folder, asks her to keep it and say nothing of its existence to anyone. Hope hides the folder.

Back in Wallisport, Hope is stopped by a policeman who tells her that he has been ordered to pick up a car bearing her license number. He lets her go.

III

AT THE end of a week Caleb had had no news of Bert except Hope's word that he had got to Boston. At least he had successfully gone "underground," and some day one of his friends would meet Caleb on the street or a five-line note would be in his mail with tidings of Bert in San Francisco or Birmingham or somewhere else safely distant from Wallisport.

He had heard from Hope the unimpressive details of that flight, telephon-

ing that night and meeting her at the square the morning after. Unimpressive except in one particular. For Hope the accident that had got some speeder's automobile number wrong and had the police stopping her car on the way back from Boston was just an added thrill to an exciting hour. There was no need to tell her that it looked pointedly unlike an accident. Someone who did not recognize her car had recognized Bert in it and had told the police. Clearly that must be one of the guards or private detectives maintained by the Gabriel mills. And clearly there was an excellent chance that John Gabriel would learn that his fiancée had helped his enemy escape.

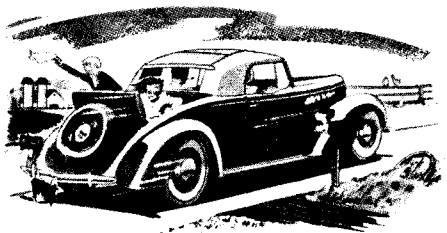
The car had hardly got out of Caleb's sight, the night before, when he was cursing himself because his anxiety for Bert had allowed him to involve Hope. Now, in morning sunlight, her serenity,

her innocent assurance, increased his concern. In a plaid skirt that was absurdly hung from the shoulders of a yellow sweater by leather suspenders like a man's, touches of white at wrists and throat—well, John Gabriel would be marrying the town beauty, and Caleb Thatcher had let the town beauty take a dangerous risk.

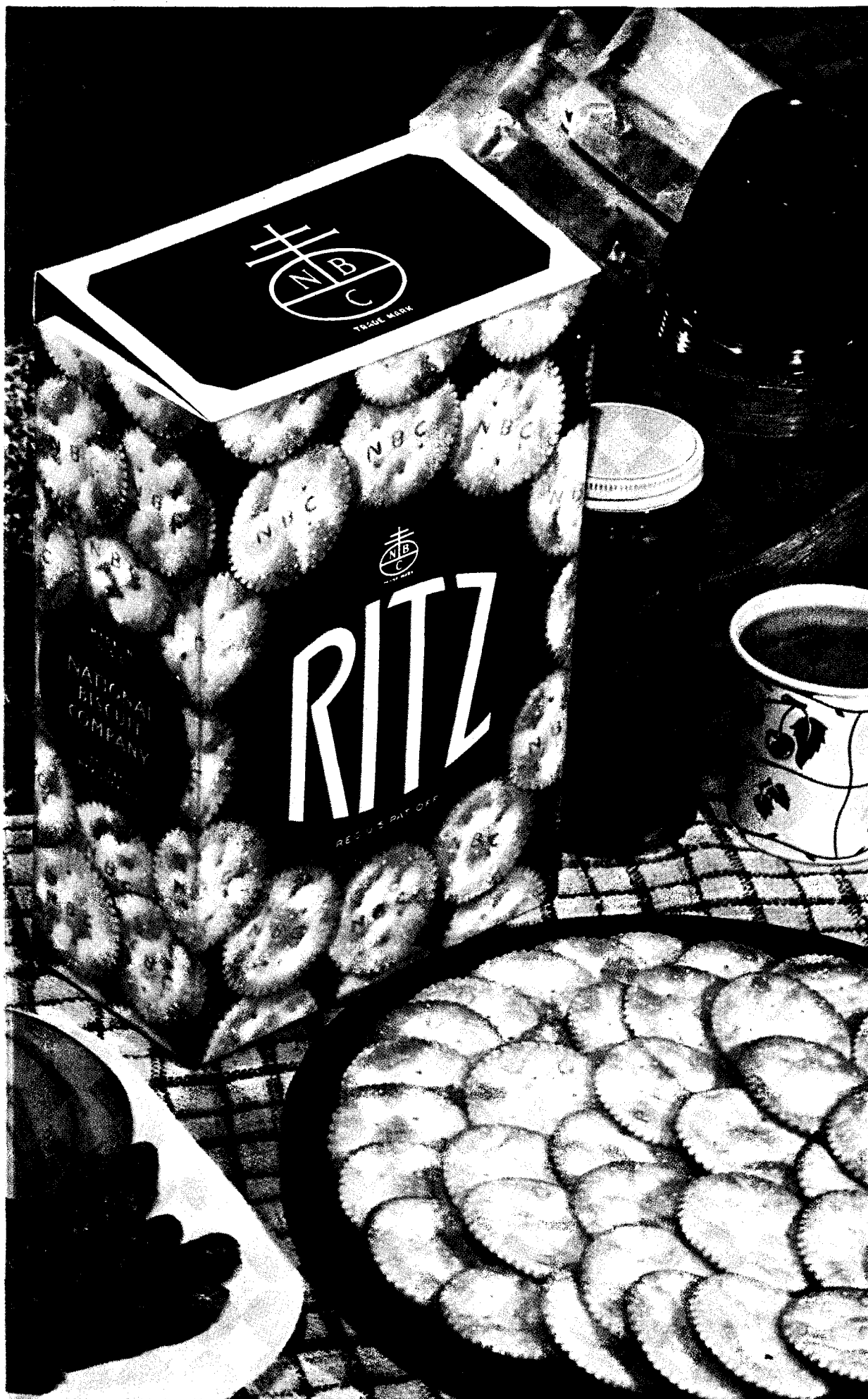
"I should never have let you do it," he said. "We seem to have gotten away with it—but you'd better steer clear of me. I'm skull and crossbones on the bottle."

She nodded, her face grave. "I've done some growing up, the last two nights. I'm glad I helped Bert. I'd probably do it again, even now that I've remembered it was John's building he was accused of burning down. But I've got to be on John's side of the fence, even when John is wrong."

(Continued on page 38)

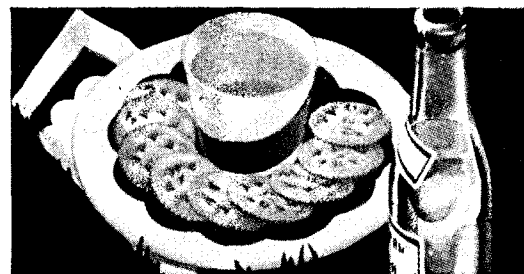


What a Picnic you can have with RITZ!

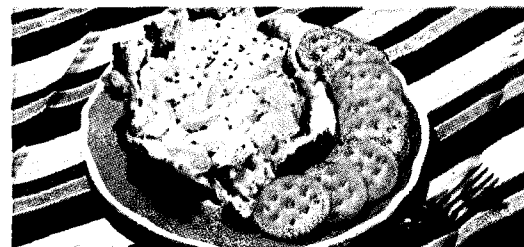


WATCH Father beam when he sees you've brought Ritz . . . Look at the youngsters dive into the Ritz package again and again for a handful of crunchy, golden crackers . . . In fact, just notice how the whole family brightens up as "the cracker everyone loves" works its magic spell with appetites.

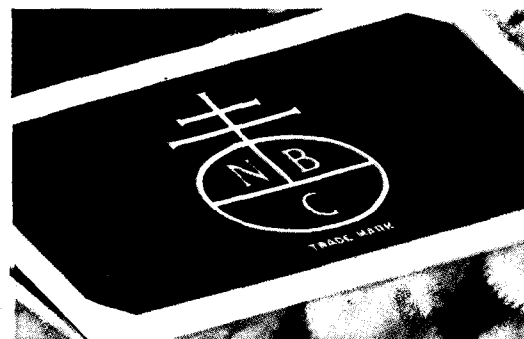
Picnic, pantry feast, party — you can always count on Ritz adding to the fun — making other foods taste better. And you can always count on Ritz being at its delicious best, because a *special* baking process *seals in* crispness and flavor. That's why more people prefer it — why it is so important to *insist* on Ritz!



THEY'LL BE THIRSTY—so take along a good supply of drinkables (to be served with Ritz of course!) Ritz Crackers will stay crisp and crunchy until the last one in the package is eaten. *Be sure* to get Ritz when you buy—not something that may look similar! Only Ritz tastes like Ritz!



PICNIC POTATO SALAD. Mix with French dressing instead of mayonnaise . . . add a little chopped onion and green pepper for excitement . . . hand out with plenty of Ritz Crackers to insure proper applause. Picnic or not, you'll be needing Ritz tomorrow! So order a package *today!*



YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE of getting the finest in crackers and cookies if you look for this red National Biscuit Company Seal on the package when you buy. It is your assurance of high quality . . . tempting freshness . . . delicious flavor.

IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER—A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Collier's, The National Weekly

Now...a new NIGHT WATCH



NEVER FAR AWAY...ALL NIGHT LONG

across America

Texaco Dealers Announce *All-Night Service* along every National Highway during the Summer Touring Season

Midnight! One o'clock . . . two . . . three! The lights go out over the countryside.

One light shines on—all night long—an oasis of cheer and safety on the dark highway. A Texaco Dealer keeps watch, waiting to serve you, at any hour you choose to drive.

He is ready with motoring products famous for quality—*Sky Chief* and stepped-up **FIRE-CHIEF** gasolines . . . *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils . . . water for your radiator . . . air to bring your tires to correct driving pressure.

Or it may be the favor of a swiftly cleaned windshield to make night driving easier . . . the convenience of clean *Registered* Rest Rooms . . . the many other courtesy services Texaco Dealers are always glad to render . . . day or night.

All across America, along every national highway during the summer touring season, you'll now find Texaco *All-Night Service* waiting for you and your car. There you'll find quality motoring products. And there you'll find, always, courtesy from the gentleman who serves you.

TEXACO DEALERS

originators of
REGISTERED REST ROOMS

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.



Cool Shaves

"rescue" burning cheeks and chins!



Until you know Ingram's lather—cool and bracing Ingram's—you don't know how free from shaving irritations your morning shave can be.

For Ingram's formula is different! It's COOL—deliberately planned COOL to help condition your face for shaving while it wits the fight from the toughest beard!



Cleanly and crisply your razor speeds through those limp whiskers. And all the time you feel that soothing Ingram's touch—comforting and COOL, COOL—COOL! No lotions need apply.



Your face comes up smiling—smooth and refreshed and stays that way for hours. Get the tube or jar at your druggist's—both give you the same economical cream. Try Ingram's, TODAY!

**INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM**

— IN TUBE OR JAR —

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 22

hall went out she was deep in dreams.

They were troubled dreams. She was conscious of sleeping lightly, of being near the surface of wakefulness and of mingling half-thoughts of reality with the troubled visions of sleep. There was a high bridge, a bridge of rickety planks and half-nailed spars, and she was to cross it even though she could see that it collapsed toward the center in a tangle of broken girders. There were people on the bank behind her, watching, and someone's hoarse voice—she couldn't place it—called out, "Help, help, help!" But still she started across, feeling it give and sway—

Cherry sat up in bed, terrified at darkness, sweat suddenly cold on her hands and spine and brow. What was it? Somebody had called "Help!" and the house and the night were filled with horror.

For a few terrible seconds that seemed like hours she was unable to move; then she brought her feet to the floor and uttered at the same moment a choking cry:

"Oh, somebody—come! Quickly!"

Another shout came from the floor below, and then the sound of a revolver shot clove the darkness sharply, thinly, and was gone, leaving a horrible silence behind it. Cherry was at the door; she must find voices and light and people—

The hall lights rushed up and the light over the stairs. Amy was at the switch, pallid with fright; stout, sturdy Molly, with May and some of the other maids behind her, was running down from the upper floor. Fran, clinging to the banister, was on the stairs.

"What was that?" Fran said, in a quick, quiet voice. "Let's not lose our heads. It was nothing."

They all ran downstairs after Fran. Old Martin, the butler, was in the lead and they saw him pause at the library door and put his hand over his eyes.

"They've got him!" he said brokenly. When Cherry reached the door and could see into the library where Judson Marshbanks had talked to her in so wise, so fatherly a fashion on the last afternoon of his life, Martin was on his knees, and the body of his master, shot through the heart, was resting limply against his shoulder.

TIME did not stop. Days went by. There was a dreadful silence in the house; a feeling of emptiness, even though it was filled with people. Old Mrs. Marshbanks murmuring to Fran in Fran's room; Amy tearful and frightened in hers; Cherry coming and going with a colorless, shocked face; Gregory Marshbanks, tall and good-looking and serious, home from college; Molly and May, the two upstairs servants, Helene the maid, the Chinese cook and his helper, Martin the butler, Rousseau the chauffeur, these were all there.

And beside these were officers of the law who had opened doors and locked boxes, looked through the basement, mounted to the upper floors, taken their posts gravely and regularly at the entrances, checking everyone who went out and in. And there were callers, scores of them, serious, frightened-looking, curious folk who mounted the front steps and murmured at the front door, and perhaps came in for a few minutes, or perhaps went away again, unsatisfied. Undertaker's men, lawyers, doctors, detectives, reporters, cameramen; never in its long history had the old house known such crowded hours.

Stamped forever upon Cherry's memory, upon her inner vision as upon the

minds and souls of them all, was the picture of that first moment of tragedy tearing its way so suddenly into the quiet of the dignified old house. The picture of the library, softly lighted by the great desk lamp as it always was in the evenings, of the revolver that the judge had shown Cherry that very afternoon, lying on the carpet a dozen feet from the desk, of the body in Martin's arms.

Judge Marshbanks had fallen back across his own chair, had slipped to the floor; it had been his voice they had first heard, shouting for help; Cherry recognized it as she remembered that dreadful sound in the silent night.

Of any other presence but that of the dead the room had been empty when they reached it—the white-faced group that included Fran and Cherry and Amy, Martin and the maids. Old Mrs. Marshbanks, tremblingly descending the stairs, had been intercepted by May. "We mustn't let her in," the weeping housemaid had stammered. And then—almost immediately—there had been steps and voices at the front door, and a doctor, an ambulance and the police had arrived together.

SINCE then the place had been in full possession of the authorities. Questions, questions, questions. The family, the servants were being eternally summoned for questions.

"Do they want us all again?" Fran would say patiently, with a glance for her mirror. "Where? Front room. All right, in two minutes."

Fran, always pale, but now with great circles under her eyes, had gone into a strange frenzy of terror at first, had answered the first questions of the police with an uncertainty, an irrelevance and inaccuracy that had given others beside Cherry a fearful suspicion that she had something to hide. But presently she had seemed to grow calmer and more coherent, and had repeated to everyone's satisfaction her simple story. She had come home from a Burlingame party with her husband at about midnight. She had felt restless and headachy that evening, and Judge Marshbanks, who always was glad to get home at a reasonable hour, had been delighted to

bring her back before the party was well under way.

The judge, her story went on, had then gone into the library for a talk with his niece, Amy Marshbanks, and Fran had gone to bed. She was a light sleeper, and often occupied the bedroom adjoining that of the judge and herself, as the maids could testify. She had used this room that night, fearing the judge's return from downstairs would disturb her first sleep, and had heard nothing until his dreadful cry of "Help!" had rung through the house.

AMY was a poor witness in her own behalf, crying bitterly, and breaking out with frightened self-defense with every word. She had asked Uncle Jud to talk to her that night—no, she wouldn't say about what—no, he hadn't gotten angry at her nor she at him—yes, it had agitated her a good deal—she had cried—yes, she had said, "Then I'll kill myself!" as Martin testified. But Martin, going about to put out the lights, knew that she had gone upstairs before he spoke to Uncle, before Uncle said to him, "I've a little business to finish here, Martin. I'll put out the lights!"

"Had the announcement of your prospective marriage anything to do with this conversation, Miss Marshbanks?" Amy had been asked. She had hesitated, had answered, "Not exactly." Amy was twenty-one now, and society had been duly notified, through the press, of her intention to become the third Countess Constantino.

On the other hand, the murdered man's mother had proved an incomparable witness. She had answered questions thoughtfully, evenly, not wincing away from even the most appalling details.

Voices sounded strange in the house now; the place was full of echoes and shadows. Meals were served at regular and irregular times, trays went upstairs, servants took their directions just as usual, but nothing was the same. In everyone's speech and everyone's manner was the evidence of change. The old lady rarely left her room; sometimes in the afternoon Rousseau took her for a drive; often old friends came in and sat with her; Amy paid her visits



"Your friend Jane phoned and gave me this message for you"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"There's a Big Moment in Anybody's Life!"



YOU MAY BE PRETTY FOND of your present car Y—but that can't stop you from *wanting* that's new...

So when you get down to brass tacks about *buying* a new car, be sure of your money's worth by remembering this fact:

De Soto is the one 1940 car with all 39 new features not found in your 2-3- or 4-year-old car.

De Soto gives you, in most cases, 5 to 15 more horsepower—7" to 10" more wheelbase. You enjoy a soft, smooth Floating Ride because both front and rear seat passengers are "cradled" between the axles.

You get seats up to 8" wider than you've known before. Six people can relax in solid comfort. There's new leg room, shoulder room, and the luggage locker holds 10 big bags... lights up inside at night!

Count the Features!

And that's only the start of the story. You see 40% to 65% better at night with new Sealed Beam Headlights, and they outline the full width of the car. Day or night, you've better vision all around with greater glass area. A side rear window of *curved* glass reduces glare.

There's more knee room up front. You shift cars with a handy lever that's on the steering post...convenient and out of knees' way. The car doors are full width at the bottom...for easy entrance or exit. And De Soto's wide,

safe-vision windows roll all the way down.

Operating costs? De Soto is built by the Chrysler Corporation—and that means *minimum* expense for automobile maintenance! Then add this fact on economy: *Prices are \$20 to \$48 lower than last year!*

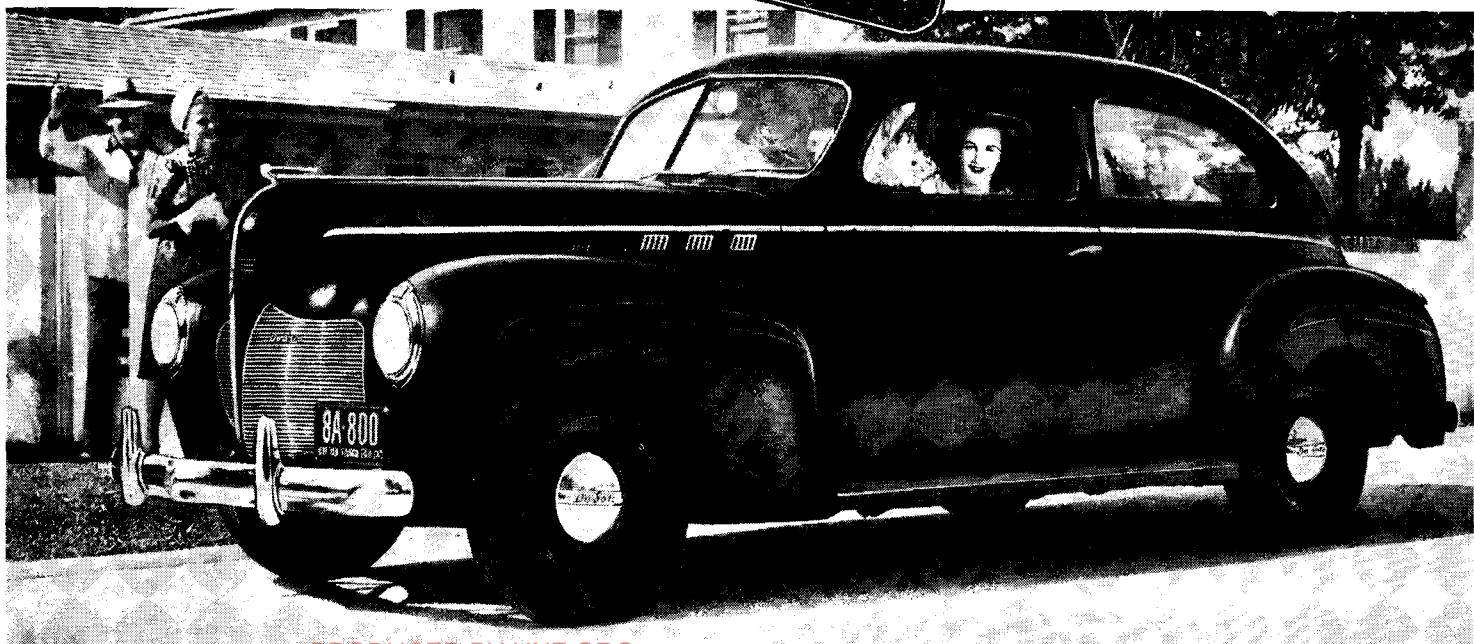
See your De Soto dealer today. You'll get a good deal on the *one* car in 1940 that offers all the 39 important new features you don't have now in *your* car. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



NOW IS THE TIME TO TRADE!

If you own a 1936-'37 or '38 car, it will pay you to plan on trading it right away! But first, see the 1940 car which gives you the most important new style, safety, engineering, and economy developments! DeSoto—you can check this yourself—has actually 39 features not found in cars 2, 3, or 4 years old!

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.





"Perspiration Odor has no place in any man's life!"

"And since a man can be guilty and never know he offends, I play safe with Mum," says Kenneth Caldwell of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company!

PEOPLE are an insurance man's career! Meeting new prospects and making new friends—winning their confidence and respect—that's the big part of his daily job. But if he lets *perspiration odor* creep in with his facts and figures, you can be sure his welcome won't last long.

"Perspiration odor has no place in any man's life—or business. The tragedy is that a man can offend and never know he's guilty—and no one is apt to tell him. It's so much easier for a prospect to let him go and dodge him in the future. That's why I play safe—and after every shower use Mum."

That's just good, common sense advice and thousands of men are following it.

A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours. Keep this in mind—a bath only cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts... won't irritate your skin... prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration itself.

Your wife, your sister or your mother is probably using Mum right now as the safe, sure way of guarding against underarm odor. Don't try borrowing—get Mum at your drug store today. Carry into all your contacts—business and social—the confidence that you won't offend with perspiration odor.

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business — Play safe with Mum!]



That glorious, bracing morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid the risk of underarm odor with Mum. You even like yourself better!



daily, but to Cherry she never spoke, and they rarely encountered each other.

"Who killed Judson Marshbanks?" headlined the newspapers. Everyone speculated, and everyone's guess seemed as reasonable as that of everyone else's.

"Cherry, you must have a theory," Kelly said to her, one day when they were climbing the hill behind Topcote, and had sat down on the trunk of a fallen eucalyptus to breathe—a singing winter day of sunshine and blue skies; there was no film of breeze stirring.

"I have about four," she answered judicially. "And Amy would add one to that. She has strong suspicions of you."

"Interesting," commented Kelly, pushing mud from his heavy, high-laced shoes with the point of his stick.

"But after all, she may have no more than four," pursued Cherry, "for one of my four is Amy herself. Oh, I don't really think she had anything to do with it!" she interrupted his quick, surprised look. "But I mean that it has gone through my head that she had a motive. She knew that Uncle Jud was the only person who could really do anything about this question of her identity and mine. She'd just heard the whole thing from her grandmother, and she was frightened—about the shame of it, and the money, of course, and above all, about Gogo. Amy knew in her heart that Gogo would leave her flat if anything like that came out. In fact, she admits it. She said to me yesterday that Gogo wouldn't marry a woman without money because everything he had was tied up in his brother's estate. The brother has a son, but he's an idiot, so Gogo will be regent—as he calls it, some day—but it means he is always short for ready cash."

"What yarns they think up, Marchioness!"

"D'you think that's all a yarn?" she asked anxiously.

"Same old story. His father or his grandfather probably had some phony claim to the title; nobody questions those things over there. Sometimes all the tenants on an estate will take a title, all be Counts of Aquasanta or Buonosantangelo. Then they come over here and tell a story of a great estate, and a family line going back to the crusaders, and servants all ready to jump at the first word, and the girl sees herself a sort of medieval princess—Well, let Amy learn as the others have! Oh, he'll introduce her to a lot of other titles," Kelly conceded, flinging eucalyptus tassels at a chattering squirrel; "duchesses on the Riviera will ask her for subscriptions to their charities. But she'll be back in America in two years, heading for Reno, and about half a million out of pocket."

"THEN it would have been a happier thing for Amy if that will hadn't been destroyed!"

"In the long run. . . So Amy," Kelly said, in a mildly pleased tone, "suspects me?"

"I don't say she suspects you. But she knows you liked Fran, and that you were there that night, and she asked me the other day if I thought by any chance you and Uncle Jud could have had a quarrel."

"Ha! I wonder if she suspects Gogo?"

"She was in perfect terror until he'd been cleared. Those two slimy young men he brought with him that night testified, of course, that he had gone to their apartment, and that they had cooked a supper and that he hadn't left until almost three o'clock. And, of course, we were all awakened at twenty minutes to two. Amy came upstairs at one, she said—after her talk with the judge—and Molly backs her up in that. But I suppose, brooding over the whole thing, she might have gone downstairs again."

"Amy acts like a person completely innocent."

"She does, but at the same time she and I and the old lady are hiding what did actually go on that night, what the discussions and quarrels were about, and I marvel sometimes that they, the police, don't smell a rat!"

"There's Fran," Kelly said thoughtfully, stuffing his pipe.

"Oh, she wouldn't!"

"She's just the one who would, and could, but for all that I don't think she did," the man mused. "Fran is one of those curious women whose morals are entirely personal. If she wants to do a thing, it's right."

"Who was she telephoning to that night, Kelly?"

"Any one of a dozen men. Men fall for her the way soft coal goes into basements. Now if Gogo was making up to her, I'd understand it," Kelly said, "for she's got that mysterious, subtle lure that makes a room different when she's in it. She's a woman a man like that might really like to dominate, drag her about resorts and take her to big affairs—providing, of course, that she had money. But to have Gogo fall for Amy? Oh, no!"

A FEW moments later, they returned to the house. Cherry pulled on her hat and handed Kelly her coat to hold for her.

"I hate to go back!" she said.

Kelly adjusted the collar in back, squared her about with big hands on her shoulders and carefully buttoned her coat.

"You don't have to go back, you know," he said, after a moment in which he had cleared his throat.

"It would be so good," she said, her raised face close to his, "to belong here. Just peaceful days and meals and digging in the garden and climbing the hill! We could have a grill outdoors, you know, and have people come over for Sunday lunches, and then, when they left, it'd be so marvelous to go inside, and close the door against the night and the dark, and light lamps, and sit by the fire!"

"Why don't you do it, Cherry?"

"Because from the very beginning Kelly, from the time I first knew you. I've known you didn't love me. And if I ever came here," Cherry said, "I'd want you to be so mad about me that you could hardly bear it. I'd want you to feel that it was taking your breath away—making you dizzy—to be alone here with me for your wife. That just talking by the fire, just helping me get breakfast was a thrill. That marriage—marriage between us—was a miracle and that if ever we had a child it would be a miracle to you, too, just as it would be to me! Do I—" Cherry finished speaking not very steadily, and with tears on her eyelashes, "do I make myself clear?"

"And suppose I said that it was that way with me, Cherry," the man answered, catching her lightly by the upper arms with both big hands, holding her face to face with him. "Suppose I told you, on my sacred oath, that for weeks, months, I didn't know what was the matter with me, and that after you went away this summer it came to me suddenly that it was you—that it's been you for a long time. What would you say then, Marchioness?"

"I'd say—" she stammered, "don't—don't fool me, Kelly."

"Cherry," he asked, and now she was crushed so tight against his heart that she could not find breath to answer "will you marry me, darling? Will you change my whole life for me, and make it the most wonderful life that any man ever had in this world? Will you Marchioness?" . . .

After a while he had to take her

home. For even with the most expeditious plans in the world, they had to wait until such time as they could drive to San Rafael for a marriage license, and Cherry had to obtain permission to leave the Marshbanks house where her presence, as one of the members of the family who had been there at the time of the murder, had been more or less tacitly required by the authorities.

There were to be no wedding party, no trousseau, no presents, no formal invitations or announcements. The tragedy that had touched Cherry's life so closely made all that superfluous; the sooner and the simpler the whole thing the better both would be pleased.

"Kelly, isn't freedom a miracle? Imagine us being free to drive away some afternoon and be married, and then free to go to our own home, and quietly get dinner as if we had been married ten years!"

"If you are going to feel that calm about it," Kelly said, "I congratulate you. I confess that I'm in a dither already, and shall be in an increasing dither until I get you safely home. Even then I'll probably telephone someone to ask if it's all right for you to stay overnight, Mrs. Coates."

"I'm happy," she said, leaning against his shoulder. He freed his right arm and tightened it about her.

"I'm so happy I can't think about it," he told her. "Every phase of it that comes to me makes me happier. I don't know how I'll wait, even a week or ten days. When I go back tonight I'll see it all with you coming into it; you hanging up your clothes in my closet and putting your cake of soap next to mine on the rack and sleeping with your beautiful hair loose on my shoulder."

CHERRY was very silent the rest of the way.

He kissed her good night in the doorway, and she went in to the dark, heavy atmosphere of the house. But tonight it was flashing with sparkles of light; it was a sultan's treasure house of beauty and glitter. Cherry could hardly keep her feet on the ground; she went upstairs feeling that she was upheld by some magic element—not water, not air, but something as buoyant as the one, as ethereal as the other—upon which she was borne along as in a golden dream.

Discussing it with Kelly she had decided not to tell anyone her news immediately. Wiser to wait until she and Kelly had perfected every last detail. But even if she had determined to take Amy into her full confidences, she would have had small chance of interesting Amy tonight. For Amy and her Gogo had flown to Reno that morning, had been married at two o'clock in the afternoon, and it was the Countess Georgio Francisco Mario Alexandro Stanislaus Constantino who seated herself upon Cherry's bed and poured forth the thrilling tale of her day's adventures.

Cherry thought of the count: his tiny, clipped mustache, his dark, handsome face and romantic eyes, his easy, care-

less talk of his own distinction, his important friends, his flattering adventures; magnificent on the polo field, with his silk shirt open at the throat and his little pony tacking like a small, well-managed ship beneath him; incompatible on the dance floor, dark head bent over his partner's curls, practiced feet professionally expert. But what else? What else would Amy find there as the weeks and the months and the years went on?

"There was a balance at the bank, you know," Amy confided, "and—it was so cute!—when we went there yesterday I said, 'Of course half of that's yours.' 'How do you mean, you crazy, generous baby?' he said. 'I mean that half of everything I have is yours, Gogo,' I told him. It was money that had been piling up since my grandfather died, and some of the Porter money. Most of it, of course, they invested as it came in, and half of that'll be his, too. But this was just a few thousands." Amy went on carelessly; "eleven thousand and some hundreds, and so he got his half and really I think he was touched. I mean, he didn't say much, but when we were back in the car he told me it was because he *couldn't* say much. He said it came at a time when it was really important, that in this particular month he'd had some assessments or something to meet, and that he suspected that he was going to have the most thoughtful little wife a man ever had. I can't tell you, Cherry," Amy said, her face glowing, "how it makes me feel when he says things like that. I just seem to melt."

"Oh, Amy, I hope it all goes right! When—when are you going to tell people?" Cherry asked, too genuinely shocked to remember any personal feeling with which she had entered the room.

"I'm going to tell my grandmother to-night."

"She'll have ten thousand fits."

"It will only be one more thing to fuss about," Amy said indifferently. "She'd be fussing about something, anyway. You know, Cherry, if he hadn't been her own son, I'd have believed that she shot Uncle Jud."

"That's nonsense," Cherry said.

"I don't mean that she'd go down there and plan to shoot him," Amy said, "but she was perfectly wild that night over all that stuff that Emma told you, and that revolver was lying right there. For that matter," the girl went on, twisting her slender body about to see in the mirror the effect of a smart little girdle, "everyone in the place had a motive to kill him. That young policeman—the redheaded one—as much as said so to me the other day. Usually, he said, they go by motive. But in this case—look how my left hip simply bulges out like a watermelon. Isn't it sickening!"

"I can't see the slightest difference from the other. Amy, you're not going off with Gogo tonight?"

"I am going off with Gogo tonight. I am not sure where. But anyway, he's

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Gramps: Well! Cissie. Not going to the party?

Cissie: Haven't a date, Gramps. Guess I'm not the party type.



Gramps: Fiddlesticks to party type! You're the prettiest gal in the family. But you *have* looked a little peaked lately. Are you sure you're eating right? Bet you don't get all your *vitamins*. And that reminds me—let's go raid the pantry.



Gramps: We can't have pep appeal without vitamins, honey. And that grand cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in two of the most important ones—vitamins B₁ and D.

Cissie: Mm! It's positively delicious. Why haven't I known about this?



Cissie: (another night) Bye, darling! I'll see if your lesson works.

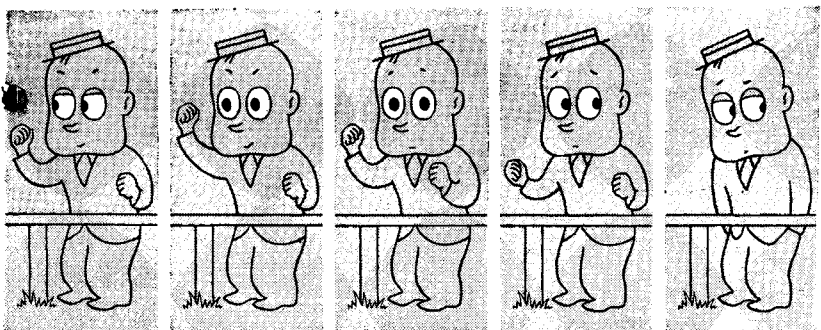
Gramps: Seems to me it *has*!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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calling for me at half past seven, and I have to see Gran and have a scene before that."

So confident, so pretty, so insolent! Amy had a four days' seniority over Cherry, but Cherry felt the older by that many years.

"Did they find any will of your father's?" she asked almost involuntarily, out of thought. For Amy had recently had long sessions with lawyers.

Amy did not like the subject; she shrugged indifferently.

"No. No will." And she dropped a gown over her head, pulled it into place, jerked a zipper.

"But, of course, there was my grandfather's will," she said. "What my father left wasn't so much, it'll only bring me in—oh, maybe three or four thousand a year. So that his having left a will or not didn't count. I know how you feel, Cherry," said Amy, her speech somewhat impeded by the lipstick she was carefully pressing upon her mouth, "and I know you believe what Emma said, of course I do! I mean, I'd trust you to say what you honestly and absolutely believed was the truth, and so as far as *that* goes, there isn't any resentment on my part of any kind or description—"

She was rambling on comfortably, enjoying the sound of her own words and the effect of her own mirrored beauty with all the assurance and complacency of a twenty-one-year-old who knows that within a few days her calling cards may bear a coronet, and her proud position become the envy of half the girls of the world.

"Gran says Uncle Jud was an incurable sentimentalist," pursued Amy; "she said that his mind was 'way back in the novels of Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins. She said Emma had brooded on her sister's affair until she really couldn't see anything straight, and, of course, to Emma, it would be an awful shock. But—I was telling Gogo about it—and he said that in Europe it wouldn't be considered anything. That is, there's no divorce, you know, among the really good old families, and so those things—well, just go on—"

CHERRY listened patiently.

A few moments later Amy went to her grandmother's room, and when she emerged Cherry saw that her face was flushed and her eyes wet.

"I hate her!" she whispered, concluding with angry jerks the packing that she had commenced earlier in the evening. "She and her theatricals! She thinks 'there's a curse on this wretched family!' If there is, she's it. Gloves and my coat, and Martin will come up for the bag—" Amy murmured in rapid review. And then, with a sudden kiss and hug: "Goodby, Cherry darling, take care of yourself and graduate at the top of the class! Write me all the news. American Express in Taormine! But I'll see you before we go, anyway, this rotten investigation may continue on for weeks! Oh, and Cherry, you tell Fran. She's out."

"She's back," said Cherry. "I just saw her come in."

"Well, you tell her anyway! Goodby!" Amy was gone in a trail of excited laughter. Cherry heard Gogo's rich, low voice in the lower hall; then the front door closed, and Martin walked back alone.

"What's the excitement?" Fran called through her half-opened door. Cherry went slowly in.

Fran was partially undressed; her maid was putting away the smart new black clothes; the small hat with its crepe veil, the plain suit trimmed with tight-curved bands of black fur, the lusterless suede gloves. Fran lay across her bed, a dozen small pillows pulled under her head; her colorless face and dark-rimmed eyes looked tired.

"What's Amy giggling about?" she asked wearily.

"Amy was married today in Reno."

"She wasn't!" Fran exclaimed, sitting bolt upright.

"Yes, she was. The morning papers will have it, if the evening ones don't. There's no hiding a title like that. Every English-speaking paper in the world will have it tomorrow."

"Pitiful little fool!" Fran said in a whisper, sinking back. "I knew, of course, that she meant to do it, but I didn't know she'd be such a complete fool."

"It seems so different, now that it's happened," Cherry said, in agreement. "It's like a death. You know it's going to happen, but when it does it's always so blank."

"Of course he's a complete rotter. I mean, some of them are fairly decent; but he's not one of the decent ones. He's awful. He'll ask her for money within three days."

"She's already given him half of whatever her balance was at the bank, and promised him half of everything."

"She couldn't!" Fran said incredulously. "She wasn't born yesterday!"

"All women seem to be newborn where

ther? Oh, no. I seem to have known that for a long, long time. But there was more to it than that. There was a will drawn up by Judge Thomas Comstock. Nobody knew what was in that. But Mrs. Marshbanks burned it."

"Knowing what was in it?"

"I don't think anyone knew what was in it. But she wouldn't risk Amy being hurt, or any of her money taken away. She told Amy herself that we were half sisters, but Amy was so wrapped up in her Gogo that she didn't seem to pay much attention."

"Amy's a nice child, and I'm fond of her," said Fran. "But she is the most insufferable little snob that ever lived. She took it coolly, did she?"

"She didn't for one instant believe it."

"She didn't want to believe it, naturally, that her father would recognize you as his daughter, and leave something to you. And yet Amy could well have spared it," Fran said musingly "she's far and away the richest of us all. Well, so she and Gogo had their motive: for getting rid of Jud," she went on, "and certainly old Mrs. Marshbanks had. I you believe what some old dodo of an English judge once said, I had. He said that between married couples there might always be motive. I don't see that you had."

"The questions of that particularly smart little police detective made me think that he felt that the judge and I had been having an affair," Cherry said with a rueful smile, "he was on the track for quite a few days."

"Kelly might have a motive," Fran said suddenly.

"Kelly!" Cherry echoed, her voice suddenly failing.

"WELL, if you're searching for motives. And that wasn't quite what I meant anyway," Fran said. "What I meant was that Kelly *didn't* have an alibi. He'd brought this Englishman Lefanu, into town for a dinner, and he'd been here, in this house, and after that he said he'd just driven idly about, waiting for the dinner to be over. Then he put Lefanu on the midnight plane, and went back to Sausalito."

"But, Fran—you certainly don't think—you certainly can't think that Kelly—"

"No, I don't," Fran interrupted promptly. "The police didn't hold him just took his statement and let it go at that. You can tell by the way he acts that Kelly doesn't know anything about it. And at the same time—that's what's bothering me," she added, in a different tone, suddenly frowning and narrowing her eyes. She got up and went to her dressing table.

"What's bothering you?" Cherry asked apprehensively.

"Oh, it's making me sick! I've been worrying about it until I'm all but frantic. I don't know whether to tell you or not."

"Tell me what?" Cherry managed to ask, with a sinking heart.

"What developed today. You might as well know. After you went out this morning—what time was that? Eleven?"

"About eleven."

"Well, you know the man named Mullins?"

"Who's doing all the investigating and asking questions? Yes. Fat."

"That's the man. He asked me to step into the library on my way in to lunch. I told him I wasn't having lunch, but that I'd come down anyway, so I went down about twelve, I think it was. He had a flat little packet of letters in his hand, he asked me if I recognized them. I said yes, certainly. They were the letters Kelly Coates wrote me last year. About a dozen of them. Love letters."

Cherry felt faint. Her voice was hoarse, a shadow of its usual self:

"How'd they get them?"

(To be continued next week)

JEW AGAINST ARAB

**Britain's difficulties
in the Near East and
what's likely to happen in**

**An Uncensored article
by Frank Gervasi in
Next Week's Collier's**

Gogo is concerned," Cherry said ruefully.

"Jud would have killed him," Fran said dispassionately. "Old lady know?" she asked, with a jerk of her head in the direction of Mrs. Marshbanks' room.

"Amy just told her."

"Wild?"

"I imagine so. I believe she said that there was a curse on the family."

"I believe there is!" Fran said gloomily, staring into space. "They'll never find out who murdered Jud. But," she added, "you can be pretty sure that the police are keeping an eye on that precious Gogo."

"He had a motive," Cherry said. "Not only was the judge violently opposed to Amy's marrying him, but what he was discussing that very night with her and with his mother and with me was—you knew something about that, Fran?"

"I couldn't be in this house without knowing something about it. It was some claim that your aunt made—something she said about Fred Marshbanks' will? Of course, that was all long before I came into the family, but Jud did tell me—did tell me about his brother Fred, and that—you don't mind my mentioning it?"

"That Fred Marshbanks was my fa-

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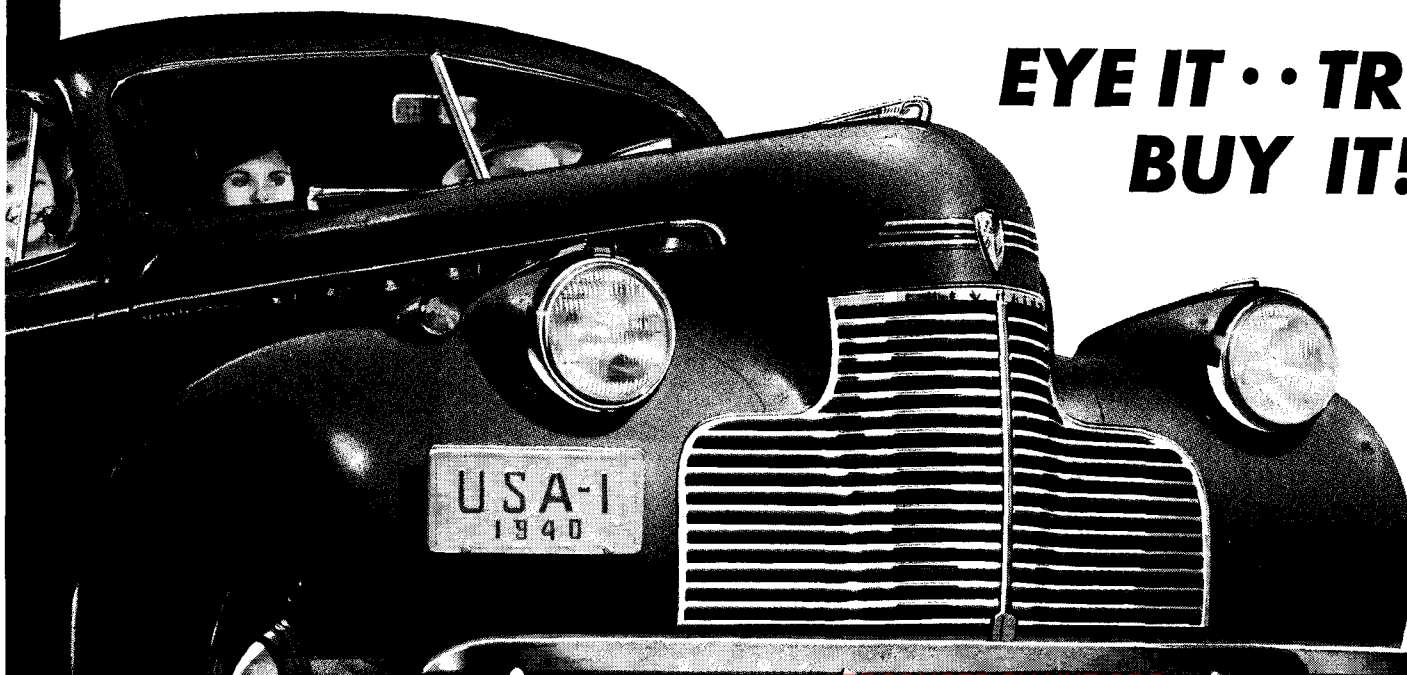
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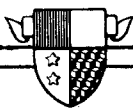
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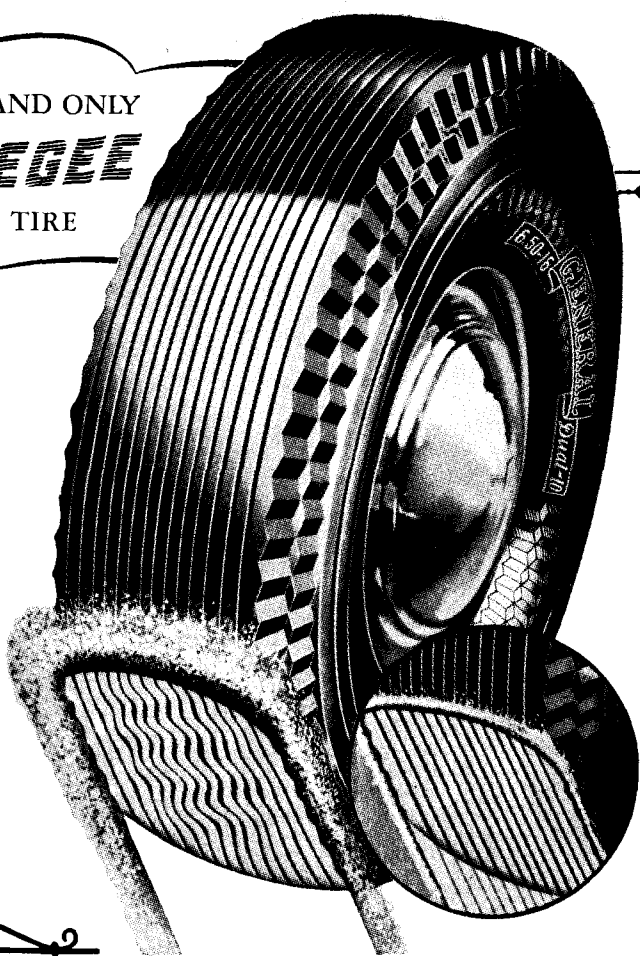
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— goes a long way to make friends

India Won't Wait

Continued from page 21

license fees; fewer than 100,000 cars as against our 30,000,000 motor vehicles; not as many telephones as Seattle or Indianapolis.

Much of India's poverty and ignorance is India's own fault. Her 350,000,000 peasants will not use the modern machinery and good seeds the British offer them; they burn all their fertilizer for fuel; they persist in scratching the earth two inches deep with a couple of water buffaloes hitched to a crooked stick—as Indians plowed 4,000 years ago. With modern farming methods they could double the food production of the country—but they won't adopt them.

They won't adopt modern methods largely because Mahatma Gandhi tells them not to. As things now are, millions have no jobs and those who have are idle four months a year between crops. This is why Gandhi insists that village industries are the key to his movement—why he has popularized the hand spinning and weaving of cotton—why the spinning wheel has become the symbol of the battle for freedom. Modernize Indian farming and you'd double production—but millions would starve to death because they would have no incomes with which to buy food.

The Practical Viewpoint

The British have done something toward an educational system, but here again their efforts have been largely defeated by the caste system. Go to an Indian school with an inspector, and you find children of all castes learning reading, writing and arithmetic, but sneak up on a school unannounced and you find the high caste boys at their desks, and the low caste boys out in the yard, barred from the classroom.

But if the Indians will do little to help themselves up, the British make no claims to altruism concerning the country. Their attitude was summed up some years ago by Lord Brentford, who announced to the world that England "did not conquer India for the benefit of Indians, but as a market for British goods."

Since the conquest, billions of dollars in wealth have been taken out of the country, to England, and the profits of English firms in India runs around a billion dollars a year, little of which stays in India. In addition, India pays for the 60,000 white soldiers the British keep in the country and for the Indian army.

This is the India of today—a huge subcontinent that millions of natives are determined to capture and keep for themselves against all the might of the British Empire.

We now come to those fantastic fellows, the princes. They are vital to the picture, because they control a quarter of the Indian people, often maintain private armies and have the same views about Communism and expropriation of property as the British, with whom many of them have treaties. There are 675 rajas, running from pukka princes, owning territory as big as Oregon or Montana and rating 21-gun salutes, down to pip-squeak potentates lording it over five acres and nine families, and getting from the English no more than a couple of cap pistols and a squirt of soda. Some of the princes are quite progressive, own railroads, hotels, power plants, irrigation works and factories, and trying to keep their people happy. Others are just wastrels. In some states the ruler takes one fifth of all the revenue for himself. One of the most progressive boasts he spends only five per cent of the taxes personally. One raja really works at his job for every score who play

around, either in their half-dozen Indian palaces or in European resorts.

Most of the princes have anywhere from 10 to 200 wives. One autocrat, with a territory as large as Illinois, has eleven palaces in Europe and India, 150 wives, 35 silver-plated cars, 200 personal servants, \$25,000,000 in jewels and gold stored away, an income of \$2,000,000 a year, three sports planes, several herds of hunting elephants and is mildly opposed to the corroding influences of democracy as proposed by the nationalists. Some of the princes have tried to work with Gandhi to help the people economically, but with little success. One of them told us: "Every time I try to work with Gandhi and his people they give me a kick in the pants." (Yes, that's what he said.) "They want me to install democratic government in my state. It wouldn't work. My people don't understand it. They have always been used to government by a reigning family and appointed officials, but every time I explain that to the nationalists I get a slap in the face. My taxes are lower and my standards of literacy higher than in British India. My government is more efficient. If crops are bad, I remit taxes at once. My justice is fast and simple. Most of my income goes back directly into roads and irrigation and farm machinery—or did, until I found they wouldn't use the machinery. . . . You Americans think freedom is everything. I could give my people freedom tomorrow—and watch them starve to death because they can't govern themselves."

During the last war, to which India sent 1,250,000 men to aid the Empire, England made a promise that Gandhi and his followers interpreted as one for complete freedom. After the war the British hedged and offered dominion status. The nationalists said no, flatly. The British then started gathering their forces and laying plans to defeat independence. First, they tried to organize the princes into a union, known as the Chamber of Princes. This, the richest union on earth, has 120 members and is so set up as to give the big rajas, who have most to lose, control of the voting. Some of the biggest rajas, however, won't play, considering themselves capable of looking after their own interests without help. The union holds regular meetings in Delhi and listens to horrified prophecies about confiscation of wealth if Gandhi gets control.

Gandhi Has the Answers

Since several of the rajas maintain standing armies, in some cases trained and equipped by the British, they would be valuable allies in a civil war or a rebellion. Most Indian states maintain strict censorship over news, and so millions of their subjects never hear about the fight for freedom. In other states it is likely there would be insurrections, if the nationalists gained some initial successes.

The Mahatma has his own solution for the problem of the rajas. Let them come in with the nationalists, he advises. The Indian Congress will then decide what is to be done about them and their lands. The princes should not worry about mundane affairs like gold and land and silver cars—they will be much happier spiritually under the republic. This makes the princes almost as incoherent as the British mill owners, railway stockholders and cavalry colonels.

Ironically enough the independence idea isn't Indian at all—it's English. It

was invented in 1885 by Dr. Allen O. Hume, of the Indian civil service, who organized the Indian National Congress and was its first president. Since then the nationalists have been known as congressmen; their organization as the Congress party. Gandhi, after some success fighting for Hindu rights as a lawyer in South Africa, got the Indian movement under way, but instead of the usual knock-down-and-drag-out revolutionary methods, Gandhi fell back on the old Indian tactics of Satyagraha and Ahimsa. Satyagraha is literally "Insistence on truth," actually it is passive resistance. Ahimsa is merely nonviolence. What the two boil down to is a strike by all the people against the government—refusal to co-operate, to pay taxes or rents, or do any governmental work. It is very much like an American sit-down strike, minus the violence that usually crops up with us. The method, mild as it seems, has obtained a great many concessions for the nationalists and could win more. It has resulted in a system of more or less self-governing provinces—always however, with the final veto power at the top. In place of this, Gandhi and his men now demand a constituent assembly, elected by popular vote, to draw up a new constitution making India a self-governing republic.

The nationalists' official position today is this: "The National Congress considers the declaration of the British government, making India a belligerent in the present war, an affront to self-respecting or freedom-loving people can accept or tolerate. Congressmen and those under Congress' influence cannot help in prosecution of the war by men, money or material. India's new constitution must be based on democracy, unity and independence. Congress cannot admit the right of Indian states or foreign vested interests to come in the way of freedom. Congress will unhesitatingly resort to civil disobedience as soon as organization is considered fit enough. The British, besides fighting the whole idea, say that an election of delegates to a convention, with 35,-

000,000 eligible to vote, would cost \$35,000,000—and they can use the money better for war."

It would be hard to run a plebiscite in India, because few of the voters can read or write. Explaining the proposition to them would be a long, tedious job that the English have no intention of undertaking, anyway. The upshot is that, with no chance for a vote, the rebels may jump the gun and go out after independence the hard way, as the Americans did in 1776.

There are indeed some rough parallels between our own revolution and that of the Gandhi forces. Our rebels were in an actual minority, to start with; many of our wealthy colonists wished to stay with the British, as many rich Indians do, for the sake of security. The British argument against us—that we were unfit to govern—is being used against the Indians today. The charges against the British are almost word for word what ours were. The Indian declaration of independence accuses the British of exploitation, taxation without representation, suppression of free speech, destruction of home industries for the benefit of British manufacturers and the billeting of troops on the people.

We took advantage of England's European troubles to win our liberty; Gandhi is trying to do the same thing. We were split religiously and politically, as is India. The main difference is that Gandhi believes in peaceful methods; ours were boisterously violent. France came to our help, but no one is likely to come to India's help, although Russia, Germany or Japan may try, by indirect methods.

On the British Side

There is much to be said on the British side of the argument. The English have given India two major benefits: they have unified the government and kept the peace. And they have stopped the worst effects of the recurrent famines by a system of transportation.

Without English rule there would be constant warfare between rajahs and re-

SECRETS FROM A CO-ED'S YEARBOOK



Have started slipping, and he so young

"POP"

B.S., Westville;
Chemistry Club,
Debating Society,
Key Club



How his dandruff scales moved on my black evening gown

"FUZZY"

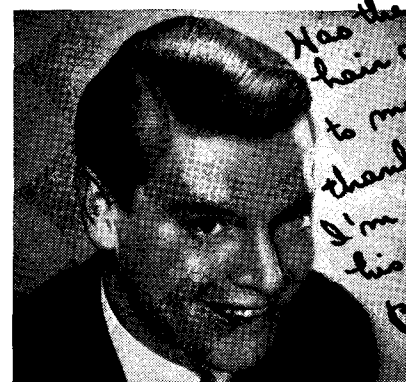
A.B., Middletown;
Upsilon Beta, Tri-
dent Club, Track
'38, '39, '40, Cam-
era Club



He's the greasy lover! His sticky goo on his hair high! Should try Kreml

"SLICK"

A.B., Riverside;
Delta Eta, Junior
Prom Chairman,
Inter-Fraternity
Council, Glee Club



Has the kind of hair a gal likes to mess up, thanks to Kreml I'm wearing his fraternity pin!

"BILL"

A.B., Springfield;
Beta Iota, Football
'37, '38, '39, Owl
Club, Student
Senate, Sphinx
Society, Secret
Seven

KREML is a marvelous tonic-dressing. Not sticky, or greasy, it keeps the hair in place and natural looking. More important, Kreml removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp. Ask for Kreml at the barbershop, keep a bottle at home. **LADIES!** Learn how Kreml puts the

hair in splendid condition for permanents, makes them look lovelier.

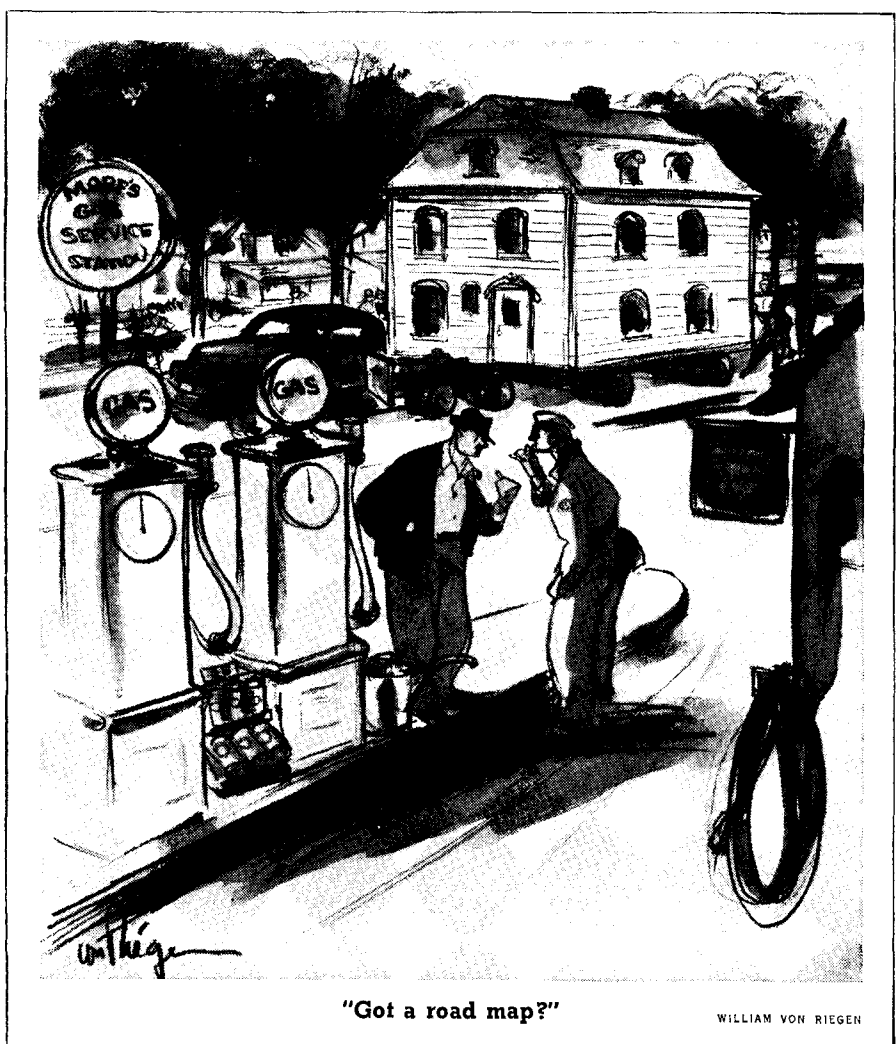
Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.



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NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**



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At your destination—AN AUTO



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• CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC • CHICAGO,
NORTH SHORE & MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO AND NORTH
WESTERN • CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & OMAHA
• GREAT NORTHERN • ILLINOIS CENTRAL • NORTHERN
PACIFIC • ROCK ISLAND LINES • SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

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ligious sects—with probable invasion and conquests by some other power. Without the English rail and highway system it would not be possible to transport foodstuffs quickly into famine areas, or to stop epidemics by shooting medical aid around where it is needed.

The English admit, in their blunt English way, that they did these things as much for their own benefit as for the welfare of the natives. They freely admit, too, their stupid mistakes, such as the one that started the great and bloody mutiny of 1857. They admit, and great liberal English newspapers like the *London News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* heatedly condemn, the occasional brutalities of army leaders, the massacres of crowds, the roasting alive of rebels in steel boxcars set out on deserts in summer, the constant insulting of educated Indians by ignorant Britishers.

But, they argue with truth, they have probably given India a better and more humane government than the land would have received from Germany, or France, or Russia, or Holland. They have generally respected native customs and religions often to their own discomfort, except in the cases of child marriage and the burning alive of widows and such obviously bad practices.

That they have deliberately kept India divided, in order to rule more easily, they freely grant, too.

All or Nothing

Francis Low, editor of the *Times* of India, emphasized this division when Collier's asked him to explain the situation from the English point of view. He wrote: "The Indian Congress wants to be independent of Great Britain. The Moslem League wants to set up Moslem states independent both of Great Britain and the Indian Congress. The native states, under rajas, want to be independent of Congress. The British government wants to get the whole thing settled and the country united as a self-governing unit of the British Empire."

To this, Gandhi and his leaders reply that it must be full independence for all India—and nothing less.

If the rebels win—and American observers in India think they will finally—India will go far to the left. Gandhi is for some sort of socialist state, with everything publicly owned, complete prohibition of liquor and drugs and a strong central government. From this various political schools move farther leftward, until they reach complete Communism.

Communism is easy for the 350,000,000 peasants to adopt. It does no violence to their beliefs or traditions. Most of the land is family-owned. From this family ownership to village ownership, provincial ownership and finally state ownership are comparatively easy steps.

India's peasant millions are born into debt, spend their lives piling up more debt and bequeath to their children nothing but debt. In some provinces the total land debt rises to fantastic heights, amounting to twenty times the value of the farms. Forty per cent a year is the usual interest and no law limits the exactions of moneylenders. Some of the provinces, trying to mend matters, have arbitrarily cut all debts 75 per cent.

Having had a taste of debt reduction, the peasants are ready for more, and whether conservatives like the Mahatma can hold them back from complete Communism is problematical.

Meanwhile the British send out propaganda from Delhi and nine broadcasting stations. They are installing community radio sets in some of the 700,000 villages. Against this, four Russian stations run interference blasting the British off the air, pouring their

propaganda into India and into Persia and Afghanistan, for the friendship of which they battle with the English.

The British harp on two ideas to support their claim that a united, independent India is impossible. One is that Moslems and Hindus never can get along together. The other is that the Moslems are much better fighters than the Hindus and would wipe them off the earth in the inevitable civil war that would follow independence. The truth is that in many native states Hindus and Moslems live amicably. In Hyderabad the Nizam, a Moslem, rules a population 93 per cent Hindu. In Kashmir a 90 per cent Moslem population is ruled by a Hindu.

If Gandhi is a mystic, other leaders of the revolt are more realistic. Pandit Nehru, who probably will take over the leadership when Gandhi dies, told us: "Our declaration of independence will not change India as if by magic. But the time for talk has passed, everything has been said. Our demand for freedom will not be satisfied by dominion status. We do not want the British sword to protect us. Civil disobedience is inevitable. India's resistance this time will surprise the government. It will be more than flag-waving and singing. The struggle will be intense. The fight will come after the country has been prepared and a wave of strength created. We will no longer take things lying down."

The English dress for dinner in marble-floored hotels without plumbing and say, "Well, if they want a fight, we'll let them have it. Thus far we have gone along—but no farther."

The English spread their bedrolls in the hot, dusty, open-faced trains and tell you, "We lost millions when the Com-mys took over Russia. We've seen huge investments ruined in China, partly by the Reds and partly by the Japs. We've had our oil plants confiscated in Mexico. In Argentina and Uruguay and Brazil

we're losing our shirts. India is still our bonanza—and by heaven, we're going to keep it. These rebels think because we have a war on in Europe we can't fight them here. We'll show them."

Meanwhile, over the villages the red, white and green flag waves defiance at the Empire and in the cities the hammer and sickle crackles in the hot wind. Two hundred and fifty million serfs stir and wait for orders from the skinny little Gandhi.

The English pray they will not be forced to put Gandhi in jail to end his life. Gandhi is seventy-two—and the average death age in India is twenty-three.

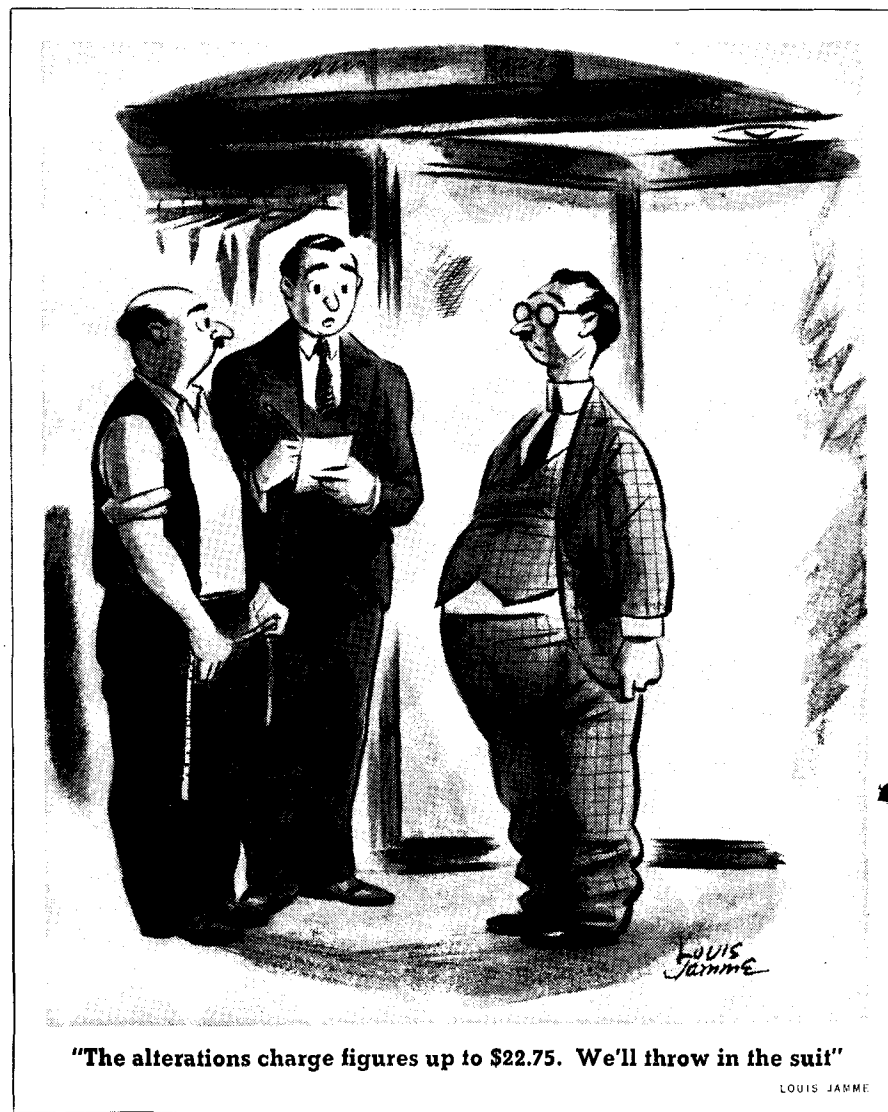
In Any Case, It's War

Gandhi alive is a saint and a menace. But Gandhi dead would be a god—and nemesis. Independence would cease to be a political movement and become a religious crusade, fired by fanaticism, irresistible as a tidal wave. Gandhi must die sometime—and probably within a few years, at most. But while he lives there is a chance—though a slim one—for some sort of compromise.

Whatever happens, India is headed straight for war. If the independence movement is beaten it will be beaten only by guns, bombs and masses of dead. If it wins, it must be followed either by civil war, with the rajas battling desperately in defense of their feudal states, or by invasion by Russia or perhaps Japan.

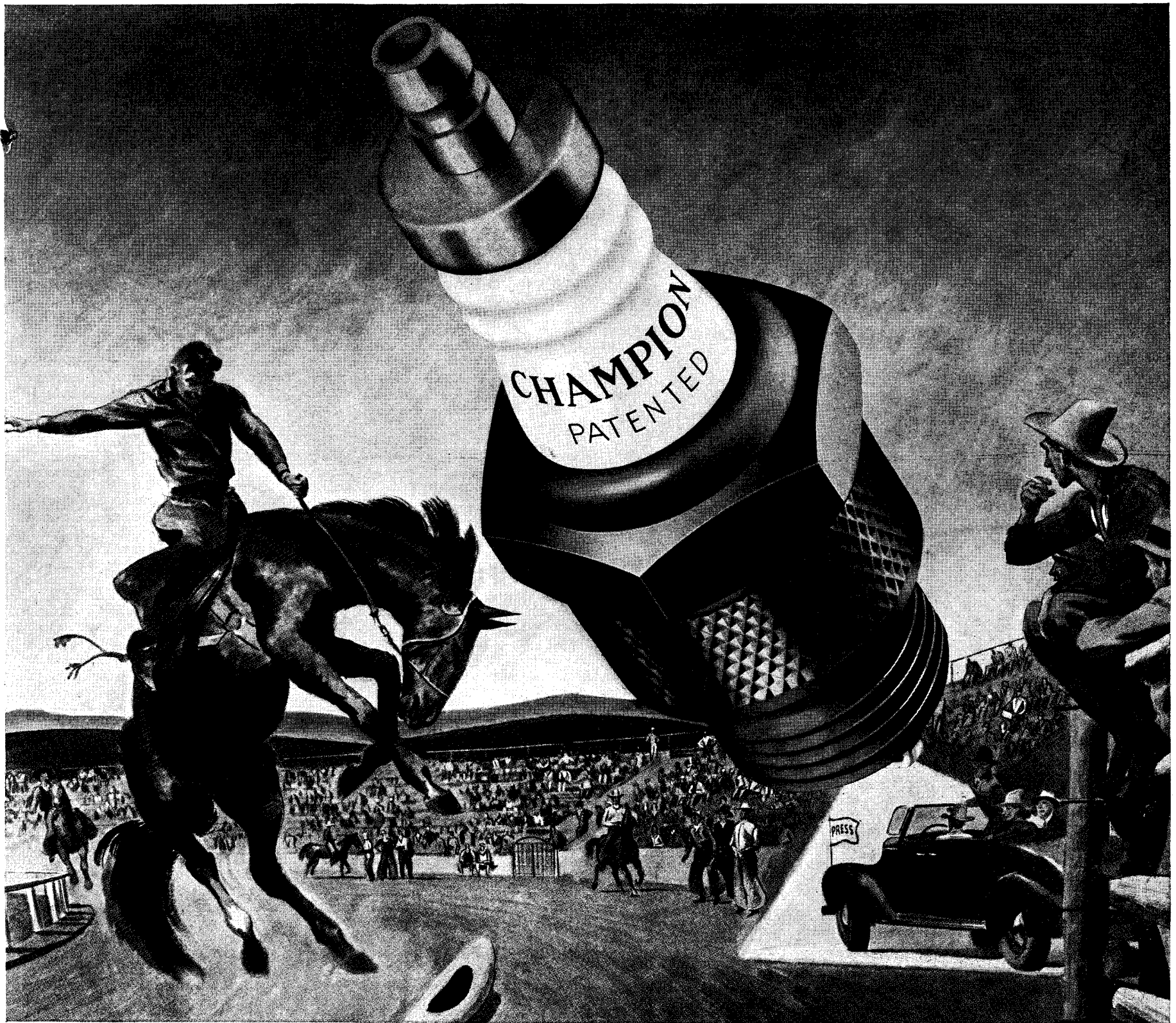
The railroad people and the army pore over plans for getting women and children safely down to Bombay and Calcutta and Madras and on to waiting ships; over tactics and strategy and warfare across deserts and through tumbled hills. In many English minds in India are etched memories of the horrors of the great mutiny of 1857.

What the great rebellion of 1940 may be like is something they don't like to think about.



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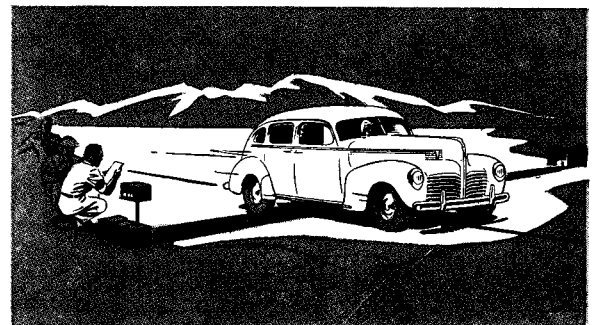
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PERFORMANCE AND DEPENDABILITY are the two attributes which make us respect a car as a trusted friend. A new set of Champion Spark Plugs will rejuvenate the lagging performance of any car, and fill you with the urge to get out and "ride high, wide and handsome." For Champions, with their championship qualities, restore lost power, speed and acceleration, and increase gas mileage so that in a short time they have saved their small cost.

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Under A.A.A. Contest Board supervision, a stock model Champion-equipped Hudson Eight Sedan (with overdrive and optional rear axle ratio) set a new stock car record of 91.34 miles per hour for 1000 miles on the Bonneville Salt Beds, Utah, averaging 27.12 miles per gallon.



*"O.K. BOSS—
that's us right down the middle"*



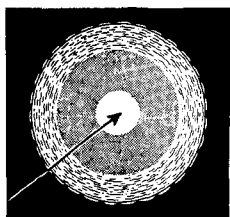
1. Hey!...look...it's gone! I've lost that screwball slice and hook. Change my swing? Nope, it was easier than that. Listen...



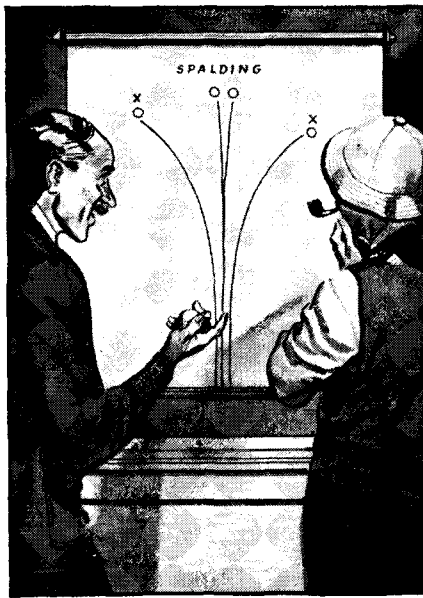
2. One day, I'm up to my ears in underbrush. Along comes Jim, our Pro. "What're you doing in there? Forget that ball, come out in the open... and put that same swing back of this Spalding..."

3. Lucky for me I listened to Jim. Now I'm splitting the fairways, cutting down strokes. What's the dope? Let Jim show you: "Most golfers don't realize it, but hooks and slices often aren't their fault at all... but are caused by an *unbalanced* ball. Here's an actual test. Six Spalding balls and six X-brand balls were driven out over 200 yards by a Driving Machine. Result? X-brand balls hooked and sliced an average of 20 yards. Spalding balls—*less than one!* That's uniform performance. Man, what a difference these perfect-balance Spalding balls can make in *your* score!"

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SPALDING Golf Balls

Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 24

She shook his hand, and this was a poignant moment in the spring air. He was depressed—and Hope was prettier than he had ever known. A dimple showed at her chin. "I suppose I can still speak to you, if there's a chaperon handy. . . . Look, did some of you heroes have to have forged passports to get to Spain?"

He was startled. If she had heard of that from Bert, Bert had been indiscreet. "Some of us. I didn't. I got there in my own right. Why?"

"Something Bert said. So long, Caleb—be prudent, be respectable but don't overstrain. While I'm learning to be conservative, I'll be glad to remember there are incautious people in the world."

He watched her move down the sidewalk in the bright sun, and he could imagine too vividly that policeman stopping her car. It would not be pleasant if John Gabriel heard of that. He forgot his apprehension in simple liking of the way she walked, the grace of her body's movements, the sweet lines of her legs.

He learned quickly that the incident was not over. Two days later he realized that there was a car which seemed to be going his way quite often, and there were a couple of faces which he encountered several times. With a flash of anger he realized that he was being shadowed. He drove to the town police station and went up to Jim Dowdy, the amiable Irishman who captained the force, whom he had known all his life.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "I want to know if you're having me tailed."

"Tailed—you? No. Why?"

"If you were, I was going to say let's not play that way. Since you're not, all I've got to say is, stand by with the wrecking car."

He believed Jim Dowdy, and that made it a private job, and the only private espionage in Wallisport would be connected with the Gabriel mills. Even a week ago he would have laughed at John Gabriel's taking steps against the enemy of society. But now he echoed Hope's shocked protest: this is something that doesn't happen in Wallisport. So he went cruising in the shabby back streets of the town's factory district, hour after hour, till he was sure a black roadster had picked him up. Then, halfway down a block, he parked, went through a saloon to an alley and followed the alley to the far corner. He crouched behind some packing cases till he saw the black roadster draw up to the curb a few yards away and the driver begin to study a road map very busily.

HE WAS a middle-sized, nondescript chap, seedy, with unpleasant eyes. Caleb leaped on the roadster's running board, opened the door and pulled him from behind the wheel—hard. So hard that the chap sprawled on the sidewalk. Caleb had been angry to begin with, he was furious now. When the chap got to his feet, he said, "Probably you know I could have you jailed. If I see you again, I will—you and your playmates and the guy who's hiring you. Next time, it will be for keeps."

In a varied and active life he had had occasion before this to hit a man, but never with such satisfaction as he felt now. He waited but the detective was not going to make a battle of it—only nursed his jaw and looked scared. Caleb fought back the violence that surged in him, to say, "It won't be healthy if I see you again. Tell your boss that when you quit your job."

It would be pleasanter if he could see a similar red splotch widening on John

Gabriel's jaw, and he would have something to say to John when he saw him. . . . But first, he learned that there was more to this than casual shadowing.

It was at the end of the week. Ordinarily he would not have opened his gun cabinet till autumn, but his radio broke down and he needed a small screw driver. The cabinet was disorderly and he paused to straighten it out. Thus it was that he found a piece of ledger paper covered with typed figures. Reading it, he had no trouble identifying it as the specifications of an automatic machine tool. Specifically, it was a gang borer for engine heads. At the bottom was typed a simple legend: "12 to Whitcomb-Macy. 12 to Connecticut Motors."

The anger he felt now was cold, not vehement, and this was very simple and very clear. John Gabriel was acting on not a momentary suspicion but a deliberate purpose. This was part of the Hendricks affair, a follow-up devised to have unpleasant results for Caleb Thatcher. Things could happen in Wallisport that the frivolous were skeptical about, and John Gabriel was not as dull as he seemed. It was a happy chance that Caleb's radio had needed repairing today.

WELL, watch and pray—and think straight. It was no surprise that evening to see Jim Dowdy and Nate Jenkins get out of a car that stopped in his drive. They were reluctant and abashed, for after all this was Wallisport, where police and citizens were one happy family. But Jim Dowdy explained that they had received information which suggested that Bert Hendricks had been hiding here while wanted by the police, and they asked leave to look around. "A search warrant would say what you're looking for and why," Caleb said quietly, "you brought one, of course." Jim said no, they were just asking a favor, and Caleb said, "So I could tell you to get out, Jim, and if you didn't go, I could throw you out, and if I had trouble throwing you out, the court would be lenient if I pulled a gun. You remember your ABC's—and you remember that if you get a warrant and don't find any reason for it I can be very objectionable to whoever swears it out for you. Let's keep that in mind. So come in, boys. Whisky on the sideboard, cigarettes on the desk."

So he had the experience of sitting in his living room while two policemen searched his house and anger burned in him like a clear flame. He could make them uncomfortable with a running comment: "It wouldn't be legal if I guessed who put you on my trail. . . . Don't miss the gasoline drum under my bed. . . . The condensed milk cans in the kitchen have thermite in them, Jim. . . . The footprints could be mine, but Bert wears the same size shoes. . . . Dust the sink for fingerprints."

He understood that this was no fun for them, that the search for Bert was, from their point of view, quite legitimate. But the wrath that had lighted up in him was neither idle nor of himself alone. This was not Germany, it was not Russia, it was not even war-torn Spain—it was Wallisport. . . . If they had been told to find something, they would leave the gun cabinet almost to the end. They did. Jim Dowdy said, "You got a permit for this automatic, Caleb?" Caleb said, "If you don't remember signing it, you can take me in."

At the end they were apologetic and conciliatory, but there would be no con-

ciliating Caleb till the thing had been seen through. He stood up. "This has been among friends," he said slowly. "It won't be among friends if you come again. From now on you're going to be so legal that if you make one break, the town of Wallisport will have to advertise for two new cops. If you get the idea that I don't like this, you get all the idea there is."

Jim Dowdy was sore at last: "What I say is, you're known to have been associatin' with a man there's a warrant out for. And I say you helped him out of town."

"Next time you say that you'll get a fine chance to prove it. And if you don't prove it, Jim, there'll be one less Irishman on the force. I'm fed up with the Gestapo. This is my house. Get the hell out of it."

That was juvenile and histrionic—and extremely injudicious. But it was a satisfaction. He remembered making a fine joke for Hope, that night on the water. He had told her to hide the stolen blueprints of a bomb sight under her corset. Well, the boys would have found what they had been told to look for if they had opened the envelope in the mailbox where his drive led off the lane.

He went to get it and sat looking at it for quite a while. Most ingenious. And he had no intention of letting the incredible become credible in Wallisport. . . . Half past nine. They had taken more than an hour. But they had left him plenty of time to make a call on John Gabriel before bedtime.

"HOW do you find these things out?" Natalie asked.

It was the cocktail hour at Boston's most fashionable hotel, and the bar was full of people she knew. Opposite her, Gregg looked strained to the limit; week by week he had got more gaunt; he must be living on nerve alone, the last resource of courage. And she felt as if remorseless waters had engulfed her. Step by step she had been led to where there was no turning back, even if she had wanted to turn back.

Greg made a little gesture. "You must realize that many people find them out, dearest. It could even be legitimate. My office was organized years before the war."

She shuddered. "But . . . spying on one's friends! Let's not soften the word, we are spying. You're John's friend, you eat his food and drink his wine—even tonight you're going to. And you'll be there as my recognized suitor."

THERE was bitterness in his face. "One's private honor comes to mean nothing. A soldier takes orders—and one's country counts more than one's friends, much more than oneself. . . . Suppose you were in love with me." Warmth came into his eyes. "How much would your honor count?"

Answering warmth rose in her. "Three days out of seven, I hate you." Breathlessly, "I wish there were no people here!"

He spoke casually to a waiter, then, with no change in tone but with an intensity that made her blood race: "I can't blame you for hating me, but if I had you alone—we'd see." There was a wild music in her veins, then it died out and she was hating herself. "So far," she said, "it has just been little things—things that could hardly hurt John. I've betrayed him to you but not badly. This is no little thing, Greg."

He looked even more desolate. He said, "Men on my assignment should have no emotions. I've let love of you deliver me into your hands—you could step to a telephone and I'd be in prison ten minutes later. . . . Look, my dear, I know those changes will be made any day now. I know you will get them in due time. Surely you know that I'll get them elsewhere, too, that you'll only be helping me to be doubly sure if you get them for me." She saw him wrung by the same conflict that tortured her. He went on, "And . . ." he glanced around the noisy room, where expensive women and rich men were laughing at their ease. "This is very sweet, Natalie—this is the way people should live—un-



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frightened, at peace. They're heedless and blind—no one will ever praise you but you'll be keeping them at peace. You have a country, too, my dear."

His two dependable leverages: that she loved him, that his cause was the right cause. What did her private scruples count—or John Gabriel's troubled, honest face?

She supposed that she would not want to have done otherwise than she had done, would not want to do otherwise than she intended. But she could never again be perfectly sure of her motives. What Greg now proposed would be a betrayal of the utmost importance. He wanted a copy of the periodic changes, as they would affect the Gabriel mills and related factories, in the War Department's plans for industrial mobilization in the event of war. He knew that another set of changes was due and, counting on her, had asked her for them.

They drove to Wallisport in spring rain. Tonight was John's dinner for Hope Shaler and her aunt. Rain splashed on her bedroom windows, and this silk and silver, this deep luxury, meant money earned by the Gabriel mills. Lying in hot, scented water, she was surrounded by the comforts whose source was John Gabriel's labor. She was a rich woman, she was in part a beautiful woman, because of John's integrity. So now she was called on to tarnish it.

She must rigorously remember that it was because he was too blind to see the truth, she thought, beginning to dress for dinner. If he would only see that America and England must make common cause, he would hand those changes to Greg of his own free will. . . . There was a knock at her door. She slipped on a silk robe and said, "Come in!"

John came in.

"Yes, John?" she said.

"You're a handsome woman, Natalie," he said. "A lot of men must have been in love with you."

"You're victimized by the stage properties." She gestured at cosmetic boxes and bottles, jewelry, the dinner dress spread on the bed. She put a drop of perfume on her finger tips and touched it to her ears, then held the finger near his nose. "Bachelors don't realize that feminine charm is mostly coal-tar derivatives. Handsome women are practicing chemists, my dear."

SHE saw that he liked that frivolity, that something of his strain and weariness had relaxed in this room. But he got grave again: "I'm glad it's Ashburn you asked to dinner. I was afraid it might be Thatcher."

Caleb, the man who had refused to be her smoke screen! "Caleb was just part of my adolescence," she said.

"You're sure?" he said. He laughed, then saw that she was deadly serious. "It would be difficult if he were more than that," John went on. "He's in serious trouble—he'll probably be in worse." She stared at him, incredulous. "What kind of trouble?"

"He may not have been mixed up in the fire but he's an intimate of Hendricks and that unquestionably means that he's involved in criminal practices."

"Caleb?" Absurd! Caleb was an amusing lightweight, a good talker, no more capable of crime than a manikin in a shop window. Smiling, she touched John's cheek. "It's nice to have you human—human enough to be jealous. My dear, he was just part of your beloved's adolescence too. And he meant less to her than a Sealyham."

"You're too loyal, Natalie, too easily misled by people. I've had detectives on him—" That shocked her. "I wish I'd had them the night of the fire—it's known that his behavior that night was ambiguous to an extreme." John's fist

doubled. "And under the protection of friends, of innocent people!"

What was he talking about? Caleb had been at the yacht-club dance, had danced with her, now she thought of it, he had taken Hope Shaler there. She believed that the agitator Hendricks was behind the fire—but common sense told her that Caleb's association with Hendricks was just Caleb's erratic humor. . . . John looked deeply disturbed. "Thank God he doesn't mean anything to you. I'm glad you've been frank with me. I couldn't stand hurting you, Natalie." She stirred unhappily under the silk robe. "These days when no one can be trusted, you're a refuge for me."

He stood up. His eyes moved round the big, costly, feminine room. "How peaceful and reassuring it is here!" he said. "Be sweet to Hope tonight."

She kissed his cheek. She could do that, could go up to John Gabriel and kiss his cheek. . . . The door closed behind him and she was frozen with self-loathing. Well, the immediate job was to get dressed for dinner, then go down and be an affectionate sister-in-law and a gracious hostess, help John forget the anxieties of his day, help him be hospitable to the girl he was going to marry. She stepped out of the robe, kicked it away angrily, looked with cold contempt at the half-clad woman in the mirror. Very attractive, a blonde of the deffest features and warmest blood, sand-gold hair well thought of once by Wallisport's ne'er-do-well and now by the British intelligence service, a fine and expensive body turned with expert craftsmanship, dressed in bits of silk that the Gabriel mills had bought—who, like other traitors, had no objection to betraying a man with a kiss.

THERE had been a solemn dinner at the white house, with General Gabriel frail and ceremonious, John the embodiment of loving dignity, and Aunt Elinor making sure that the Shaler antiques were unobtrusively at hand. Hope could not remember when that Paul Revere coffee set had, before this, been taken from its cabinet for anything except polishing. Tonight's dinner at the big house would be even more ceremonious.

ous. When a chauffeur called for them with a car approximately the size of a Pullman, Aunt Elinor muttered that they should have worn presentation gowns.

It was ambassadorial, almost, the old general welcoming them in the drawing room, flanked by Natalie and John. At sight of Natalie, Hope had her usual conviction that there must be a run in her stocking, a smudge on her nose, and something painfully wrong with her dress. But John's eyes gave her a more complex feeling. She whispered, "I'm not really a peeress, I'm the parlormaid—take me behind a door and kiss me." That would have had its advantages—but also there was the pang of remembering the false bottom in her little jewel case at home. It held an American passport with a photograph of Bert Hendricks on it, but the name it was made out to wasn't Bert Hendricks. There was a need to confess everything to John; there was a stronger need to protect Bert. Oh, don't think about it!

GREG ASHBURN was the other guest and she sympathized with him when he declined sherry and asked for Scotch: she could have used such a support herself. Greg and Natalie stood apart, talking, and John's gaze was on them. "Be sweet to her, Hope, she needs friends," he said. Natalie had never struck her as particularly helpless—in fact, it had always seemed a good idea to have a hat-pin handy when she was near, but if John said so, okay. He added, looking at Greg, "That seems to be working out—I'm glad for both of them." She said, "Oh?" and he nodded.

The dinner progressed with majestic deliberation from course to course, wine to wine, formality to formality. Then the women were correctly alone for a while, then the men correctly joined them, and then, rather incorrectly, Natalie was making a pretext to take her upstairs. Her bedroom proved to be something like the one the shopgirl got welcomed to in a De Mille movie, the size of a basketball court, hangings like the queen's apartment in a museum.

Natalie was finding it hard to say whatever she had intended to. At a triple mirror she made up her lips,



"It's to be used against the guns which we use in opposition to antiaircraft guns—I don't know what you'd call it"

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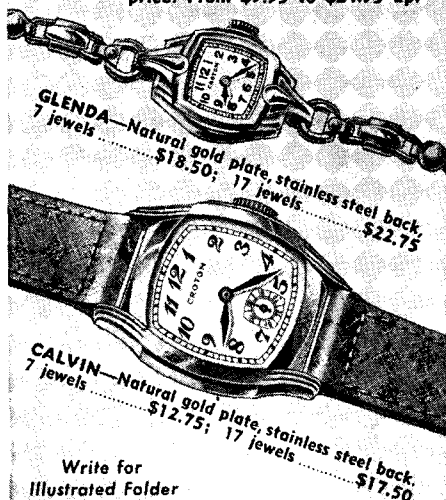


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rubbed off the rouge, put it on again. Finally, lipstick in hand, she said, "This is going to be your house. We've never liked each other much. I've always found your line a little hard to take—innocence in a middy blouse."

Hope turned on one heel. "This is where I say, 'Shall we join the gentlemen?'" But Natalie stopped her. "Look," she said almost apologetically, "I don't mean the things I say. . . . Forget it. There are a thousand ways in which John Gabriel can be hurt. A thousand ways he's defenseless. I mean . . . above all, women can hurt him. He needs loyalty. See to it that you're above suspicion."

Was this an attack? A warning? Or just a sister-in-law's affectionate concern? "You've got the cues twisted," Hope said coldly. "He was just telling me to be sweet to you."

Natalie's carmine lips quivered. "I don't need sweetness—he does. You've got it." The carmine lips smiled a little. "And that's pretty handsome of me, Hope. Well, get it said! I mean, don't waste your sweetness on Caleb Thatcher."

They were looking at each other very narrowly now, and Hope was divided between resentful anger and a novel pity for Natalie Gabriel. There was here an obvious concern for John. Was there, she wondered, also a claim asserted about Caleb? And how did it all fit in with Greg Ashburn? But she would make no confidences.

"If I'm coming into this house," she said, "I'm coming just as I am, middy blouse and all. If I'm Typhoid Mary, if I'm bringing a dark and sinful past, if I fall over on my own feet and break things, that's the risk the Gabriels run." She let her chin harden. "If there's a risk, let's leave it to John."

"I wonder," Natalie said, "if he has taken it."

THEY went downstairs. The big evening had a chill it hadn't had, but Natalie's arm was around Hope's waist when they went into the drawing room. Presently the old general withdrew, after formal compliments, and Aunt Elinor asked for a car to take her home. That left the four of them in this big room, and Hope ached to be alone with John, aware that the others would rejoice if she were. But the butler came in to whisper to John, and John, looking first surprised and then outraged, said, "I won't see him." The butler whispered some more and John looked more stormy but finally said, "Take him to the library. . . . Please excuse me for a minute. It won't be more than a minute."

But it was. Time lengthened out and the small talk of two people who probably wanted to be alone lacked interest. Hope went in search of John.

She heard his voice through the closed library door, realized as she opened the door that his voice was angry, but went ahead, "I'm sorry, John . . ."

Halfway across the room, she stopped short. Caleb Thatcher was there. He and John were standing almost together, they both turned toward her, and their faces made it clear that she had interrupted a violent quarrel. And instantaneously a deadly coldness seized her. There could be only one thing for them to quarrel about.

John had found out about that midnight ducking in Witchcraft Creek, she thought. That's what Natalie was hinting about.

John said, "Hope, please don't come in—I'll join you in a moment." She stood irresolute, wanting to get away, wanting to say, "No, I'll stay and take it." But Caleb solved that conflict. "You won't join anyone, Gabriel, till we've had this out," he said.

If she had never discovered in John

the capacity for anger he was showing now, neither had she suspected that Caleb could be so hard and sure. He was deadly—you remembered, now, that he had been to war.

"If Hope hears, that's too bad," Caleb said, "but you'll take the responsibility for what you do. I'm sorry if you don't like the finish, but you started it!"

John wasn't so thoroughly controlled: "I underestimated you, Thatcher—I underestimated your effrontery. You come into my house, hand me information from my own factory and hope to get away with it. That's a bad mistake."

"Stick to the point. I've beaten up one detective you put on me—if another gets near enough to be seen through field glasses, I'll haul you into court with my own hands. You framed a friend of mine. Now you've tried to frame me. And that's the real mistake, Gabriel. This isn't Germany! Maybe it was safe to frame Hendricks—we'll see about that. But you'll climb down fast and sorrowfully from framing me, or the Gabriel name will be on a police register before midnight."

"Oh, stop it!" Her oldest friend and her fiancé at each other's throats—saying things that could never be repaired! Vertigo had seized her and her heart was thumping. "Don't dare tell me to shut up! I want to know what this is about."

"I'll tell you," Caleb said calmly, and John, his eyes appalled but resolute, said, "I guess you can't be shielded from it forever," and Caleb took him up, "It will be in tomorrow's papers—"

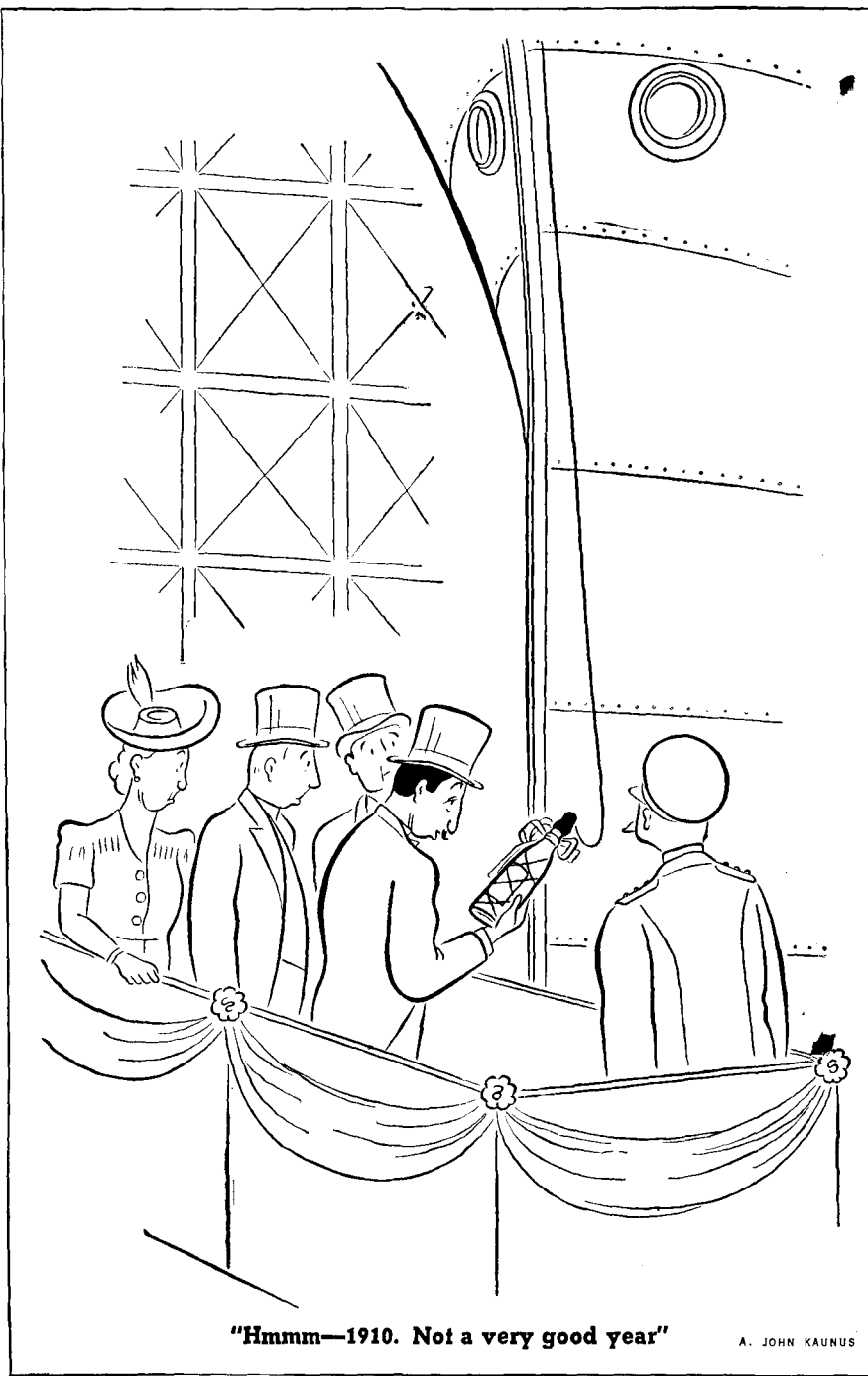
unless . . . Everybody goes too far sometimes, Hope, and Gabriel has at last. There have been other things, but the pay-off is just this. This morning I had the luck to look through some things of mine. I found a paper that didn't belong there, a paper that had been put there for somebody else to find. Later on the police came to find it. So I'm explaining to Gabriel that he made a mistake."

THE quiet speech had been like a series of blows. If it was, John had a vicious counter: "What the paper had or it was secret information from the Gabriel mills, information Thatcher could have gotten in only one—"

He stopped. Hope had left the door open and now Natalie and Ashburn came in, doubtless drawn by the sound of battle. John picked up a piece of paper from the table and handed it to Natalie. "Thatcher got hold of this—he admits it comes from his own house." Natalie glanced at it and her face went white. She kept staring at it, one hand at her mouth. Ashburn stepped up to look at it, but John snatched it away. "That's privileged information," he said. "There's only one way Thatcher could have got it. He bought it from someone in the works. So we're going to find out whom he bought it for."

"You had it planted in my place for the cops to find," Caleb said. "You'll admit as much right now, or we'll have the cops in here."

This had become incredible, a night



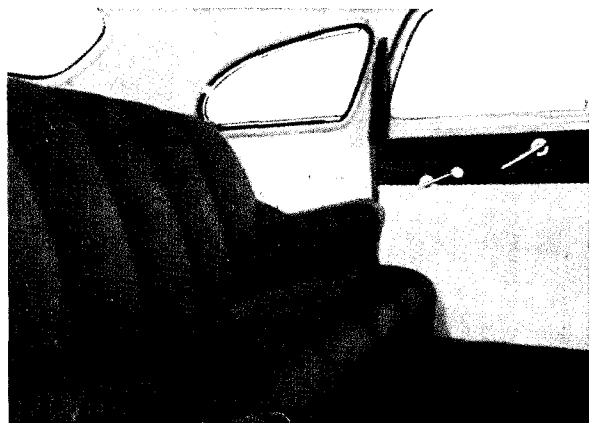
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mare scene no one could believe in, a scandal not to be borne by any of them. John's voice had got lower and lower; it grated now, and trembled: "I'm making the terms! I'm trying to remember we were boys together—that you've been a friend of Hope's. I can remember it just a little longer. So I'll give you the chance more. I'll assume you're just a fellow traveler—just one of those deluded fools who call themselves idealists and let others use them. I'll assume that and do nothing—if you'll tell me whom you bought this from, and if you'll get out of Wallisport tonight, under threat of arrest if you ever come back. Otherwise, I'll assume the obvious truth—that you bought this in order to sell it to some agent of Russian espionage."

FOR a millionth of a second Hope saw everything in arrested motion, like one of those photographs of a breaking light bulb or a falling drop of milk. It ended, the light bulb collapsed in fragments, and there was no space left between Caleb and John. But neither fist got home. It proved to be Greg Ashburn who found sanity. He thrust between them, shoved John away with one shoulder, and crowded Caleb back to a big chair. "Sit down!" Greg shouted, in a military voice. His face was even more shocked than the other faces. "Sit down, John!" John sat down. And Greg's voice had as much shock in it as his face. "You can't act this way, you can't talk this way, either of you. You're behaving like schoolboys. I'm ashamed of both of you. But I must say, John, you're much the worst."

Greg was something like a scoutmaster and a good deal like a truant officer, but Hope warmed toward him with gratitude. He had sense! "You're talking dangerously, old man. What's worse, you're talking foolishly. Look, you ask us to believe that Thatcher's in a way to buy information from somebody in your works. He isn't—everybody knows that. Preposterous! But then you ask us to believe that, having bought it, he'd come and show it to you. I ask you, old chap, does that make sense? Admit you lost your temper and we'll have a drink."

Hope said heavily, "Nothing makes

sense. It's been a delightful evening, my engagement dinner. Will you take me home, John, or have I got to go alone?"

Caleb had got his poise back first: "The point is, Greg, that the cops were sent to my house to find it. I had the good fortune to find it first."

Greg was a schoolteacher now: "All right, somebody put it there—why on earth should John? But first, let's convince John that the thief doesn't run and turn over the stolen goods to their owner." Greg spread out his hands. "Oh, preposterous!"

Hope shuddered, a sick disgust riotous in her. The whole thing was exactly what Greg called it, preposterous, but she knew well enough how jealousy of Caleb could distort John's good sense.

She said, "This has certainly been a charming evening and we all ought to be proud of ourselves. John, will you please tell Caleb you understand he didn't burgle your factory?"

John got to his feet. If he was still angry, he wasn't showing it. He was showing no belief, either. "I'll say this, Thatcher—I spoke too soon. It's a fishy story all around—till someone can prove something. I can't prove it—yet—and I should have shut up. I no longer accuse you of having stolen that information."

Caleb, also standing, was also unyielding: "For the time being then, I don't accuse you. That is, if you'll tell Jim Dowdy that you were wrong."

"I didn't know you had that paper till you brought it here. If I had known, I wouldn't have sent the police—I'd have called for it. If Jim Dowdy came to see you, he come on his own initiative. I didn't send him."

"No? Who else could tell him he'd find it there?" There was just as little belief in his face as in John's. Nothing was settled—this was just some people who hated each other trying to act well-bred. "Well, as you say, we can't prove these things. We'll let it stand at stalemate—unless something else happens." He picked up his hat. "I apologize for intruding on the seamy side of Wallisport on the engagement dinner." Then, to John again: "If anything else does happen, you'd better make good on it. By the way, I'm staying in Wallisport."

"Maybe that's unwise. . . . I didn't send the police to your place, but I can guess why they came. This may be a stalemate now, but you're walking on quicksand, Thatcher. Possibly you'll be more comfortable if you get out of town."

"Yes? Maybe I knew in advance that I wouldn't be able to get information about machines you're building, so I set fire to your plant. Is that it, Gabriel?"

"Oh, perhaps not, perhaps you didn't have any knowledge of the fire," John said. "As you say, I manage to find out about things. If you didn't know about it, at least you concealed Hendricks. Probably that was what Dowdy came to see you about. That's obstructing justice. It's known, you see. It's known, too, that you drove Hendricks out of town in your own car."

With no warning whatever, with all the violence seeming to lead away from it—there it was. How had she ever supposed that it could be kept secret? And now, seeing what terrible passions had been loosed, she understood just how serious it was. Nothing could go on; this was the end of everything.

But she need not have been afraid, for the moment, anyway. Caleb said easily, "I'd do the same for you, any time some fool was trying to frame you. Why, yes, Gabriel, I drove him out of town. Last Sunday evening, toward seven o'clock. But I'm staying on. And if you try anything else, better make it good." He nodded companionably to them all and was gone.

NATALIE could spare one thought for John, taking his fiancée home after such a scene, on the evening that was to welcome her to Castle Gabriel. She pitied both of them for what would have to be said and explained. But in her own overwhelming relief, she had little room to think of them.

She shuddered. "For a moment the whole world was in pieces. There couldn't be any other explanation—it was absolutely clear that you had let me down. I knew what it was like to die."

Greg took her hand, in reassurance. He was far more disturbed than he had been in the library. "I don't blame you. When I saw what it was, I was ready to shoot myself for betraying you. Then I saw what you saw."

She nodded. "The specifications for the machines were all wrong. When I saw that, I was alive again. For I knew you had the right ones." She kissed him vehemently and buried her face in his shoulder. "But, Greg, Greg, what is happening?"

"Something is going on in Wallisport." His forehead was creased, his eyes hard. "You forget that there's a war—why shouldn't you forget? Well, it has caught up with the Gabriel mills—"

"It had before," she said miserably.

"Through you."

"Yes."

"Through me, too."

"Yes. We had that information a week ago. Somebody else got it, too. He got part of it wrong, but he got it. And it turned up at Thatcher's house—if Thatcher is telling the truth."

"You told John you believed him."

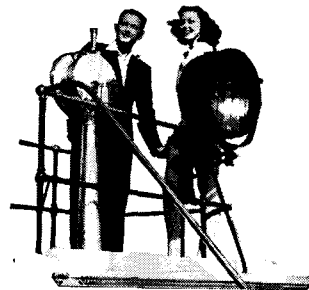
Greg smiled thinly. "I must say I should have been less the defending and rebuking friend if I'd known he drove this Communist chap out of town."

Cold certainties and colder fears held her. "I don't know whom you have to deal with, Greg; I don't know anything at all—it's a precarious world for all of us and I'm swallowed up in it. But . . . could someone be spying on you?"

He shrugged. He looked desolate and hard, abandoned to a loneliness she could only in part dispel. "Counter-espionage. It goes on. How do I know?"

(To be continued next week)

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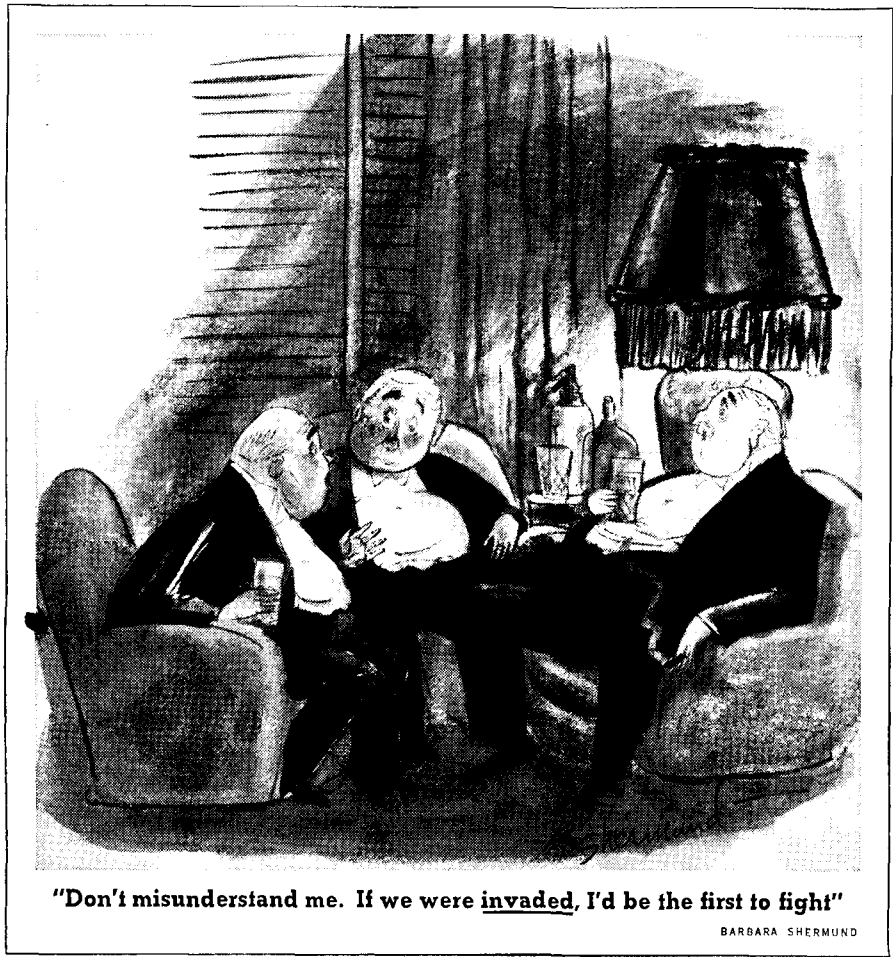
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False Face

Continued from page 23

"No, sir! If you'll let me explain—" "Don't," grumbled the gentleman, raising a hand. "I wish to talk about myself. My name is Arthur Devine."

Teraghan bowed uncertainly. He was glad that Mr. Arthur Devine thought investigation not worth-while.

Mr. Devine's large yellow-brown eyes dwelt on Teraghan in doubt; and then he shrugged, and disclosed the nature of the employment.

"Teraghan," he said, "I travel constantly, and my appearance and supposed race is a great bother to me in getting hotel accommodations in this country, particularly in the South. You understand? I am not a Negro in any degree, and would not be ashamed of it if I were, but I am the subject of inspection and conference when I approach a hotel desk. I avoid this annoyance by traveling in America as a servant in appearance. I wish to travel as your valet."

"Yes, sir," Teraghan hesitated. "But, sir, doesn't the feeling about colored people extend to servants too, if I may ask?"

Mr. Devine smiled acidly.

"You will vouch for my race, Teraghan. You will drop the word 'Brazilian' or 'Mexican.' I would avoid the snap judgment of some stupid clerk, since he does not dare question me. For all other purposes, Teraghan, you will be the valet. Registering at hotels, you will register as Arthur Devine, so that I may receive my mail and telephone calls."

He pointed to a pile of packages.

"There is clothing, Teraghan, complete with hat and shoes, suitable for a man of your size and new position in life. Put it on now and leave here that shoddy stuff you are wearing."

"Yes, sir!"

Teraghan changed into the packaged clothing, new and good. They went into the street, took a cab to the Union Station and picked up Mr. Devine's hand baggage.

"The Shaw-Wardley Hotel!" ordered Mr. Devine, and proceeded to instruct Teraghan in points of hotel etiquette.

TERAGHAN registered as "Arthur Devine, New York," at the Shaw-Wardley, took three rooms and two baths, spoke offhandedly of "my valet, a Mexican." The receiving clerk glanced at Mr. Devine in the background, fluttered his eyelids, nodded acceptingly. Teraghan took the rooms for one week and paid for them in advance.

When they were established in their suite, he summoned the housekeeper, told her he was a night-club owner and that he slept by day and that he wanted no maid service as his valet would take care of the rooms.

He called for a waiter. Mr. Devine met the waiter at the door, ordered a choice and plentiful lunch for two, to be served in the suite.

He stretched in an easy chair.

"May I ask you something, Mr. Devine?" Teraghan asked. "Why did you describe the man you wanted so exactly?"

Mr. Devine chuckled.

"I described my last valet, Teraghan! I wanted you to look enough like him to pass with slight acquaintances, such as hotel clerks. And you do, too. Have you any money? Here's twenty dollars advance to have in your pocket."

He looked at Teraghan doubtfully, handing him the bills.

"If I had more choice, Teraghan, I wouldn't take a thief for my valet; but—"

"Oh, Mr. Devine," exclaimed Teraghan fervently, "when I stepped out Lorton yesterday, I solemnly resolved—"

"Yes, yes," yawned Mr. Devine, rising. "See if that's my lunch at the door."

Mr. Devine had his lunch, served to him by Teraghan, who ate his own later, alone. Mr. Devine then unlocked the four handbags and Teraghan disposed of the contents—clothing—in the closets and drawers. Mr. Devine's was a traveler's wardrobe, with the essentials and no superfluities.

After lunch, Mr. Devine left the suite, saying that if he did not return by nine P. M. he would probably not be back that night.

His master gone, Teraghan sat down to consider how best to exploit the situation. He saw that it wouldn't do to loot and scoot. He had resolved solemnly on leaving Lorton to go straight, unless it was something big; an assortment of another man's clothing was not worth-while.

Two pieces of Mr. Devine's luggage remained locked: a portable typewriter and a brief case. Teraghan took the brief case onto his lap and examined it. It would be risky to take it out of the hotel. He went to the telephone and called a locksmith, describing the job.

The locksmith came, and quickly provided Teraghan with a key for Mr. Devine's brief case.

THERE were six books of traveler's checks in the brief case, all partly used. There were lottery tickets by the dozen, most of them for past-due drawings. There were letters from a New York trust company to Arthur Devine, brief business notices of remittances enclosed therewith. The remittances had been in sums of fifteen hundred to twenty-two hundred dollars.

There was a copy of the trust instrument under which these remittances were made.

This legal document set up a trust for Arthur Devine, the income to be paid to him monthly during his life, and the remainder put to a charitable use after his death. The maker of this document was Arthur Garfield Devine, the father; he spoke of beneficiary Arthur Devine as "My son."

Teraghan sat with the trust instrument in his hand and meditated sourly on how things are shared in this screwy world. This condemned coffee-colored guy had nothing to do for the rest of his life but sign a receipt once a month and down came a jackpot!

Teraghan fondled the books of traveler's checks, eyed Mr. Devine's sample signatures in the books. They didn't look too hard.

He devised a tracing apparatus quickly, using the glass from a picture on the wall and one of the lamps. He placed one of Mr. Devine's signatures on the plate glass, put a sheet of blank stationery over it and rigged a light below the glass; Mr. Devine's signature came through the blank sheet, sharp and black. Teraghan went to tracing it. He had no great gift for forgery, but he improved with practice. After an hour, he traced the signature on a fifty-dollar traveler's check.

He went down to the lobby and to the desk and cashed the check without question. There would never be any question! It was unlikely that his new employer, loose with his money, getting it in bundles and fixed for all his life long, would be sure how much he had in those checks.

For that matter, Teraghan would be ashamed of himself if he couldn't sign that name freehand, with a little more practice.

MR. DEVINE came home at nine o'clock in jolly but brittle humor, amiably dictatorial; he'd been drinking. He bore down on Teraghan and abused America. Teraghan took it nicely, thinking of the fifty dollars, and Mr. Devine went sweet again and flipped him five dollars.

He said of America, "I wouldn't be here except for the war and I cannot get out again quickly enough!"

During the following days, Mr. Devine tutored Teraghan in his duties as valet-secretary, and was precise and minute in the etiquette of the master-and-servant relation. He said his last valet had been with him for years; he said nothing of the circumstances under which they had parted. Unless he was in liquor, he was patient with Teraghan.

Acting as Mr. Devine, Teraghan drew his master's mail at the desk; answering as Valet Teraghan, he took telephone calls in the apartment. The telephone calls were infrequent, as Mr. Devine didn't give his residential address to everybody; the mail was scanty, for Mr. Devine had lived abroad of late. The letters were of no consequence, mostly from women or sporting men; Teraghan read them after Mr. Devine had torn them up or put them into his brief case.

One letter was important. It was from the New York trust company and recited an enclosure of a draft for eighteen hundred dollars. Mr. Devine answered it on his typewriter, doing his own typing, signed and sealed it and gave it to Teraghan to mail, giving him also some small commissions to execute in the shops in the arcade downstairs.

Seeing that the letter was on the hotel's stationery, Teraghan opened it and read it. It was a formal acknowledgment of the receipt of the draft; with the added statement that Mr. Devine was contemplating a trip abroad, probably to the West Indies, and would keep the trustee advised of his whereabouts.

Teraghan went to the public stenographer downstairs, dictated to her the contents of Mr. Devine's letter, signed the copy himself and mailed it.

If the trust company questioned the signature, Mr. Devine would assure them that it was genuine. If the trust company accepted the signature, Mr. Devine—already a mere embarrassment in the matter of the traveler's checks—would seem altogether unnecessary.

A week went by, with nothing heard from the New York trust company; or

from the National Express Company, on which the fifty-dollar traveler's check was drawn. It seemed to Teraghan that he could safely dispense with Mr. Devine. Teraghan could receipt for those monthly remittances.

He should eliminate Mr. Devine and step into his place before they left the United States. Mr. Devine had said, in comparing America with other countries, that his race did not handicap a man abroad—then he would not need Teraghan.

There would be no great fuss over the death of a foreign servant, if it was managed at all smartly. . . . Better not try to make it seem a natural death. The cause of death would be officially determined, and those detectives and doctors noticed things. Let it be suicide. The inquiry then would be as to a motive for murder; and what motive could an American master have? Not greed, not jealousy. . . .

WALKING on a Washington street, pondering this matter, Teraghan met a man named Hinchey who had been a fellow prisoner in Lorton Jail. Hinchey said he was working for an exterminating company.

"What is this rat poison, Hinch?" asked Teraghan. "Is it poison for human beings too?"

"We don't poison them, we gas them," said Hinchey. And he explained how vermin are exterminated with cyanide gas. "Great stuff! One sniff of it and you pass out without a struggle."

"I'll take two sniffs of it rather than two years in stir," said Teraghan. "Sounds like great stuff to have in your pocket, in case. Get me a dose, Hinch, for five bucks."

Having now the weapon, Teraghan considered other details.

It would not be advisable to introduce Mr. Devine to the coroner as Kane Teraghan; that name should disappear. Teraghan sat down before Mr. Devine's typewriter and tapped out two references for a valet named "Raoul Ruiz," signing them with the names of fictitious employers. Seeking to identify the dead man, the police would try to find those employers; if they decided at last that the references were forged, they should reasonably infer that the dead man himself had forged them, and that he was a shady character with a past hidden beyond all finding out.

He bought, at a secondhand store, a supply of clothing to fit Mr. Devine and suited to a valet.

Removing Mr. Devine should be done at some distance from Washington; the district police might recognize Teraghan. New York? Mr. Devine would probably go to New York to take a ship.

Mr. Devine decided this point one morning, announcing that they were starting for Miami.

Teraghan guessed, from travel folders Mr. Devine brought home, that he planned to go from Miami to Key West and ferry over to Cuba, and so on south through the Caribbean. He wouldn't need Teraghan down there.

ARRIVED in Miami, Teraghan took rooms by Mr. Devine's direction at the Beach-Biscayne Hotel. Mr. Devine chose his room and went out for the day, leaving Teraghan to his work.

Toward evening, Teraghan put his cheap suitcase, with the old clothing and the valet's references, into Mr. Devine's room, putting Mr. Devine's things into Teraghan's room.

He sat in the parlor of the suite, cold hand in pocket clutching a small bottle given him by Hinchey of the exterminating company.

He reviewed his preparations. They seemed good; but one never knows. . . . He rose and went into Mr. Devine's room and tried the casement windows

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(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)

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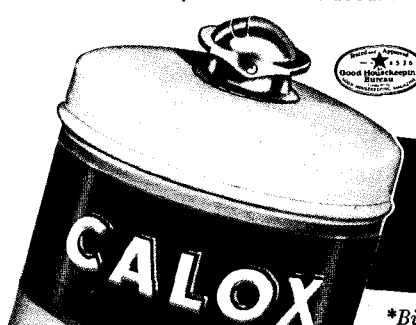


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*Bing Crosby

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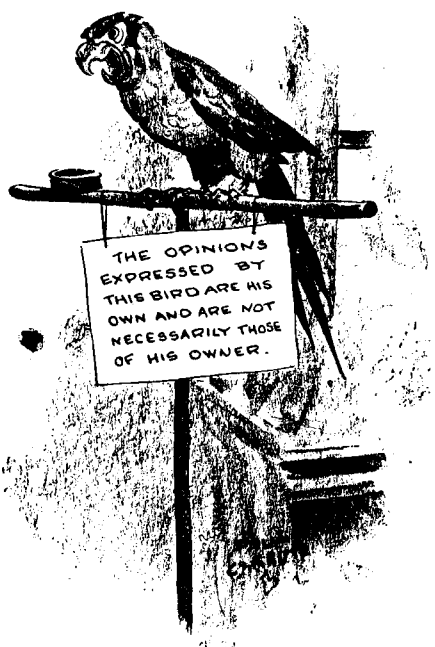
- 1 Bob: "Something's wrong when you pass up one of my *Cherry Whips*!"
Jane: "You'd be blue, too, if a director told you everything was okay except for your smile."

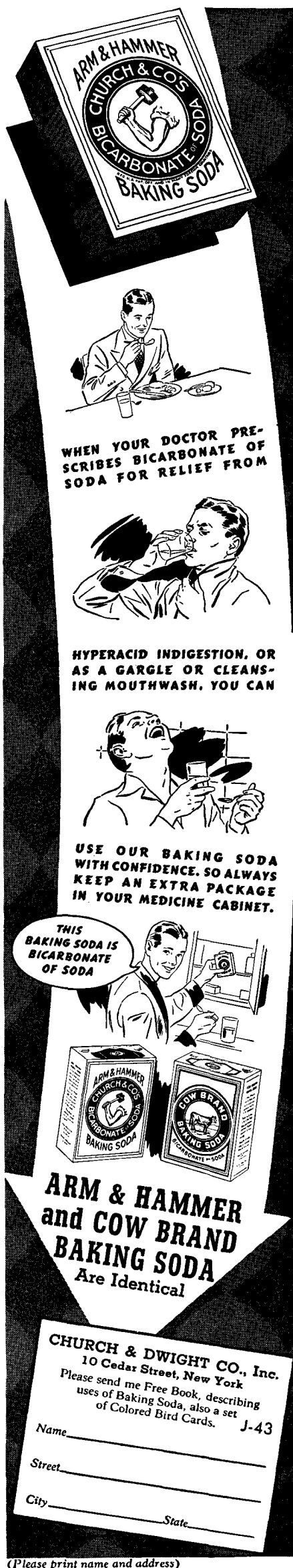


- 2 Bob: "Still trying to get on the stage? Well, here's a tip. Plenty of our customers use Calox Tooth Powder because its 5 *Cleansing Agents* help dull-looking teeth sparkle!"



- 3 Producer: "Who's the knockout you've got in the front line, Mac?"
Director: "All I know is I gave her a chance and she said something about 'thanks to Calox'!"





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again; he had oiled the hinges and sliding arms. He turned down Mr. Devine's bed and laid out his pajamas. Those pajamas were a doubtful point, but it couldn't be helped.

He got his properties ready. He ordered a quart of whisky delivered; when it came, he poured more than half of it down the drain. He poured several inches of water into a majolica pot and set the pot by the depleted whisky bottle. He had a notice ready to pin on the door of Mr. Devine's room: DON'T ENTER. POISON GAS. CALL POLICE.

HIS preparations were well-taken and the murder went off according to plan.

Mr. Devine came home at 10 P. M., quite drunk, and went to bed at 10:30. Hearing him snore, Teraghan entered and closed the windows. He placed the whisky bottle on a chair in the room, and set the majolica pot on the floor. He took out Hinchey's little bottle, uncorked it at arm's length, dropped its little white lumps into the pot.

He fled from the room, pinned his death notice to the door and left the suite.

The police weren't troublesome. They were summoned at four in the morning by the hotel manager, who was much more upset than was Teraghan. They talked to Teraghan in a neighboring apartment while the death chamber and adjacent rooms were being aired.

"I came home about three and walked into the apartment," narrated Teraghan. "I thought I noticed a funny smell, but thought nothing of it and went on toward the bathroom. Just as I got outside that door I got a very funny feeling—I can't just describe it—and then I saw the sign, and I ran out."

"What was his name?"
"Raoul Ruiz. . . . No, I don't know anything about his people. I hired him in Washington. His references looked all right. . . . No, I don't know any reason why he might kill himself. I can't believe he'd kill himself merely because I discharged him. I told him today—yesterday—that I wasn't satisfied with him and would pay him his month and let him go. It was only that I didn't like his manner."

"He came in about ten o'clock. And you went out—when?"

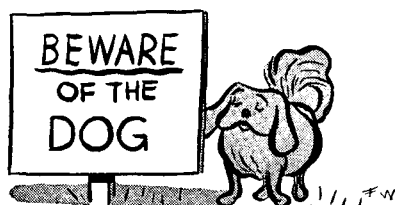
"About eleven. He came in, and I was in the bathroom, taking a bath. He asked for his money, and I told him I was going out for the evening and didn't have so much cash and to come back in the morning. He spoke to me from behind the bathroom door. He said good-night and closed the bathroom door and I heard the outer door bang and I thought he was gone, but he must have sneaked back and gone into that room and waited for me to leave."

"Funny about him putting on the pajamas, ain't it?" said the detective sergeant amusedly. "They're funny people. He was going to die like a gentleman. You see what he did; he gulped down almost that whole bottle of whisky, started his gas plant, got into bed and died there. They say it doesn't hurt. Well, Mr. Devine, this is unpleasant enough for you and we won't make it any worse."

"We'll do all we can for you, Mr. Devine," put in the manager, fluttering. "Let us and the police handle this affair, sir. We'll see that there is no undesirable publicity."

"Nobody'll hear of it from me," promised Teraghan. "Well, gentlemen, I could do with a little sleep—send over my bags, will you?"

The bags arrived. Teraghan prepared for bed in his new quarters, but was too exhilarated to sleep at once. He sat down to the late Mr. Devine's typewriter and two-fingered a letter to the



New York trust company, telling them that he was going at once to Cuba and would deny himself the pleasure of calling on them in New York.

Explaining his sudden departure, he put in a remark that he had had from Mr. Devine about race prejudice in America as compared with abroad. He read the letter over, grinned, called a boy.

"Air mail, sir?" offered the boy officiously. "Anything else, sir? The management would like to know if you would care for any refreshment, sir, before turning in."

"Nothing more," said Teraghan. He spent the next day and night surveying his prospects. He had reached the low summit of his ambition: a big income without work assured him for the rest of his life if he managed at all smartly.

He'd move on at once to Key West, hit the next boat for Havana, a couple of hours away. Would he need a passport? He'd find out in Key West. Ideal town to wait in if he had to wait.

He went downstairs to check out, cashed three hundred dollars in traveler's checks, received a free discharge and a hearty handshake and gaze of earnest good will from the manager.

The detective sergeant stepped up. "Going out, Mr. Devine? Please stop over at headquarters first, sir; the chief wants to see you. Let's use my car. First time you ever rode in a police car, I reckon, sir! Fact is, if you want the experience to tell about"—he laughed—"you're under arrest right now, Mr. Devine. Just a formality, sir."

"Arrest? . . . What's the charge?"
"The charge, Mr. Devine, is that you're a foreigner and an impostor! Not nervous about it, I reckon, are you, sir?"

"Hardly!" Teraghan compelled his lips to twist to a grin. He was in deadly peril. Somewhere his cold and careful plan had slipped.

THE police chief was equally courteous, unwilling to embarrass this well-to-do Northerner. He came directly to the point:

"Mr. Devine, your trust company in New York got a letter today from Miami by air mail, signed with your name and saying that you were leaving this country because you suffered from race prejudice here."

"Ridiculous! I never wrote such a letter!"

The chief smiled reassuringly. "I can believe you, Mr. Devine. But in any event they've got the idea that you're a Spanish-American and not the real Arthur Devine! I have to investigate, as a matter of professional courtesy. New York is sending me down a picture of the real Arthur Devine and a description. It should be here any minute now. . . . Mr. Devine, can you think of any good reason why some foreigner would want to use your name and try to pass for you?"

"I do not . . . Unless he hoped to get some money out of that New York trust company that pays me my income. The trust company, naturally, knows me only by my signature while I'm down here."

The chief nodded reflectively. "We'll dispose of this in jig time, Mr. Devine! . . . You'll be interested to know that we've partly identified your valet who killed himself last night. This is the queer part: he was traveling under

the name 'Arthur Devine' here in Florida a year ago. He was in a road accident here in which a man was killed."

"The hitchhiker case, eh, Chief?" put in the sergeant. "He's the same fellow all right, Chief; I had him identified an hour ago by the officer who had the hitchhiker case. . . . It happened on a back road here in Dade County about a year ago, Mr. Devine. A car piled up in a ditch, and in the car, when help came along, was the South American fellow and a dead man, killed in the crash. The South American fellow gave the name 'Arthur Devine' and said he didn't know who his passenger was, that he was some fellow who had thumbed a ride. When New York spoke about some foreigner impersonating you, Mr. Devine, I thought right away of the hitchhiker case, and it was the same bird!"

"Right interesting case, eh, Mr. Devine? Sergeant, that seems to be the New York mail out there—fetch it in. Here we are! Well, Mr. Devine, here's your photo and description according to the New York police department."

The chief slit an envelope.

The sergeant, sitting by Teraghan, hitched forward. The pistol in his belt tapped Teraghan's hand.

Teraghan snatched it, whipped it to his head, fired.

"HEWAS a faker, then, Chief, as New York thought," said the sergeant five minutes later. "But why would he want to kill himself? Why didn't he try and bluff it through? He certainly looked like the original of this picture!"

They studied the photograph and description that had arrived from New York. The photograph was that of a white man, unmistakably Nordic, and strongly resembling Teraghan. The description was much the same as Teraghan had first seen in the Washington Help Wanted ad.

The chief read it aloud: "Arthur Devine. Race, White. Age 41. Height abt. 5-11. Weight abt. 175. Good education, New York accent. Hair black, curly, may be gray now, large nose, eyes blue . . ."

"The hitchhiker, Chief!" exclaimed the sergeant. "That's the description as far as it goes."

The chief continued reading from his New York letter: "'Arthur Devine had in his employ as secretary or valet a South American who, it is thought, may be impersonating him for purpose of defrauding trust company. Trust company believes now that many of Arthur Devine's signatures are forgeries. Valet or secretary was dark, Spanish- or Indian-looking, age about forty, short, stout, well-educated. . . ."

They exchanged a glance of professional satisfaction.

"We've got the line-up now, Sergeant. . . . This Arthur Devine of New York, and his South American man, were in a crash here last year, and Arthur Devine was killed. The valet, who knew all Devine's business, saw a chance to step into a fat income, with very little risk. And he did it, and was getting by nicely, drawing Arthur Devine's fat checks. There was always the chance, of course, that he'd run into somebody who knew him and Devine; that must be why he wanted to travel as a valet. Then he picked up a yegg who looked a lot like Devine—I don't know what story he told him, but he was smart enough to make one up."

"And the yegg bumped him off, Chief, sure as shooting! The yegg was a second crook, a second impersonator—only he didn't know that the South American was not the real Arthur Devine! I reckon it won't take us long to identify him, Chief. We got his baggage, and we know he came from Washington. He'll have a record up there."

"Devil Man"

Continued from page 17

Monsieur Athanasiades may further enlighten the student of Peloponnesian political phenomena. A clue to the gentleman's reputation may be found in the fact that he's known to Athenians as "L'homme Diable."

Since there are four thousand men, women and children employed in one plant alone of the several operated by Monsieur Athanasiades' expanded gunpowder works it's comparatively simple to find people who know all about the Balkan Zaharoff, and tedious but worthwhile research completes the documentation of his incredible history.

The main factory in Athens has grown to the proportions of a major industry. Only tobacco, with an annual output of roughly \$40,000,000, outranks Greek munitions as a source of government income. The United States, it's interesting to observe, buys at least one quarter of the Greek tobacco crop for blending in popular cigarettes and pays cash, whereas Germany's purchases are paid for in thumbtacks, aspirin, cheap radios and hardware.

War is a Business

The corporate enterprises of Monsieur Athanasiades include a textile factory where the Greek army's uniforms and blankets are manufactured. There's also a rubber factory. This makes gas masks and tires. In Greece they don't have the quaint custom of publishing oversized salaries, so it's a secret how much the Greek boy from Asia Minor banks in London, Paris and Athens in the course of a year. It must be a rather sizable amount, since he can afford to indulge his passion for expensive tulip bulbs for his garden. He imports them at \$5,000 per dozen from Holland.

One million rounds of rifle, machine-gun and small-arms ammunition are

turned out daily in the Athens plant. Orders on hand, as we go to press, included one for \$1,200,000 for Turkey and another for \$300,000 for China. The British government, through the ministry of economic warfare, takes good care to see that Monsieur Athanasiades arms only friends of the Allies, for the arms monger's past records show he has not always cared where his wares went, as, for instance, in the Spanish war.

During 1936, 1937 and 1938 most or all material used by Athanasiades was purchased from Germany. In view of this it's entirely likely—nay, practically certain—that a good many Nazi troops and aviators aiding the cause of Franco were killed with Nazi metals.

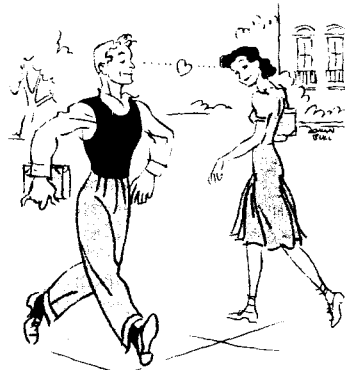
One of the many ramifications of Athanasiades' operations included a Greek steamship company exclusively engaged in arms traffic with Spain. Athanasiades was a sleeping partner in this firm. With what mean and probably misinformed gossips insist was significant regularity, cargoes of these ships would be confiscated by those mysterious submarines and other war vessels that patrolled the Mediterranean on Franco's behalf. The cargoes would be taken to Fascist ports, and nasty people say Franco was tipped off as to sailing dates and routes of vessels.

From this, it is deduced, the profits of the arms maker were occasionally at least doubled. It's whispered about that cargoes of rifles and bullets already paid for by the Spanish government would be repurchased by the Fascists and, so frequently perhaps, the besiegers and defenders of Madrid shot at each other with munitions made in the same factory, with Loyalists getting killed by bullets they'd already paid for. But that, of course, is war and good business, and the best businessmen in the world are Greeks.



"They all look nice to me. I knew I shouldn't have had that cocktail for lunch"

HELEN E. HOKINSON

HER HUSBAND'S SECRET IN THE DEVIL MAN

CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM and president of his class—Bud was a campus hero who made the gals all sweetly shivery—especially Sue. Yet Date No. 1 ended in an awful scrap!



WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Luckily, Professor Truelove heard about it.



THE ART OF LOVE was the prof's pet subject. "Bud," said he, "your technique's bad. Girls like a pipe if you smoke good-smelling tobacco. Try some of this for fragrance."



HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud and his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE
around lid seals flavor in
... brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



TUNE IN Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

I'll Take Vanilla

Continued from page 13

He muttered, "So what? People say things all the time, don't they? Whatta you care what people say?"

Nevertheless cold horror gripped at him. They were talking then. Already they were talking and undoubtedly they were suspicious of him. Nick D'Amato had not been so clever after all. Sooner or later people get wise. . . .

"I do care," she cried and now her black eyes were sure and proud. "I showed them. I bet every cent. My whole week's pay. The man said I would get twice if I won. Twenty-two dollars. He said it was odds."

Bumble said hoarsely, "Twenny-two bucks? You got two t' one? You shouldn't've done it, baby."

"You're going to win," she said. "It's your chance. It's the—works."

Bumble said, "Yeah. That's right, baby. It's the works."

He stared at her as if he were seeing her for the first time. She stood there with her head on one side looking down at him and her throat was appealingly white and soft. Like vanilla ice cream. French vanilla, he amended, smooth as smooth.

He said, "But supposin' I don't win, baby?"

Her expression did not change. She said softly, still looking into his eyes, "Anybody can lose a fight. I won't care about the money. I can take it."

Bumble had to play up. He bluffed instinctively. He said, "Well, sister, don't you worry. I will personally knock this Galloway into the radio announcer's lap so you c'n hear the thud. Your eleven bucks is practically doubled."

She said warmly, "I know you will, Mr. Cobb. I got perfect confidence in you. A man who eats ice cream instead of drinkin' beer and stuff is bound to win."

Bumble took a step toward the door. He said, turning, "Okay, baby. After the fight."

She breathed, "I'll have a triple order of butter pecan ready."

His eyes wandered to her white throat. He said, "You know what, baby? I'll take vanilla. French vanilla."

IN THE dressing room Bumble could hear the roar of the crowd as the semi-final went into the last round. Nick D'Amato sat on the edge of the rubbing table and swung his dapper legs and smoked cigarettes in a long, black holder. He said in a low-pitched monotone:

"You gotta stay five, see? This mug, this Galloway, is plenty good but you gotta stay five. He'll clop your ears down but you gotta stay in there an' take it, see?"

Bumble said, "Yeah. I stay five."

"Inna sixt'," said D'Amato, "you gotta leave 'im a spot. You gotta make him come to you an' punch. It's gotta be good. There's been talk around."

Bumble said, "Yeah. I heard."

"You heard," scoffed Nick. "You heard nothin', bum. All you gotta do, you gotta take it inna sixt'. There's oughday an' plenny on that round, see? The sixt'."

Bumble said wearily, "Yeah. I heard you. I get it."

D'Amato's eyes gleamed. He said jocosely:

"You better get it, bum. Inna sixt' you better get it. The sixt', see? I'll say it a million times if I wanna. The sixt'. An' don't gimme that 'I get it' stuff, bum."

Bumble sat and stared at the white bandages on his hands and was silent. It would have to be very good, he thought. Nick was at his wicked worst

tonight. If it was not very good in there all the stories about Nick D'Amato would come true. Bumble Cobb would disappear and everyone would wonder what had become of him. But Nick D'Amato would know.

He resolutely put such thoughts aside and concentrated on the five hundred dollars he was to get for himself. One thing he could do. He could take eleven bucks right over to Green's drugstore and give it to Nora Stoop. He could do that and he could say that he slipped in the sixth and that Galloway had been lucky.

But, of course, he couldn't do that at all. Even if she believed him, that wise brother Johnny and that cop Tom Stoop would wise her up. And even if they didn't, it wouldn't ever be the same. Something would be gone, something he could not fully understand, but which had grown to be a thing of great importance.

A boy stuck his head in the door and

arose and went out to listen to the referee. That worthy eyed him sharply but forebore other than the customary, "Fight hard and break clean. Shake hands now and come out of your corners fighting."

But Bumble felt the note of warning in his tone. He knew they were all watching him. He would have to make it very good, come the sixth, or they would set him down for life.

The Irish boy was quick. When the bell rang he came gliding almost into Bumble's corner. He held his hands at his sides and feinted with his head and shoulders. He was all flash and speed and cleverness and Bumble looked very awkward as the lightning left flicked out and licked his face.

Of course it did not hurt Bumble at all, and most of the time he was going with it and ducking under it or catching it on his glove or forearm or neck muscles. It wasn't any trouble to ride with the light rain. Bumble let it spatter

will not fight. How you gonna make it look good now, you lousy bum?"

Bumble said, "It's okay, Nick. I'll make it good."

"You better make it good. You wanna live you'll make it good. Dough I got, y' unnastand? Dough onna line he wins inna sixt'. You better make it good."

Nick's face was a dark, sneering cameo against the white background of the lights. Bumble relaxed on the stool. He would have to go out and make the Irishman fight him. He would have to be very careless. It might not look good. The commissioners might get wise. He might be suspended. But it would be better to be suspended than dead.

NICK was saying, "You lousy, ice-cream eatin' tramp, y' hadda be smart wit' that hook of yourn. Now you got him leery. If you been dreamin' up somethin' wit' that twist inna ice-cream joint—"

The bell rang and Nick had to cut it short. Bumble's heels were really leaden now as the cold fear settled in his whole being.

Nick had followed him, then. Good old Nick, never trusting his own mother, had been following him. He knew about Nora and Green's and everything. He might even hurt Nora. It would be right down Nick's alley to hurt Nora.

He maneuvered around, making Galloway lead. The Irish Rapier put more steam into the left. Bumble ducked under instinctively and left an opening for the right to hit him on the chin.

Galloway threw the right. Bumble went back under the hot shot until his shoulders rubbed the ropes. Galloway, hoping suddenly, his eyes shining, leaped to the attack. The crowd came to its feet roaring for the favorite.

Bumble took the left shot to the jaw and fell forward into a clinch. He held the taller man easily, turning him around. Nick D'Amato was pounding on the apron of the ring, mumbling something Bumble could not hear.

It all came clear to him in that instant with his ears still ringing from the blows of the struggling Galloway. He stood at the crossroads and he could see them stretching away in diametrically opposed directions. He could see them with a clarity that comes to men rarely, sometimes never.

He pushed Galloway carefully away with a stabbing left. He let the Irishman drop to that graceful, easy pose, hands dangling. He stepped right, then left, in that queer, shuffling step of the ringman.

Then he threw the left hook to the body. Both his feet were off the ground when it landed. He followed through and came down flat. He leveled off with the straight right down the middle alley, booming, winging to the jaw of the tumbling Irishman.

He walked on stiff legs to a neutral corner. The referee cast him a startled glance, then raised his hand to begin the count. Galloway lay there and did not move.

Bumble reached out along the ropes and gripped them with the gloves. He did not look over at Nick D'Amato. The panic was gripping him but he made himself refrain from looking.

Galloway stirred at "five." At "seven" he was on one knee. At "nine" he was erect, trembling in the knees while the referee wiped the resin from his gloves.

Bumble walked slowly forward. The fear had him. He was white and scared and shaking. He chopped with the left and Galloway's guard dropped to ward off that terrible body blow.

Bumble threw the right again. It was



said, "Okay, Cobb. Come, you're on."

Nick carefully removed the cigarette from the long holder and dropped it, still burning, to the floor. He said:

"Inna sixt', bum."

"Yeah," said Bumble.

There was a sudden roar as he went down the aisle toward the white, spread canvas under the lights. He knew the yelling was not for him. Galloway must be coming down the opposite aisle.

They were all for Irish Dick, the Smiling Slaughterer, the graceful lad, the crowd pleaser. They were all with the youth of many nicknames, the Irish Rapier, Gay Dick, the Darling of the Mob.

Bumble got through the ropes and hunched on his stool. Nick hurried across the ring to inspect Galloway's bandages, to growl with suspicion and act smart and put on a show. Nick was an actor of great talent with the commissioners, stout men and bland, sitting innocently by and believing in the whole pantomime.

They got the ring cleared and Bumble

about him and reflected that Galloway must look awful good in there.

He got to thinking quite a lot as the crowd cheered the Irish Rapier in the fourth. The other three rounds had melted away like the snows of spring. Neither fighter bore a mark but Galloway had the crowd breathless with his speed and pace. They were screaming his name in unison.

SO THERE it was in the fourth and Galloway wide open and Bumble upset in his mind and tin-canning around. So Bumble let go with the left hook. He hardly thought about it. He just saw the opening and in it went.

It was terrific. Galloway looked exactly as if someone had taken his candy away from him. His mouth opened like a fish and he stayed far away from Bumble's left hook in the remainder of the fourth and all through the fifth.

Nick raved, "Now you done it, you bum. You made him look bad. You went and scared him. Now the such and such



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1940 IS "TRAVEL AMERICA" YEAR

short, unspectacular now, clubbing under the chin. The Irish Rapier staggered backward. Bumble watched in dream-like fascination.

The falling figure missed the top rope. He hit on the second strand and toppled. He fell directly on top of the radio announcer who was screaming over a national hookup.

Bumble went to his corner. He was numb with the fear. Nick D'Amato's face was not threatening. Nick had to put on a show. He had to play glad and shake hands with people. The Negro handler cut the gloves and bandages from Bumble's hands and he held them together so that they would not tremble and mitted the crowd. He got the robe about him and pushed through the cavorting, happy people who had taken the odds and the sullen, disappointed people who had laid them.

HE MADE the dressing room alone. Nick was waylaid by well-wishers. Bumble came to life. He moved with startling speed. He pulled on his pants over his trunks and got his shirt on but did not button it. In ten seconds he was fully dressed and on his way out.

He took the side exit and ran down the street. A cruising cab pulled into the curb and he got in. He could hardly stutter:

"Tube station."

It was a job getting buttoned up in the cab but he made it. He wondered how far Nick's connections stretched. He wondered if he would be safe anywhere in the country. He could get to Newark and tomorrow he could draw out the five hundred dollars and take a boat. He wondered how far away he could get with five hundred dollars.

He got out at Cortland Street and paid the driver, keeping his face averted. He went into the tall building under which the trains depart for Jersey and descended hastily to the lower level.

He got a ticket and slipped into the men's room and sat on the chair that bootblacks use in daytime. He had to sit a moment and pull himself together. He had to throw off the paralyzing numbness of the fear.

That was when he thought about Nora Stoop. It snapped him erect and brought his chin back up. Nora would win her twenty-two bucks and go home and laugh in the faces of her brother and her father. She would tell them that her pal, Bumble Cobb, was a fighter. And they would have to like it.

He got down off the chair and went down the steps to the train platform. He felt a lot better already. He was still scared of Nick D'Amato and his knife and gun but the thing had not been a total loss. Nora would be happy.

He got onto the train and it rushed away busily into the fastnesses which lead beneath the river. He had a new lease on life, he had five hundred bucks and he had made a girl feel all right about him. She would be right there in Green's drugstore this minute, telling people about it. Maybe she already had her twenty two bucks. She sure would be happy. . . .

He got up off the cane seat of the car. The train was pulling into Exchange Place. He got off without conscious volition. He went across the corridor ramp and stood on the platform and told himself that he was undoubtedly crazy.

At the terminal he took another cab. When he got to Green's there was only one customer in the place. A man sitting in a booth midway. Nick D'Amato!

Bumble kept going straight ahead. He had not expected it so quick. He was regretful about that part. He had hoped to have a little time with Nora. But now he was going to get it and there was only one more important thing and that was to take it good.

He went steadily onward. Nick half

rose. Bumble hoped Nora was not where she could see. He hoped she was dressing to go home or something. He kept his eyes on Nick.

He had to get the timing right. If he could get close enough there was one more thing and then his self-respect would be all back again and they could plant him over in Evergreen.

Nick was hopped up or something. Bumble could see it in his staring, hot eyes. He had the knife up his sleeve. He produced it very quickly and held it in the palm of his hand, the blade lying along his thumb. Nick was a knife fighter by instinct and preference. There was no evading the slash of those dope-nerved, swift hands.

But Bumble would have to get through somehow. He would have to do that one further deed. He would have to get in just one punch, knife or no knife, and bust Nick's face all to little bits.

The brown hand went down and back. Bumble chuckled aloud. That was fine. He could time that all right. He poised and shuffled, his left held low for the hook.

Nick's shoulder swung forward. The blade was a shining arc in the lights of the store. A girl's voice said clearly:

"Bumble! Duck!"

Bumble sidestepped neatly enough. When he threw the left he put his shoulder in it and he put his back in it and he lifted and pivoted so that the weight came up from the heel. It was a very satisfactory left hook.

It caught Nick D'Amato on the side of the jaw. It lifted him and catapulted him into a partition of the booth and there was a splintering of wood and a crashing of crockery and glass. Then Nick rolled over and fell out on the tiled floor and lay sprawled and still.

A tall, stout man moved with surprising quickness, jerking Nick's arms and snapping something that gave off lights in nickeled brilliance. Soft arms went around Bumble's neck and the girl was sobbing:

"Did he hurt you? Tell me if he hurt you, darling. Please say he didn't hurt you."

The tall, stout man said triumphantly, "Cold as a mackerel. Boy, when you hit 'em they go."

The stout man said, "Bumble, I gotta apologize t' you. You sure got a hook like Charlie White."

Bumble said stupidly, "I—they'll pinch me, baby. Let's get outa here. When Nick comes to . . ."

"Him?" said the stout man contemptuously. "He'll be in the can for plenty. Assault with attempt to kill. I got him cold, di'n't I?"

Bumble said, "You got him?"

THE stout man went on obviously, "I been waitin' for you, Bumble. I wanted to tell you any guy can hit like you is plenty welcome to go out with my daughter. I'd be proud, in fact."

Bumble stared at Nora. She was blushing again. She said, "That's my pop."

"You—you're her pop?" said Bumble dazedly.

"I ain't her mom," said Tom Stoop. "She said you was comin' in for your ice cream so I hung around. I sez to her, I sez, 'I'll be proud t' meet a guy with a hook like that Bumble.' I sez, 'Gimme a fightin' man any day.' I sez, 'This Cobb is goin' places now he kayoed Galloway, that bum,' I sez."

Tom Stoop paused for breath. Then he added: "Say, kid, who is this shivthrowin' guy, anyhow? He a guy that bet on Galloway?"

Bumble said, "Yeah, that's right. He bet on Galloway."

Bumble was staring at Nora, at the soft, white throat with the pulse now beating swiftly, strongly. He said:

"Vanilla, I want. French vanilla."

Movie Chances

Continued from page 19

streamlining to movie requirements.

Or Alice Faye, working as a chorus girl in the George White Scandals, where you could be a chorus girl for thirty years and nobody would know it. The girls happened to arrange a little party in a West Side flat, with dancing, singing, funny stories and cutting up. Alice sang. They made ten-cent records of the harmony and Rudy Vallee's manager came across the Faye record and lugged Alice around to Rudy, who promoted her into his show. Later on, a movie was made of the Vallee show and Alice had a chance to sing and so she's on the Hollywood pay roll.

Or Elise Knox, a lady you will be seeing in Brigham Young, a forthcoming movie. Elise was a girl who tried on hats, furs and gowns for a fashion newsreel, where you are supposed to admire the new styles and ignore the models. This is usually easy for males, as most girls who try on hats have buck teeth and spreading features. While they try on the latest models and break into slow and toothy smiles, the lady announcer gives out details and makes bad puns. Nobody has ever been able to catch, trap or shoot the lady announcer for a fashion newsreel and get the bounty. Customers often wondered if they would ever see a truly pretty girl in these hat-and-fur previews and then came Elise. She was seized, moved to California and will try on no more hats.

Daylight Makes It Different

Or Arleen Whelan. Once she was a manicure girl in a barbershop on Hollywood Boulevard. Her hair was red and her eyes were blue and for some years gentleman customers sat there eying her while she buffed their digital extremities, often assuring her she should be in the movies. Sometimes they mentioned taking her out for the evening and getting her into the movies later on.

So Arleen had a cold, penetrating look for gents talking about putting her into the movies. A director chanced that way, seated himself, looked at her and began the old oil: "I'm gonna get you in the movies. You're a natural. Come on."

"I heard that one before," Arleen said coldly. "We go to dinner first, don't we?"

"It's daylight outside, isn't it?" the man said. "I mean it. I'm a director. If it was nighttime, that'd be different, but the sun is shining. Honest." Now Arleen is on tour and can get a job in any studio by merely phoning.

Or Marjorie Weaver, of the Indiana University Kappa Kappa Gamma. She didn't have much trouble breaking in and wasn't even trying. Marjorie was just a young girl going to school, with no troubled ambitions and awfully pretty. Her roommate, Judy Parker, sent her photo to a fan-magazine contest and thereby won for Marjorie a scholarship in a dramatic school.

Warners gave her a test and Fox signed her to dance in the chorus, where she deliberately danced out of step and annoyed the director with malice and intent. It was her belief that if a girl dances acceptably in a chorus, she will remain in the chorus. So she was removed, but not fired. Now she is working in her sixteenth movie, with Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

Or Tyrone Power, who lost his trunk in Hollywood and went east without it and resentful. The trunk remained in an apartment building, West Twelfth Street, Los Angeles. For Tyrone fancied he could land a job in the movies, bear-

ing a name already famous. But he couldn't—at first. So he took any job that came along, falling steadily behind in his rent at the apartment, and when he gave up and fled east the trunk stayed.

Katharine Cornell gave him a job and one day the movies began hinting and Tyrone returned to take another shot. Later he bought the apartment building of the trunk episode. It is now the Tyrone Apts., 3048 West 12th Street.

Or Mary Healy, who is black-haired and lively, sings, dances and imitates and is now a screen actress with a contract in an envelope. There she was down in New Orleans with nothing in her life to indicate any immediate change. A man blew into town, looking for possible talent—any kind of talent—and after a long hunt he gave up and packed for the New York trip. He gave his order for tickets and there was Mary, writing down Drawing Room A and such items. The man looked at her again. Now she's in.

Or Dalies Frantz, playing the role of an intern for M-G-M in I Take This Woman. He was a concert pianist, which is seven miles away from the movies. He played in the Hollywood Bowl and was there heard by Ida Koverman, secretary to L. B. Mayer, the horse owner. She invited Mr. Frantz out to the studio, where he began playing in pictures, first on the piano, now walking around.

Or Helen Gilbert, who has only started acting and now has the leading part in Florian. Until quite lately, she was a cellist in the studio orchestra, which is a group likely to burst into harmony at any point. Miss Gilbert played her cello with calm detachment and one day a man watched her. That was W. S. Van Dyke, who asked: "How come you never had any screen test around this place?"

She said: "Because nobody ever invited me before."

The director ordered her to lay aside the cello, the test was made, the orchestra had a new cellist and the studio a new actress.

Virginia Bruce walked rapidly toward the jumble of buildings known as the University of California at Los Angeles, meaning to take a test in botany—or

maybe it was physics—and was stopped on the street by none other than William Beaudine, who has been in the movies since Adam and Eve were headliners. At first, she was inclined to summon a cop and have William arrested for conduct unbecoming, but after listening, she agreed to ditch the botany and go along to the studio, where she took another sort of test and clicked.

There was Judy Garland, age thirteen, two sisters on the Orpheum circuit and a father who knew a man at M-G-M. He brought Judy out to visit and look and, instead of visiting, Judy made a speech, asked if they would take a chance and test her and talked so rapidly and convincingly that the soft-hearted official gave in.

For a time, Judy did nothing. They loaned her out for Pigskin Parade, where she made good. She's been going ever since.

Myrna Loy ran a dancing school near the studio, but was never in a studio. Rudy Valentino's wife saw her in a stage part and led her away to the movies.

They Found It Easy

Clark Gable was playing Killer Mears in The Last Mile on the stage and was there seen by Lionel Barrymore, who went back and told Clark he was a sucker to be overlooking these here movies. Very soft and good money. Mr. Gable was lukewarm, until Barrymore offered to make a test and do the testing himself so as not to embarrass Mr. Gable. It was so ordered and here's Gable, still on pay.

Spencer Tracy was playing the very same Killer Mears in the very same play in New York when a Fox scout saw him and they didn't even bother about a test, but hurried into the contract room.

Nelson Eddy was down in San Diego singing in concerts and fishing afternoons. The Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles ran into a cancellation, and in great haste telephoned Eddy to run up and do a little Philharmonic singing. A movie man in the audience was unimpressed by the singing, but figured it out that anybody who could pull fourteen encores must have something.

Eddie Collins was working in a burlesque theater downtown with Joe Yule and people went there largely because Joe Yule was Mickey Rooney's old man. So they had to see Eddie Collins, too. The movies decided Eddie was a genuine comedian and snatched him and now he's in The Bluebird.

So you can see all this solemn guff is without foundation, in fact, and sometimes you don't have to go back East and make yourself a reputation. Luck is what you need and a little gall or confidence.

P. S. or *Nota Bene*. But maybe I'm mistaken in my conclusions because the Chamber of Commerce says Hollywood is full of ambitious young people who cannot land movie jobs, that there is no room or demand for any more young hopefuls and that boys and girls rushing to sunny California with movie notions will probably starve to death unless well-heeled.

They say that is why you notice so many Robert Taylors and Douglas Fairbankses pumping gas and juggling doughnuts around town. The C. of C. warns young and penniless ones to stay away from Hollywood, where only grief awaits the seeker after movie work. So don't let any of the young folks take this upstairs to bed.



YOUNG AMERICA (from 7 to 70) responds like magic to the thrill of an outboard motor. There probably never was an invention that did more to bring father and son together. It means get-up-and-go for the youngster. As for Dad, every day is Father's Day when he has a smooth running outboard to taxi him around to all his favorite fishing spots!

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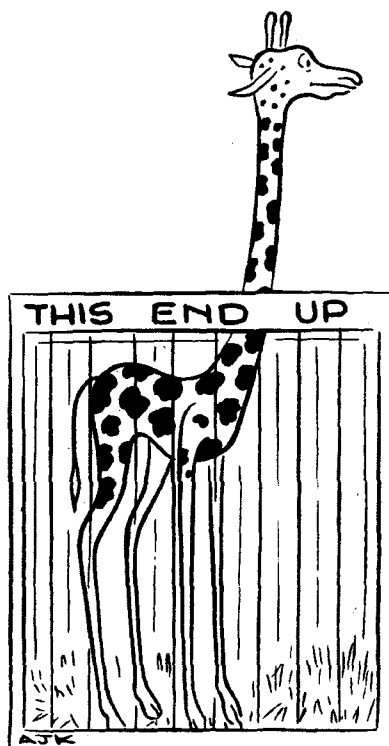
Week after next (June 8 to 16 inclusive) is National Outboard Motor Week. Take a tip and look up your Johnson dealer. (You'll find him listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone directory.) Ask him for a demonstration. You'll understand then how much outboard *quality* contributes to outboard *fun*. You'll want a Sea-Horse, in order to have the smoothness of Johnson's Perfected Alternate Firing, the quiet of Built-in Underwater Exhaust, the maneuverability of Reverse—not to mention such extra conveniences as Ready-Pull Starter and Patented Co-Pilot!

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COMBS
will not tear
the hair...

—AND THEY'RE GENUINE HARD RUBBER

Little Warrior

Continued from page 16

couldn't. He mumbled, "I reckon it was just natural."

"Abel." Ailse came close. She took his arm and she stood with them both in her arms, and between them. She was dark and small, she had rich life in her. She stood between Big Abel, who had fetched her over the long trail from the shelter of her people in Philadelphia. And the boy at her waist, whom Abel had given her. This was Abel's land, this Umpqua settlement in the Far Northwest, and he had always been master of it.

And now she stood bewildered, because he wouldn't do anything. She offered a sudden bargain: "It's his curls. The fat boy picks on them, he—he seizes them. He calls Little Abe 'Curly-girly.' Abel—" Ailse's voice was a whisper—"if I cut the curls, you'll call on the boy's father? You always wanted them cut, but I—that seemed like it would take him away—"

Abel studied the face of his son; he shook his head. The fire that was a warm part of Ailse flared out at him: "Abel, you wanted his curls cut and him turned into a wild animal and now you won't permit me to cut them. It's your duty to call on this new settler—you're chairman of the school board, you're the leader, the only law we have. And you won't! You'll let them beat him every day, ambush him like savages till he skulks with fear—"

Still Abel shook his head.

AFTER evening chores, supper and dishwashing, habit held the family of three in the roomy kitchen of the log house.

An autumn wind nipped around the house. Ailse's long needles flashed as she wove a fascinator out of red wool yarn.

Abel sat at the desk he had hewn and planed out of pungent myrtle wood and caught up on his ranch bookkeeping. He did his figuring on a slate.

Abel went on scratching a while. He stopped his work, turned his head so he could see Little Abe in his favorite corner. His eyes looked bad. Ailse's liniment hadn't helped much. Abel noted that his son picked up the distant roll of a horse's hoofs outside as soon as he did himself.

Neighbor Alf Calahan seldom entered a house; he usually burst in. His sorrel puffed outside and Alf popped into the kitchen, a long fence rail of a man with knob fists on the ends of his arms. There were some brownish blood spots on his caroty brush-patch whiskers.

Alf gave no glance at woman and child. He exploded on Abel: "You know what that two-legged wild boar—that newcomer Daniels—has done? He's flung old Bach Milton out from his own house; he's flung his goods after him. He's moved in, him an' his fat woman an' his overgrown shoat of a brat. I went and I spoke up for old Milton—and he flung me into the road. Me!"

Calahan's eyes gleamed on Abel in fanatical expectancy. Here was his leader, the head man of the settlement.

Abel stood up, tall and gaunt. For a moment there was a grim set to him. It passed as his eye caught Little Abe in his corner, listening.

Alf seized Abel's arm. "Don't you hear? We can't live here with no human hog devourin' the settlement from inside—get your horse, Abe."

Abel said slowly, "True words. But I've got another job to do first. Old Milt can move in that trapper's cabin on my place. It's tight and clean."

Alf stared and his hand fell from

Abel's arm. He stumbled backward; he turned out the door with a crazy, sick laugh. Ailse was on her feet; there was a kind of frozen limpness to her, as if something that sustained her had gone out. She whispered, "Come, son." Little Abe followed after her, not looking anywhere, as if he felt his way.

Abel looked absently about at his silent kitchen.

THE men began gathering next morning. Noon was past when the tight little knot of leaders rode into Abel Chottaw's yard.

Abel's big house, his maple-shaded grounds, were the capitol and meeting place of the settlement. Here legislation was passed and justice done. But now the representatives of the people came to Abel not to consult him, but to impeach him. He met them out under the red-and-gold maples.

Alf Calahan got down from his saddle stiffly. He stood silent beside his sorrel. Newt Brewster, Tom Beeman, Lord Byron Hathaway—they stepped out of saddles into the dust and shuffled a little or stood grimly, according to their natures.

Brother-in-law Jeter Boggs—black-bearded Jeter of the young eagle eyes—came afoot from his homestead next door, leading his saddled gelding. On his arm was his wife Elnora, Ailse's younger sister. Nora cradled her first boy on her hip and her eyes went to Abel. The girlish flush she had brought to Jeter as a bride was on her still; she was as Ailse had been only year before yesterday or so. Abel looked away.

Jeter stood free of his wife's arm. "Abel, we come to you to lead us. Alf has told us what he knows. We come to you."

It was an ultimatum they offered Abel, a last chance. If he refused it they were through with him. He'd be deposed as leader, even as one of them, and couldn't live here. Abel did not speak.

Jeter was an explosive man but he held his voice low and tried again: "Abel, don't you savvy this thing? Would you let a varmint set up house-keeping next door to us? A—tyrant—just because he's built big as two grizzly bear growed together? It ain't a job for no one man and we don't ask that—"

"Ain't a question of no one man's nerve," Alf Calahan spoke up. "We're skeered as you are, Abe. But we got to hang together or we'll all—" There was too much pleading to his old idol and partner in Alf's voice and he didn't go any further.

"Thing is," Jeter said harshly, "we're goin' after him. It's plain you ain't with us. . . . Nora, best you go an' be with Ailse. She'll need someone by. And I never thought I'd see this day!"

JETER swung to his saddle and Abel put a quiet hand on the gelding's bit ring, looking at the sun as he held the horse. Nora came and touched his arm but he didn't look down. She went slowly to the house with her child in her arms. It was as if some friend was deceased here and there was sorrow.

Abel looked at his old partner Alf. "It isn't Daniels I'm afraid of. Men ain't the things to be afraid of. I'm scared of something else. I'll be scared till sundown and then it won't matter, one way or another. One thing," Abel added and Alf at least knew finality in Abe's voice when he heard it, "ain't a man stirrin' after Daniels till sundown."

"Talk some sense," Jeter began bark-

ing and then he stopped. Down the river road there was rumbling; it settled into bawled words:

*"I axed a miner for his dust,
Did he put up a fight-O;
I fetched the dust to Lulu Belle
An' blew it in a night-O;
Ya-ay, Californy—"*

Alf chirped, "It's him; that's Daniels' bull-bellerin'."

"Now," Jeter said grimly, "we'll see something."

Abel looked westward at the sun, then at his house on the bench.

AT NINE o'clock that morning Mrs. McGinnis came out of the school-house on Abel Chottaw's lower forty. She raised the notched yardstick in her hand and beat a sharp *rat-a-tat* on one of the logs of the wall. The log was worn from beating.

At that signal her flock came running. All but Little Abe Chottaw. Mrs. McGinnis called a swift mental roll call, stood aside and let the children of the settlers file into the room.

Little Abe must have been fighting again, though usually he fought of evenings, not mornings. Mrs. McGinnis' lips set. The teacher before her had been a man, and he had done any fighting there was to be done. He had resigned to go to the mines, leaving behind his reputation as a schoolmaster for her to live up to.

Very quietly Little Abe slipped in, an hour late. Mrs. McGinnis could see on his face that he had been fighting, but still the marks resembled last night's wars, not this morning's. She told him c. ply, "You may stand in the corner, young man."

Little Abe murmured, "Yes'm," and stood in the corner. . . . It was quiet in the corner and he could give his time to thinking instead of studying. He had been late on account of his father—and that was something he didn't tell a woman.

Papa Abel had stopped him down by the hog trough, behind the barn out of sight of the house. They'd been there a long time and he'd run but was 'way late to school anyway. He'd had to tell Papa Abel about things. Papa hadn't made him tell. He'd just told. . . . Fat

boy in the oak glade, a bird skittering and its feathers drifting. After Fat licked him he'd had to go and live in the forest, almost, but instead had gone downhill to home and even Duke knew he'd been licked.

Then Papa Abel had set him up on the hog trough so he was as tall as his Jack-the-Giant father. . . . It was warm in the corner and while he could feel Mrs. McGinnis' eyes on him he couldn't remember everything. He thought hard about the hog trough and it came back.

Papa Abel had said, "Old Socks, you know how a deer kills a rattlesnake? He don't ever let Mr. Rattler get holds on him. He jumps round and round Mr. Snake. When he sees Mr. Snake's dizzy, he pops him so hard Mr. Snake curls up holding his belly. And Mr. Deer finishes him off."

Big Abe then had circled the trough, making fake passes with one fist, till Little Abe got dizzy and stumbled off. Big Abe had said, "Run along; you're late, son."

Little Abe thought it over hard.

THE mules in the two spans drawing Daniels' wagon were round as barrels, in fine shape. The light freighter itself was strong and tight and didn't creak. Without doubt Daniels was a good provider, at other people's expense.

He pulled up in Abel's yard with a "Ho!" that banged across the canyon and back. He began a deep chuckle inside him somewhere and it kept coming up while he eyed the knot of waiting men, one by one. He was glass-eyed like a paint horse, what could be seen of his eyes. Coffee-colored hair curled from above his ears over the breadth of his face and down like a waterfall to widen again over his exposed chest. The sun glinted on the tiny tight curls.

He ended his chuckle with a couple of bounces on the spring seat of the wagon. The fat boy on the seat beside him bounced with his father and laughed too, a high giggle.

There was murder in Alf Calahan's eyes; there was still dried blood on his beard. There was a Sharps rifle in the boot under his stirrup flap on his sorrel. But Daniels was pointing the haft of his bullwhip; the leather hung straight down but the haft pointed at Abel Chot-



"Aw—an' after me spendin' \$74.50 on a bulletproof vest!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



If you want a mild and gentle drink, try National's EAGLE. And then compare this magnificent whiskey in value, in flavor, body and bouquet with any blend you know at any price!

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y.—90 Proof. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

taw. This was Abel's issue, not Alf's. "You the hyas Big Chief in these parts?" Daniels asked.

"We don't wear war bonnets here," Abel said.

Daniels' laugh boomed: "Arh, a wise one! Gentlemen, let's get acquainted fast. That's me, Dan Daniels. . . I've taken a likin' to these parts; I aim to locate permanent. Watch my smoke. I've got me a middlin' house already but"—he threw a look at Abel's big house—"I aim to move to a better one real soon. . . Son, hop down an' find me a couple of man-size throwin' rocks."

The fat lad hopped down grinning, scratched for boulders. Daniels boomed on: "Some gents allus get along with me—those that know their place. Some just can't never learn an' they have to light out. . . Here, son. Two's aplenty."

He hurled two apple-size boulders, one behind the other like balls from a brass cannon. It was a long throw from the road to Abel's house. The rocks curved high as the house, curved down. One bounced on the floor of the wide front porch and struck the wall. The second, higher, crashed the mark—the many-paned glass front window that was Ailse's pride. And Ailse and Nora came running out. . .

Daniels watched Abel. He asked: "You want I should step down from this wagon?"

Abel still stood like a gaunt needle of worn rock. He said in the brittle silence, "Drive out of my yard."

Daniels' laugh rollicked and the lash of his bullwhip exploded—over Abel's head, then over the mules. Harness jingled; the light freighter rolled and Daniels' voice boomed back:

*"I axed a miner for his dust—
Did he put up a fight-O;
I took the dust . . ."*

Jeter Boggs, eagle face flaming, sprang again for his gelding. A coiled rope hung on his saddle.

Again Abel held the gelding by the bit. "Sun's got near two hours to go till dark. I'm holdin' every man here till dark."

LITTLE ABE was working too hard on the deer and rattlesnake parable to be hungry at noon. But Mrs. McGinnis made him get his willow basket and eat the lunch Ailse had put up. . . Mrs. McGinnis puzzled about him. He was a strange lad; had he been any other lad in her school she would have rapped him good with her notched yardstick and both sides would have felt satisfied. She decided to keep him in after school, smooth his curls, talk to him about not fighting with other little boys, about being manly. Like his tall, quiet father.

The afternoon drowsed on and Mrs. McGinnis wanted to tell Little Abe to leave his corner, go to his bench. But he didn't shuffle as if he were tired; he stood like an Indian. . .

The sun slanted through the faintly green windows and from where it splashed the floor Little Abe knew it wasn't long till time for school to let out. That was too long, if it was only five minutes. He held up two fingers, heard Mrs. McGinnis say, "Very well, Abel." She was calling him Abel now instead of Young Man. He walked down the aisle between the benches with dignity, jumped off the porch outside like something released and streaked for the hills.

HE STALKED the oak glade. When he saw his enemy the flush went out of him and he grew cool. He spied on Fat a while before going forward.

Fat was busy with his long string, tying a small bait of meat at one end. There were whisky-jacks fluttering around—the small jays of the moun-

tains that have no fear, that search for crumbs wherever man camps, or even pauses.

Little Abe knew what would happen. He had seen it the first time he had seen Fat. He wasn't waiting today for Fat to catch a bird on his baited string. He stood up boldly. He was thinking of Mr. Deer. And, too, of Papa Abel. The trouble Papa was in last night, with Mom, and Alf Calahan. It was some way mixed up with his own trouble with Fat.

Little Abe rushed out of hiding and Fat only had time to get on his feet and out of the way. Abe was behind him and he turned about as fast as he could. His paws flailed after holds on Abe's flying curls. But Abe was behind him again.

FAT couldn't whirl any faster than a frog. He yelled, "What the Mighty's the matter of you? You stand still an' fight." Abe was behind the gray trunk of an oak and Fat plowed into it. Abe circled the trunk, cracked a tight fist into Fat's side bacon.

Making noises, Fat took out after Abe on a gallop. He would run the little devil down. But Little Abe didn't run like a cub bear; he was nimble Mr. Deer. He doubled around an oak tree again.

He had battle in his veins and there'd been good things before in life but nothing like this. Fat was turning, hauling himself back in his tracks. There was a stunted oak between them, with a stunted branch. It wasn't too high for Little Abe. He charged head on for Fat.

He sprang for the limb, swung high, let himself fly doubled up. Fat was rushing in, Abe was flying at him. His

seat whopped Fat in the center. While Fat was staggering, holding his belly, Abe drew bead and popped him in one eye. Fat's knees punched round holes in the dirt as he slid down.

He lay whooshing for breath. Little Abe waited, figuring how to aim for the other eye. Fat sat up; then he got on his feet. He panted, "Nuff, nuff!" And Little Abe dropped his fists.

Fat's instant pass got him by a curl this time. Instead of pulling away Abe waded in close. There was hair in the air, but it wasn't all brown and curly. Some of it was taffy-colored. The whisky-jacks stole away cautiously through the brush. There were last year's brown oak leaves in the air.

Abel Chottaw still held his men in his yard as the lower rim of the sun touched the mountain. Others had come to the meeting grounds at Abel's—men, women. The winds that loaf above the rippling Umpqua had carried the news, and the settlers hurried in.

Mrs. McGinnis' flock came along the road from school, boys and pig-tailed girls. Mrs. McGinnis was with them, to report to Abel Chottaw that his son had deceived her and run away.

Abel had held his men by threatening, "I'll fight on Daniels' side if you try to take him." Only the partner of his young wild days, Alf, knew Big Abe didn't mean quite that. But Alf felt, fretfully now, that Abe meant something.

Mrs. McGinnis began, "Mr. Chottaw, I do deeply regret to inform you—"

One of her flock, playing in the road, screeched and there were more distant screeches, quickly coming nearer. A little scene burst into view that froze Mrs. McGinnis.

Fat Daniels, bounding in terror,

throwing up dust, fled by. One jump behind him was Little Abe. Fat was naked, except for some pieces of shirt, Mrs. McGinnis blanched and screamed, "Girls! Girls! Don't look! Hide your eyes!"

Some boys cheered, but the school-girls hid their faces and ran screaming, pigtailed flying, from the appalling sight. Little Abe stopped, felt in his pocket for a flat sailor rock. He threw it toward the barn and it curved back to the road expertly, exploding dust under Fat's feet. Fat yelled and leaped high.

Little Abe ran on into his home grounds. He made a line for his father, gathered speed and leaped. Big Abel was tall, but Little Abe landed high on his chest. He was chanting, "I licked him, Papa Abel."

"Chief Big Deer," Abel said. "Now Heap Chief Big Deer." He set his son down, turned into his barn. He led out Duke, and the big horse already was saddled, trembling, waiting. Abel rode the way Fat had fled, toward the house of Bach Milton, where Daniels the double-grizzly bear was denned. The sun was well down.

THERE was enough moon later to see the light freighter crawl by. The two span of mules jingled their harness. On the wagon seat slumped the giant flesh of Dan Daniels. The outfit wound by slowly, on the long road out of the settlement.

Behind it Abel Chottaw turned Duke into his home lot, put him up and went about the delayed chores. Always stock to tend, to see they had fodder to champ on through the night. . . And last rode the little knot of men, the governing council of Umpqua settlement.

Ailse's kitchen was crowded with them and neighbors and women. "It was a sight to see," Alf crowed with awe. "Abel flung him in the road an' flung his sawlog blocks after him. 'Bach,' he said to Bachelor Milton, 'your house'll need some fixin'.' When Daniels went to hitch his mules he didn't go by the door. He went through the side of the house an' he left a holy big hole behind him. Daniels is a peculiar man; he can walk on his head—he bounced on it right down the road."

They were gone and the kitchen was roomy again. Abel told Ailse as he ate, "Delilah hon, get out your shears and cut Chief Big Deer's curls."

"When I wanted to cut them—" Ailse began.

Abel tried the huckleberry pie. It was good. "Chief Big Deer didn't want any advantage. He got licked with curls and he won with curls. No advantage, from me nor you."

"But you told him how to fight, you helped him—"

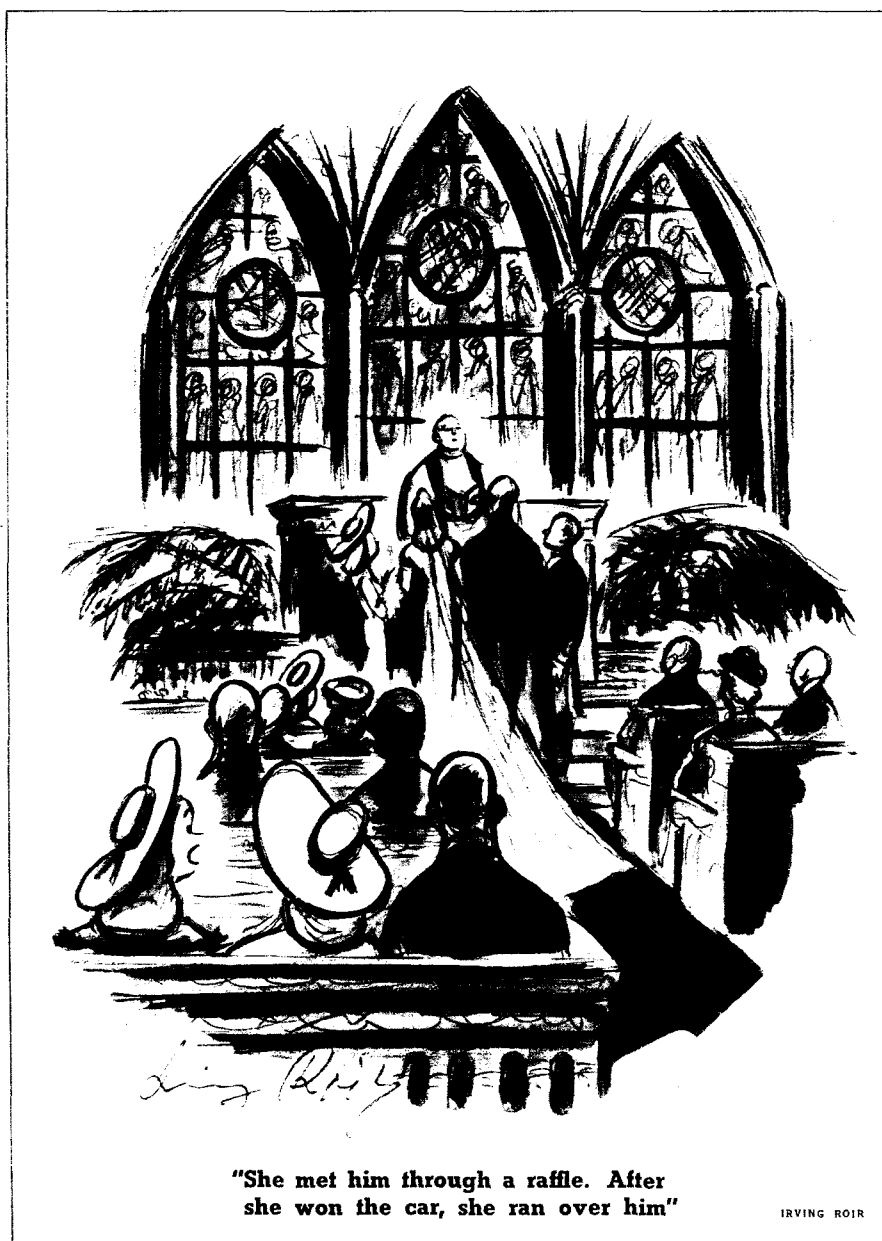
"Shooey," Abel waved his steel fork. "Happened I just told him an Indian fairy tale. Funny, all he made of it."

AILSE laid down the red fascinator and her needles. "Daniels has a big fat wife. Where will they go?"

"Why," Abel explained, "they'll come back. He's sort of left his goods behind as security. He's gonna take a home-stead and be a good citizen. He's just gone out to Scottsburg to the ships, to get you some new window glass." The pie was finished and Abel got up. He just figured he was a bad man from the Californy diggin's. He never had a Philadelphia wife to civilize him." Abe grinned.

Little Abe had gone to his bed upstairs. There was a good moon now; it shone in and Ailse snuffed the sperm candles. She gathered up brown curls from the floor. "I hated to lose him so."

Abel's long arm was about her. "You just traded a baby for the makin's of a man. Hon, one thing about babies, they don't keep."



"She met him through a raffle. After she won the car, she ran over him"

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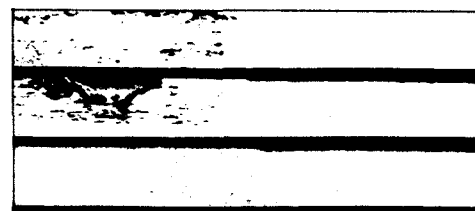
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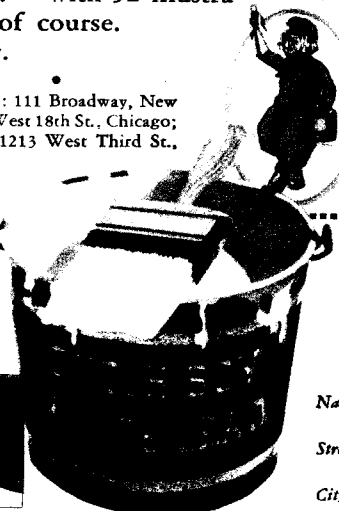
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Midsummer Madness

Continued from page 11

IT'S A BIG BARGAIN

FOR A DOLLAR A MONTH*



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AT MOBILGAS AND MOBIL OIL DEALERS

and short and among the big hitters he is well behind their mammoth wallops. But he is smart, keen, game and deadly around the greens.

In this round Runyan was half-topping all his tee shots. "I have been doing this for eighteen months!" he told me. "I am getting only half of the ball. I know what the fault is, and I know how to correct it. But I still can't stop it. There is some unknown reflex that keeps me lifting just as I get to the ball. The harder I try, the worse it gets."

About the same time I played a round with Bobby Jones, the all-time master of golf in 1930 when he won the four big championships. After fine drives, Bob couldn't hit a green. He had developed a big hook with his irons.

"I know what's wrong," he told me, "and I know how to correct it. But I can't. Whatever I do, I still keep hooking anything from a six to a three iron."

Jones vs. Jones

The main problem in teaching golf, in improving golf games, is not the fundamentals, which most duffers know well, but in the instructive approach to reaching these fundamentals.

For example, there is Ernest Jones, who has made a big name for himself at the Women's National on Long Island. Jones, a one-legged Scotsman, has had phenomenal success with such star women players as Virginia Van Wie, Helen Hicks and other crown wearers.

"The main factor in golf," Jones says, "is using the two hands to swing the club head. Forget the rest of it. The hands are the only part of the human body that happen to touch the club. Get into a comfortable position and then think only of using hands and wrists in swinging the head of the club. If you do this—if you think of this and nothing else—the rest of the human body, from feet to head, will soon work into the swing. Never mind the hips or head or knees. Just take your hands and swing the club in a natural way." This sounds interesting, plausible and simple enough. But along comes Alec Morrison, Bobby Jones, Tommy Armour and other topside exponents of golf who say:

"Wait a second. Before you can call on your hands and wrists you must first release your left side. You must bend or roll the left ankle—you must turn the left hip and the left shoulder—you must get the left side started around. If you don't pivot, if you don't let the left side turn on the backswing, why, then you can't use your hands or wrists in swinging the club."

Bobby Jones starts his left side in motion before he starts his hands. So does Walter Hagen. But others believe you must start the swing with your hands.

Macdonald Smith, one of the greatest golfers of all time, one of the lowest scorers in more than thirty years of competition, tells me this: "I believe in starting the backswing with the left hand, the left arm and the left side. I believe in starting the downswing with the left hand, the left wrist and the left side. I bring the right hand in only just before I hit the ball."

Jimmy Demaret, the Houston star who bagged seven major tournaments this last winter and spring is another able teacher who doesn't believe the average golfer uses enough body turn. "Don't be afraid to take a bigger turn," he'll tell you. "Let that left side come around, otherwise you are lost."

"What's your tip?" I asked Ben Hogan, another Texas brilliant. "If you

mean more distance," Ben said, "I extend my left thumb farther down the shaft and this helps me to take a fuller backswing. The average golfer under-swings rather than over-swings. Give the club head a better chance and put those hands to work."

But Gene Sarazen, winner of the U.S., British and P.G.A. championships, tells me he starts the downswing with the right hand. This is the way Walter J. Travis felt about the golf swing. Travis started golf at the age of thirty-six. Physically he was on the slight side. Yet he was the first American to win the British Amateur championship, which he did at Sandwich in 1904.

"All nonsense," he said to me more than once, "about the left hand in golf. Golf is a right-handed game, the strong hand hitting forward, not the weak hand hitting backward."

When it comes to the shorter and more important side—putting—Bobby Jones has always believed in a full, free, smooth putting stroke. Bobby saved more than four championships by his phenomenal putting. Yet Paul Runyan, Johnny Revolta and Billy Burke, all magnificent putters, bring the putting blade back a short distance and then tap the ball firmly.

This complex evidence all leads up to the sad plight of the average golfer—the one who makes the game—the one who pays for the game—the two million or three million against the few hundred. Who is to bring them out of the barren lands and the quicksands of their favorite sport? What system of teaching is to take them from the

wilderness of trouble into the promised land, flowing with milk, honey and a few pars?

They all know that golf, physically, is a simple game. By this I mean you can take the average 100 player and give him a dandelion or a cigar stump to swing at. The 95 or 100 shooter will promptly show you the swing of an 80 shooter. Give him a golf ball to hit—and it's entirely different. There is very little to golf on the physical side. It is eighty per cent a game of mental, emotional or psychological fundamentals.

Why Teaching is Difficult

The great barriers in golf are lack of concentration, lack of will power and excessive tension. Few understand the heavy problems that face even the most sincere of the instructive pros.

Here are just a few examples: Some time back one of the leading publishers of the country took a series of lessons from Tommy Armour, one of the top professors of golf. Armour gave him the correct grip. Armour showed him how to plant his feet. Armour removed any number of kinks. Within three weeks' time Armour had brought the pupil's score from 100 to 89 and 90. Yet two weeks after returning north the publisher asked me to have Armour stop off in New York. He was back at the 100 mark again. In that short space of time he had forgotten both grip and stance.

Another leading instructor in Chicago was trying to improve the ragged play of one of Chicago's greatest merchants,



"This is a very exclusive development. Outside changes filter in rather slowly"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

the head of a famous business firm. "I finally asked him," the instructor told me, "if he had any mental picture or pattern of what he was trying to do." "I don't know what you mean," the merchant said.

"Haven't you a mental picture or a mental pattern of your business?" the teacher asked. "Haven't you a mental picture of what you are trying to do?" "Of course," the merchant said. "If I didn't—how could I expect to get anywhere?"

"Then how do you expect to get anywhere in golf?" he was asked. There was a decided improvement from that point on. The light had broken through the darkness.

This all gets down to one vital point: How can we help the duffer, the average golfer, to improve his game? All I can do is to bring him the boiled-down essence from more than fifty leading instructors, some of whom are among the finest golfers we have. One of these is Eddie Loos, a golf teacher who for more than twenty years has worked on the instructive side from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Eddie Loos speaking: "I believe first in working on my pupil to make him feel comfortable on every shot. First of all I want to break down his tension. After that I want him to get a mental picture of what he has to do. The great trouble is that most golfers don't think in terms of the swing. They think only of results. They are nearly all thinking ahead of the swing—of what might happen when they face a pond or a bunker. They must learn to plan the shot—and then play it. Most of them are not playing golf shots—they are trying to steer the ball away from some trouble. The greatest golfer that ever lived can't steer a golf ball."

The Duffer's Common Fault

Tommy Armour: "The average golfer thinks only of hitting the ball. It rarely occurs to him that he must do certain things before he can hit the ball either far or straight. What are these certain things? In my opinion the most important factor is, first, to finish the backswing. The greatest common fault in golf is to hurry the backswing and then start the downswing before the backswing is even finished. I believe in at least a half pause at the top of the backswing. I wish all of these millions could have watched Bobby Jones for a while."

Macdonald Smith, one of the stars of all time: "Did you ever watch Dizzy

Dean pitching—or Babe Ruth or Joe Medwick in baseball? They all take a full turn. They let the left side or the right side turn naturally, being right- or left-handed players. They get in position to hit or pitch. The same is true of golf. Most golfers are right-handed. Yet I'd say that less than ten per cent use a thirty per cent turn. They just lift the club head with the right hand—and then hack away. Any fair golfer must give the left hand and the left side control of the backswing. He must start the backswing with his left hand and arm in control—he must let the left shoulder, hip, knee and ankle all take the turn—and then from the top he must let the left hand and left arm start the downswing. Never mind about the right hand. It will get there in time—usually ahead of time."

Four Primary Rules

From all this, and from many other opinions, I should say that golf would be an easy and a simple game if every golfer could transfer the golf ball into a dandelion or a cigar stump. But as Alex Morrison once said: "If I hand a golfer an umbrella—he takes it lightly in his hand. If I hand him a golf club, he immediately grips it as tightly as he can. He almost tears away the leather. He is visualizing all the trouble ahead."

The main answer seems to be that golf must be taught and learned largely on the mental, emotional and psychological side. It must be taught in lessons of concentration.

In all other games you play against an opponent. In golf, you play against yourself, the toughest of all opponents.

The best advice I have been able to harvest from all the leading stars and instructors—from what I have seen in over thirty years of golf—is this:

1. To feel easy and comfortable in your stance on every type of shot. To release all the tension you possibly can.
2. To think in terms of swinging the club head as smoothly and as evenly as you possibly can. To rush neither backswing nor downswing.
3. To let the left side take a full and natural turn on the backswing, with the left hand and left arm and left side in control; and then to be sure you have finished the backswing before the downswing starts.
4. The head is the anchor for the swing. Keep the head still or the chin back—and keep it there for at least two full seconds. Remember this—you never look up and see a good shot.

Admirable Dewey

Continued from page 15

nation. And yet we have a national administration which tells the farmers to produce less food while it wages war on the nation's industry, provides relief instead of jobs, and calls all that the more abundant life. The New Deal is sterile. It is in default to the American people. It is time to foreclose the New Deal."

Perhaps you've heard that before. Mr. Dewey's aim is to make you forget it if you have.

Naturally Mr. Dewey would not limit his activities to rescuing the farmer; he admits that the New Deal's shackles must be struck from the limbs of industry at the same time. For example, he'd abandon government policies which "discourage the job-making business life of the nation, stop bureaucratic interference with the management of honest business, put experience, ability and fair play in the SEC, redesign the tax structure, put an end to ill-conceived

experiments and restore confidence in our national future."

On somewhat more familiar ground, Mr. Dewey as President would make Two-Per-Cent Clubs, Tammany Halls, Huey Long and Pendergast machines rue the day they stole their first penny. While restoring prosperity to America he would not forsake his first love—the rooting out and punishment of crooks, private and public. And there cannot be the remotest doubt that he means it. On his first transcontinental delegate hunt he recited with pardonable pride his record as a sin-exterminator. It was a dramatic speech, well-delivered in his singing baritone. It may be said, incidentally, that while Mr. Dewey has an excellent singing voice he does not sing for votes.

Anyway, after that speech one of his suite asked a group of obviously impressed farmers what they thought of "the boss." There were a few moments

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of silence and then the spokesman replied: "Must be a lotta crooks in New York."

Thus it is not Mr. Dewey's comprehensive denunciation of the New Deal that has electrified an erstwhile discouraged Republican vote, nor is it his farm program or his promises to the businessman, all of which may be accepted as the conventional bid for votes. Rather it is his righteous vigor, reminiscent of the Theodore Roosevelt days of Muscular Christianity, his gift for tragic generalization, his hell-bent bingbang and his ebullient youthfulness that provoke his audiences to roarings. Compared with his rivals for the nomination—Messrs. Taft, Vandenberg, Herbert Hoover, McNary and Bridges—he is a Susanna among the elders. Or was it her lawyer, Daniel? If he had his way he'd banish them as well as the New Deal and revive the cry (Dewey Did It!) of those who, more than forty years ago, tried to make a President of his father's fourth cousin. That fourth cousin of Mr. Dewey's father was Admiral George Dewey, who on the first of May, 1898, steamed the United States Navy's fledgling Pacific squadron into Manila Bay and took the Philippines from a hapless Spain. The admiral was a national hero for a while but, a stout fighting man and no politician, he soon fixed all that. His boom for the presidency quickly came to less than naught because, out of his element and somewhat like his fourth cousin's son, he had a genius for irritating the wrong people. Anyway, the admiral didn't go to the convention even as a spectator. The district attorney will.

Unless there is some pretty pre-nomination skulduggery, Senator Taft's first-ballot vote may exceed Mr. Dewey's. As we've said, Mr. Dewey will not admit this, being more than hopeful that one ballot will be all the voting necessary. He counts Mr. Hoover and Senators Vandenberg and McNary out to begin with—and perhaps he's right. He accepts only Senator Taft as a possible rival. He is not happy about Senator Taft, not that he fears him but that the Ohio scholar will not face him squarely in an open state fight for delegates. Mr. Taft seems to know when he's well off; Mr. Dewey doesn't.

You Needn't Feel Sorry

Mr. Dewey's ballyhoo bitterly accuses Mr. Taft's management of "an enormous treasury" which is being used—well, you know. Just as bitterly, Mr. Dewey's side laments its own poverty although they don't reduce the inquirer to sympathetic tears. Mr. Dewey's frequent dashes up and down the country in specially hired train sections, his expensive research bureau and his populous campaign headquarters offices are not demonstrations of poverty. And if you don't believe it, ask Mr. Taft's more decorous cheering section. The truth is that both Senator Taft and Mr. Dewey are exceedingly well backed by financial interests to whom either would be preferable to four more years of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Roosevelt's nominee. Each state and city headquarters of each aspirant to the nomination is a financial entity responsible only to the laws of its own state—where there are such laws. Therefore it is almost impossible to tell you specifically how much money is supporting preconvention candidates. Maybe that congressional committee that's now nosing around will be able to tell you. Anyway there was and still is a spirited contest between Senator Taft and Mr. Dewey for the smiles of the anti-Roosevelt wealth of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and other fat-cat prowling. Each enters the convention far ahead of others in delegate pledges. Unless deals are made or a

stampede is whipped up neither will have enough delegates to nominate in the early voting. Unless deals are made or the herd goes berserk they may blockade each other and give way to a compromise candidate. And that will be the last we'll hear of either for a while, both of them being determined not to play Sancho Panza to the other. No love is lost between them. Mr. Dewey thinks Senator Taft is able but stodgy and would be just another Republican candidate with icicles in his mind. Mr. Taft grants that Mr. Dewey is a fine district attorney but it would be nice if he made less noise.

No Halfway Measures

They have few qualities in common. Neither has a lively sense of humor, which, however, doesn't hurt their chances much. They're both Episcopalians, like Mr. Roosevelt. Both depend on golf for their outdoor recreation, Mr. Taft being the better. Both fear the candid camera. Both sing, although Mr. Dewey can and Mr. Taft can't and neither sings for votes. But Mr. Taft's antipathy to the New Deal is philosophical. He would preserve quite a lot of it—after rationalizing it and throwing away its dream book. He condemns it as dishonest, employing no weasel words.

In the opinion of many of the current management of the Republican party, Mr. Dewey's chief weakness as a candidate would be that he sees everything through a prosecutor's eyes—always looking for a racket and racketeers. They call him a demolisher, not a mender or builder. Probably nobody from Hollywood to Washington hates the sound of the word "No" more than Mr. Dewey. The more self-contained members of the Republican high command fear that as a candidate Mr.

Dewey would quarrel with national committeemen as savagely as he has with Mr. Kenneth F. Simpson, nominal head of the party in New York State. He would too. Already some of the other national committeemen have complained that he hasn't treated them with proper respect and is too inclined to act like Baby Snooks.

And yet he is the only candidate visible from this distance who will yell as loud as the formidable battery of New Dealers the Republican candidate will have to face. As a campaigner he is not in Mr. Roosevelt's class, although he'd be the last to admit that. His method of vote wrangling might be effective against any candidate Mr. Roosevelt might designate except Mr. Hull. Personal attacks upon Mr. Hull might not be profitable. Not that Mr. Dewey wouldn't try, although it might be difficult to make a racketeer of the Secretary of State.

If it's excitement you're craving, perhaps you'd better pull for Mr. Dewey to win the nomination. You'll hear the New Deal and its leaders accused of everything from corruption to war-mongering. With Mr. Dewey beating the bushes you'll hear salvos of indictments of Mr. Roosevelt's diplomatic corps—that they're Anglophiles, that they're Francophiles, that they're dragging us into Europe's war. Already, before the convention meets, his sleuths are working on those Nazi white papers—that mysterious file that Mr. Hitler's agents dug out of the Polish Foreign Office purporting to show that Mr. Bullitt, our Ambassador to France, promised the Allies that the United States would come bounding to their rescue. He doesn't like Mr. Hitler either—just another racketeer.

Being emotionally unpredictable, Mr. Dewey as President would keep his would-be advisers in a perpetual dither.

He and Congress would get along like John Barrymore's womenfolk. Behold him now, sitting at his desk, flirting about in his swivel chair like a spring weathercock. He's never still, never relaxed. It's not nervousness; it's merely steam looking for escape. He thinks that most New Dealers are neurotic. As you talk to him he seems to be listening to two people—you and Dewey. His cherubic face is pale and clean, as lineless as a new rubber ball. He preens at his careful tie, smooths his orderly lapels, is very conscious of his neat clothes. He's as tightly buttoned as a Quaker, as round-eyed as Pinocchio, as crisp as the inside of a winter apple. There's a water bottle at his right hand and a small glass. Every few minutes he drinks exactly half a glassful. About the only harder tippie he cares for is Scotch whisky, and he likes that weak and occasional. Some of his friends call him Little Giant, to which sparkler his enemies add Junior. For relaxation, believe it or not, he reads detective stories.

The Personal Touch

There's no telephone on his desk. If he's wanted, he goes into a small adjacent office to use the one there. And he'll never wear that out, popping a few yeses and a few noes into the transmitter and putting it down as though it burned him. He's not a caller-fascinator, the reporters don't warm up to him. They'll tell you that they've never heard him answer a question without somehow managing to drag the personal pronoun into his reply. One of them told us that at least twenty-six of the letters in Mr. Dewey's alphabet were I.

He likes to go to parties but is not always a social success. Almost immediately after he has met you, he'll start talking about a guy named Dewey. And that's always disappointing to people who'd prefer to talk about themselves. While a law student at Columbia University he sang baritone in a church and later in a synagogue. Singing rather than the law was his earlier passion but, practically, he decided that there was more material comfort and sustenance in the latter. In singing school he met Miss Frances Hutt, the daughter of a Texas railroad engineer. She became Mrs. Dewey, but not before she had had a go at professional singing—trouping for a season with George White's Scandals. They have two small boys—Tom (8) and John (5).

We dropped in at their Fifth Avenue (New York City) apartment, an eight-room flat easy to relax in. Mrs. Dewey was not at home but the boys were. So was their grandmother, the district attorney's mother, Mrs. George Dewey. The lads didn't seem to care much about the political outlook, having just come from the circus where they had seen men who really amount to something.

Grandma Dewey was a great disappointment, refusing with considerable spirit to grow sentimental about her son. She said that she was pretty sure that he'd make a good President, adding that all the mothers she knew felt something like that about their sons. She had come to New York to look after the kids while their mother was visiting her folks in Texas and Oklahoma. She'd seen all the shows, most of the night clubs, but was mildly homesick for Owosso, Michigan, where in a few days the golf season was opening with a big dance. She's sixty-two and looks much younger.

Her husband, the district attorney's father, died some years ago. He was the editor of a weekly newspaper. She was his assistant. We asked her what her duties were.

"Mostly answering the telephone," she sighed. "Asking people foolish questions. You understand."

So we nodded and left.



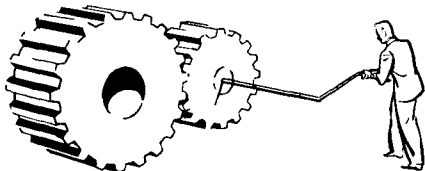
"Ya go down this road an' cross a bridge an' go south till ya come to a corner. There ya take th' left-hand road, an' go down 'bout half a mile. Jake Hasten's place is th' first farm on th' right!"

GEORGE WADE

WHY "GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD"

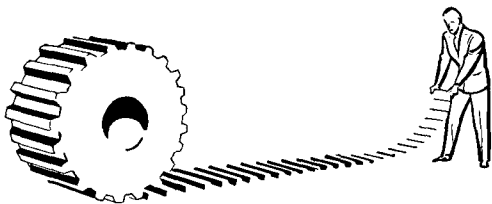
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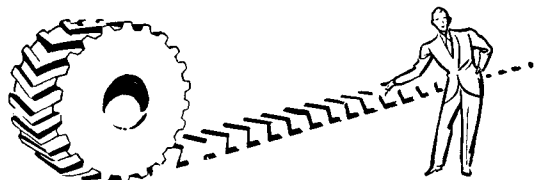
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SAFE STOPPING PREVENTS ACCIDENTS

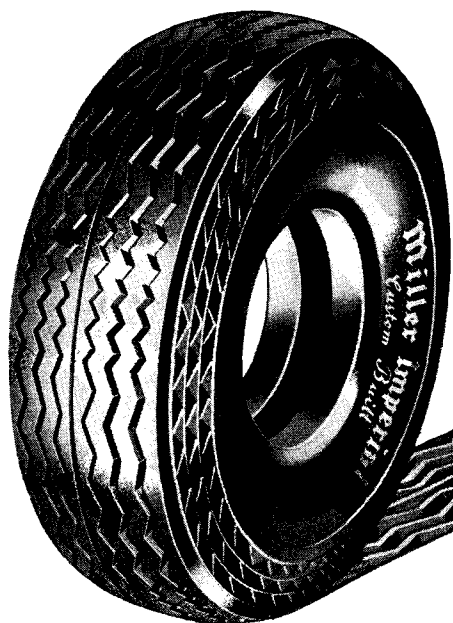
Today, streets are crowded and traffic has speeded up. Safety demands positive control of your own car, even when other drivers do the unexpected.

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A little puzzled, she dropped the magazine and walked toward the windows again.

Bart Ragle hurriedly finished shaving and dived into the shower, remembering that this morning he had to meet that high-nosed girl, what's-her-name, the one from New York that was going to work with him in The Wishing Cap. She sounded pretty awful. . . .

Slouching across the dusty, echoing emptiness of Sound Stage 7, he saw a bunch of people standing under the hard, dry glare of a cluster of working lights. They had some cameras up, and a process flat behind them, so he knew that Joe meant to get them started right away. Bobbie Killian turned and came toward him.

"Hi, fella," Bobbie murmured, when they met in the middle of a floor of vast geometrical shadows. "Come and meet the lady."

"What's she like?" Bart asked. "Give me a match. This cigar was guaranteed to burn, but . . ."

"Here," Bobbie said, striking a match. "She's a lady. . . . Quite sweet, in a way."

They walked on together, and in a moment Bart was bowing slightly from the waist to a blond wisp of a girl in tailored blue with touches of white, who looked at him with cool, very gray eyes and said negligently, "How do you do?" in such a voice as to freeze his accustomed "Hiya, sweetheart" on his lips. Blinking, he swallowed it with a gulp but managed to say: "Uh—hello."

Maybe it was because she was so beautiful, in a delicate but utterly remote sort of way. But anyway, Bobbie's hand was on his sleeve, and Bobbie was saying smoothly:

"Now for this morning we'll just do a few process shots of Miss Moncrieff close up—You know, Miss Moncrieff, on page something or other in your script, where the girl is brushing her hand across her eyes, looking at the new moon . . ."

"Yes. Of course," this astonishing girl said, as Bart sank into his canvas chair, staring at her.

But all the same, he noticed that as they went into the business under the lights the girl was nervous and uncomfortable, and she stumbled badly in her lines. Then, bored, he glanced around and saw a book in the sagging canvas seat of the chair next to his. All shiny black and yellow. He picked it up, and started reading. With some bewilderment. . . .

. . . So that when this girl came down from the stage and dropped into her chair at his elbow, he reared up and shoved the damned book at her. Anything to make polite conversation—to help her over that first awful sense of bewildered failure.

"This yours?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she said with cool courtesy. "Thank you."

"WHAT the hell?" he said. "Listen." And he took the book back from her lap. "Listen. It says here on page thirty-nine, it says: ' . . . frosted giggle-gold the cool scorn of young girls' amusement stirred curtains history-encrusted with ancient slaughters and tenderly uncomprehending they stole forward to—what the hell?'"

"All right," the girl said, "what the hell?"

"Now, children," Bobbie Killian's voice sighed behind them.

"But it's a lot of junk—Do you read things like this?" Bart asked.

"And like them," the girl said. Her

Collier's for June 8, 1940

Call Me Babe

Continued from page 10

eyes were not gray, after all. They were like what he'd read about ice floes under a pale Arctic sun.

Unexpectedly, Bart felt the sweaty prickle of a dull red flush at his temples, under the scornful eyes of that child.

"All right," he said. "It may be literature, but it don't make sense."

Behind them, Bobbie Killian's voice murmured:

" . . . until a little boy said: 'But the emperor hasn't got any clothes on . . .'"

Bart suddenly had a feeling that he was mugging things. He had only wanted to help her—

"That's all right," he said. "Never mind, Babe."

Even sitting in her sagging canvas chair she seemed to gain height, quite suddenly. Blinking, he saw he had been wrong—she wasn't a pony, after all. Looking at him calmly, she became taller than any girl he'd ever seen.

" . . . Babe? . . ." she said.

"Na, na," Bobbie muttered hopelessly, and walked away.

THE Wishing Cap, of course, was one of the most difficult pictures ever shot by a major studio. That month, that is.

Not only the delicate, lovely venom of the dialogue, not only the deft and subtle poison of irony in the situations: Bobbie Killian became a little more sad and battered, a little more jaunty, because of things that went on beyond the lights where he and the cameras worked.

He was present at their table one day in the commissary when Bart and Miss Moncrieff flared into a queerly bitter argument which left their lunches getting cold almost untouched. It started when Bobbie asked her a perfectly innocent question about her plans for the summer, after she went back to the East.

Well, it seemed that a young man named Ivar McCloskey, only eighteen years old, had written a strangely beautiful play—Machine No. 673. Had Bobbie read it?

"N-no," Bobbie said cautiously. "What's it like?"

Oh, it was a completely new technique for the theater, using a double stage,

built on two levels: the action took place on the bottom stage with superbly realistic dialogue as banal and stupid and uninteresting as ordinary human conversation, while just above another set of actors made up precisely in the same characters—exact doubles—portrayed another level of their consciousness in stylized recitative. Stunning writing, she said, as bare and hard and unadorned as . . . as naked steel. Everyone said he was a genius—perhaps the coming genius of the American theater.

"Nobody's a genius at eighteen," Bart said.

Looking at him calmly, the girl went on:

"Of course, no commercial manager will touch it. They'll rally around later, as usual. But then, the symbolism of this first play is, perhaps, a little too . . . But anyway, meanwhile, we're remodeling a summer theater at Woodbranch—you see, the duplicate stages have to occupy almost half the house—and—"

"Used to be a barn, hey?" Bart said.

"Why," she said, "yes, as a matter of fact, it's a—"

"Thought so," Bart said. "Never saw one of those places in my life that would hold more than five hundred dollars a night."

She put her fork down carefully on her plate.

"I haven't the faintest idea how many dollars this house holds," she said. "Rather less, though, than five hundred, I should think."

"Well, who's backing it, then?" he said. "Some dame, I bet. Some breast-heaving dame—some culture hound. With dough some sensible guy has earned for her, so she—"

"As a matter of fact," the girl said in a very quiet, very level voice, "it is some dame. It is I. Partly, at least. And I'm earning the money myself right now in this place working with such a—"

"Hey, wait a minute, you two," Bobbie said. "Let's try to—"

"Oh. Well, it may be art," Bart said. "But it isn't show business."

"Show business?" she said. "But you know, really, I'm not concerned with—"



"Do you still do that silly dance that goes like this?"

BO BROWN

"You aren't, hey?—Well, you're taking good show-business money to sprinkle into this la-di-da orchid stew for some young—"

"Wait a minute, Bart," Bobbie said.

"Be still, Bobbie. I'm not saying you aren't earning it," he said more quietly. "That's the hell of it. You're doing a swell job. You're good, and you belong in show business. You're too good to mess around with a lot of pretenders and yearners."

The girl turned to Bobbie.

"Shall we get back to the set?" she said.

ON THE way down the wide main street of the lot, in the glaring sunshine, none of them said anything. Bobbie was puzzled. And troubled. He knew that Bart and Miss Moncrieff were seeing quite a lot of each other outside the studio: she knew hardly anyone in Hollywood, and Bart apparently had appointed himself as a committee to show her around. He was really putting himself out, too: setting her in with all the right people, his friends for years; and faithfully escorting her to all the swank show spots. . . .

Bobbie glanced sidewise at Bart in a dimly worried way. He hoped Bart wasn't fool enough to be getting serious ideas in a direction which . . . wouldn't do him any good at all.

But Bobbie wasn't with them a few nights later at La Maze. It was a Sunday, and they had been out in Bart's car all afternoon to see the springtime which had come to the desert country. They'd had tea at a hacienda sort of place they'd found in a fold of the hills where the sun set early; by that time they'd used up that day's supply of polite, interested conversation so they sat dreamily at their candle-lit table, watching the blue shadows rise like a tide from the valley to creep up the barren shoulder of mountain opposite. The quietness lasted all the way back to the city. Once or twice Sheila had stolen a look at Bart's face, intent on his driving. It occurred to her that it was rather a comfortable face to have beside you. With a little start, she shook her head slightly as if to clear her vision, and turned away quickly.

Now, smoking a cigarette after dinner, she was watching his face again. His eyes, squinting against the smoke of his own cigarette, were following the dancers without really seeing them; he had something on his mind, something he wanted to tell her about. She waited quietly.

"You know," he said after a long time, "Milra is saying we make a great comedy team."

"Really?" she said.

"He told me when we were looking at the rushes yesterday, after you'd gone home. He says it gives something entirely new in pictures—something he said he couldn't put his finger on. Although he did rave a lot about our pace and timing and the . . . the contrast between you and me. In our looks, I guess he meant. But a marvelous team for sophisticated high comedy, he said."

"That's pleasant," she said.

He hesitated, frowning at the tip of his cigarette.

"Well, he's planning to team us up again, with Bobbie Killian," he said. "He's angling for two stories for us now. One of them is Mrs. Saint. It's—it's an awfully cute story, Miss Moncrieff."

She didn't say anything.

"Of course," he said, "it's not—well, not intellectual literature like you're— But honestly, your part, the girl, see, is made to order for you. Witty, you know; and sort of, well, tender. If you see what I mean."

She looked at him strangely, but said nothing.

"Anyway," he added in an offhand

way, "I just thought I'd tell you what he said."

In silence, they both watched the dancers for a long time. When the music stopped, Bart said:

"I don't blame you. We came into the business in such different ways, we're bound to have different slants. I expect probably yours is better."

"I don't know," she said. "I think we're interested in different things. Different effects, on different audiences."

"I don't know much about your kind of audiences," he said. "And they wouldn't be interested in a guy like me. I was in vaudeville from the time I was a kid. With my old man and my mother—they were a team. Bert and Floss Ragle. Maybe you—you've heard of them. . . ."

She shook her head slightly. "I'm sorry."

"I didn't suppose so," he murmured. "We played the kerosene circuits. Little firetraps in godforsaken muddy towns out across the prairies."

She said inadequately:

"It must have been rather . . ."

"Yeah. It was," he said. "I'm telling you all this, to show you why we don't talk the same language about show business."

"But you were in . . . in big time," she said. "Before you came to pictures."

"Sure," he said. "Sure. After my mother died, my old man and I teamed up—Bert and Bart, songs, dances and funny sayings. You know. But he played out, too, pretty soon, and I went on. I had a tough time . . . on the road."

She nodded absently, thinking about her own apprenticeship in the theater: Summer stock in Provincetown, and the quaint inn where the young players lived. Sunning on the dunes, a chattering dozen of them, talking excitedly about a new playwright in Austria, a revolutionary new stage technique in Germany, a new group being formed in New York. And always the one word, endlessly repeated: "—but is it good theater? . . . she has a marvelous sense of theater . . . what the theater really needs is . . ." And every Monday morning, the letter from her father on the stationery of the bank in Duluth, enclosing the weekly check.

SHOOTING on The Wishing Cap was going more smoothly by the time they had two thirds of it in cans, and then Bobbie had to speed up their schedule because Mona Karrow, who was coming to him on loan to star in Mainliner West, was going to be available sooner than originally planned, but for a shorter time. It put him in a spot, and made it hard on The Wishing Cap people; toward the end they started working straight through into the evenings. . . .

They finished Sheila's last scene after midnight on a Friday, and she went directly from the set in a studio car to the Danzlers' yacht off Santa Monica, for a week-end cruise down the coast of Lower California. She wouldn't let Bart go with her to see her off because he still had one more day's work in the crowd shots, and Bobbie had put him down on the call sheet to be on the set, made up, at 7 A. M.

It was a bad day and nearly everything went wrong, but finally, by 4 o'clock, he and Bobbie dropped limply into chairs at the bar across the street.

"The most beautiful sound in nature," Bobbie said, making the ice tinkle in his highball glass.

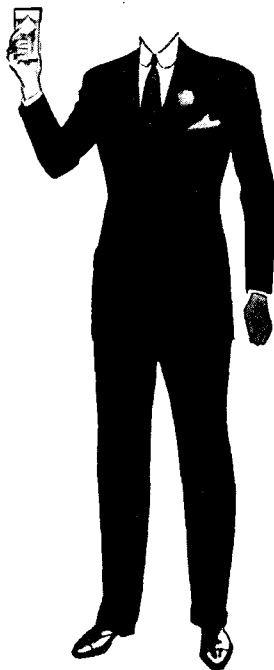
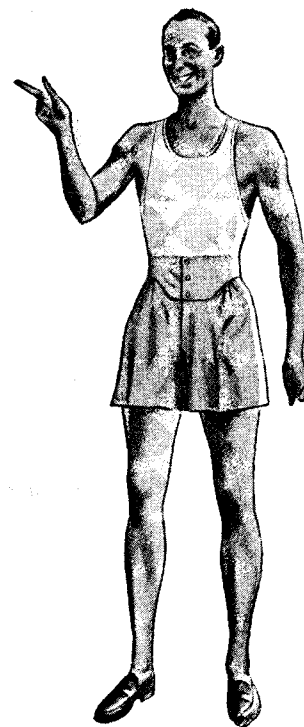
Bart grunted.

"You're lucky. You've got some time off," Bobbie said. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Bart said. "Go up to the ranch, maybe. Trout season."

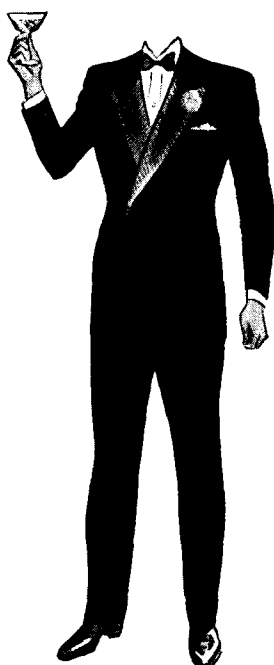
Bobbie glanced obliquely at him. "I

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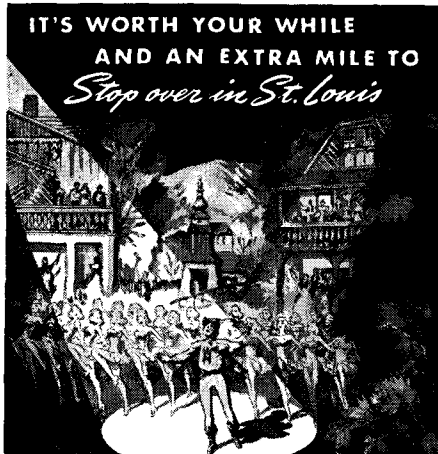
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suppose Miss Moncrieff will beat it for New York," he said negligently.

"Yeah. I guess so," Bart said.

"She'll probably talk to Milrais there about that deal," Bobbie said.

Bart shrugged his shoulders and drank.

Driving slowly home, he had an early supper in his apartment, and afterward wandered around from living room to library, flipping a page in a magazine, taking a book down and putting it back again, picking out a tune with one finger, standing up in front of the piano.

Sunday was a low day. He smoked too much and nibbled away more highballs than he really wanted and finally, when night came, went to sleep trying to read a book she'd loaned him.

He woke up very early. After a long, miserable time he threw the covers off and plodded across the floor to the shower and, looking at his face in the mirror, thought what a fool he was.

Ten minutes later, scrubbed and awake and dressed, he was throwing woolen shirts and whipcords into a bag and getting his rods and tackle box out of their cabinet. It was good to think of the ranch, and the way Mac and the boys would gather around, glad to see him.

He sneaked out of the apartment without waking his man, and was streaking out across the desert by the time the city behind him was waking up to go to work. He stopped for breakfast at a roadside place in the hills; afterward, lighting a cigarette with one foot on the running board, he hesitated for a long time, almost decided to go back. But again he thought in time what a fool he was. . . .

SOME time in the afternoon, long after he had turned off the main highway, he came into a lost little town in the High Sierras. He was tired and hungry, and all the energy and volition had ebbed out of him. Dully, he thought it was a place as good as any other to get a drink and some lunch. There was a dismal little theater on the main street, its wooden front sagging with years, its sign creaking drearily in the mountain wind. But under the gaudy posters of the feature picture, there was a strip which said: VODVIL! SIX—BIG ACTS—SIX! VODVIL! He stopped the car suddenly and sat looking for a long time.

Finally, he got out and from the young lady at the ticket window found that the feature picture was over and the acts were on. But he didn't go in. Looking up and down the street, he saw the place he knew would be there. There was always a place, and he could tell it, somehow, by an instinct. This time it was a pool hall. Sure enough, as soon as he came in the door, he saw a couple of tired, middle-aged acrobats shooting a game of snooker at the back table. And an old man, a comedian, sat watching them from the wall.

Slipping into the chair beside him, Bart said:

"Howdy, brother."

The old comedian looked at him with wise, sad eyes, nodded, and turned back to watch the game again.

"This town looks like the nickels would have moth eggs on 'em," Bart mentioned. "How's the house this afternoon?"

Blinking, the old comedian stared at him and started to say, "Are you in show business too?" but without saying it he nodded to himself as if seeing it already.

"Bub," he said, "if there was nickels, I wouldn't care what they had on 'em. I think they pay off in turnips here. What house?"

With a long, restful breath, Bart stretched out both legs and happily offered his pal a cigarette.

"Is it that frosty?" he said with gloomy sympathy.

"Well," the old comedian said, twisting sideways in the chair to strike a match on the seat of his pants, "there is a couple of yokels and one or two women propped up here and there among the great open spaces between the aisles; but I got no reason to believe they ain't the unburied dead. I'm beginning to think the local undertaker uses that place for his storeroom."

"How many chapters?" Bart asked.

"Four a day, Bub, four a day. And all you hear is your own echoes. They sit on their hands in this town. I guess they're so used to canned flickers that they think a live artist is only pinch-hit-ting while they repair a busted projector."

Bart shifted his weight uneasily, a little guiltily, and said:

"If we can scare the barkeep into consciousness, would you care for a drink?"

"A drink?" the old comedian said. "Bub, that's like offering a toothpick to a starving man. Come on."

They were having their second one, which the old man ordered with the courtly flourish of a dollar bill, when the acrobats drifted over to the bar. A prestidigitator arrived presently from the theater, patted the old one on the back and murmured: "An outpost of civilization. I was scared to pull my poor old rabbit out of my hat, for fear the aborigines, maddened by the sight of game, would shoot him with their bows and arrows. We may need him for supper ourselves. Make mine rye."

"Yare, Bub," the old comedian said, "this is a hell of a town— But they say the next one's a real good stand—crops look good and they're in the mood. Good theater, too—modern place, separate dressing rooms for all the acts, they say."

Bart was just saying, "Well, let's have another for . . ." when Shiela Moncrieff came in through the door.

"Hello, Bart," she said.

Letting his overturned glass roll away unnoticed across the bar, he regained control of his expression but said idiotically:

"How did you get here?"

"Bobbie brought me," she said sweetly.

The two acrobats and the magician, glancing at the girl and then at Bart's

face, strolled away from the bar with brotherly tact. The magician looked back once, perking up his mustache between thumb and forefinger. But the old comedian, tipping his head back to snaffle a last hasty pony of rye, lingered a moment.

"Bobbie?" Bart said. "But he had to work—"

"I know," she said. "But when I called you up early this morning to ask why you didn't call me last night, you were gone and nobody knew where. Except Bobbie. When I called him he cursed foully, but said he was the only one beside you who knew the road. Is this the ranch?"

The old comedian made off with the dignified sneak of a veteran married man leaving a bar when he hears that peculiar sweetness of tone in any woman's voice.

"B-but I . . . I mean, honestly," Bart said, "you came all this way—"

"And Bobbie has cursed you with every mile. He drives like a madman, anyway. When we saw your car parked here, he nearly wept with relief."

"But you actually—"

"You might at least have waited to say goodbye," she said. "And anyway, don't we have to talk with Milrais about our next picture before I go?"

HE LOOKED at her for a long minute. Then he said:

"Yeah. Come on, let's find Bobbie. I'll tell him you're going back in my car."

But on the sidewalk, he touched her arm, stopping her.

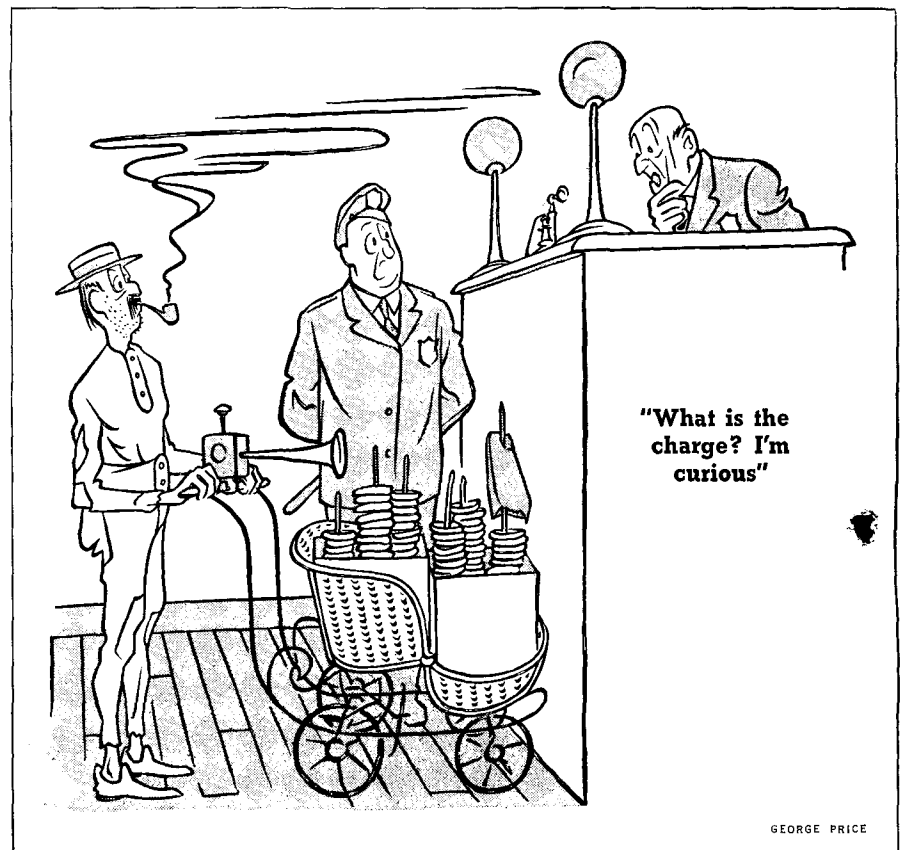
"Say, you know," he said. "That play of yours—t-the double one, by the genius. I've been thinking it over for quite a while. It sounds awfully interesting. A—a fine experiment in theater. I've been wondering if . . . See, I'm pretty flush just—that is, I have some idle funds just now, Miss Moncrieff, and if you would consider allowing me to—"

"Oh, that," she said. "Well, I . . . To tell you the truth, I've read it over again, and I'm beginning to think it's—er—cheesecake."

"But, Miss Moncrieff," he said. "It's . . ."

She looked him in the eye.

"Listen," she said. "Don't call me that. Any more. If you don't like my first name, call me Babe."



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How Norway was Knocked Over

LELAND STOWE'S sensational report that a huge and beautifully executed German plot was what knocked over southern Norway for the Nazis was an excellent story, deserving all the credit it got.

But according to stories that have come out since, there was more to the episode than just a German plot. The whole story is one we think believers in democracy would do well to get firmly fixed in mind.

It's true that Hitler's agile secret agents had wormed themselves into many a key Norway position, to pull switches and send out fake orders and snitch essential gun parts when Der Tag should arrive.

It's also true that Hitler's government sprung the almost incredibly dirty trick of sending with its first invading contingents a raft of Germans who had been taken in as starving children by kindly Norwegians after the World War, and who therefore knew the Norse language and geography.

But those weren't the only reasons why southern Norway and the best Norwegian ports caved almost at the snap of Hitler's fingers. There were internal reasons as well as external.

For one, class hatred had widened the capital-labor split in Norway so far that the two elements couldn't close ranks in a hurry. The admiral who gave the cease-firing and surrender orders belonged to Norway's Labor party.

For another reason, most Norwegians had cultivated for decades the notion that a country that wants no quarrel

with anybody can count heavily on the naked and beautiful love of peace to save it from war. Superpacifism, in short. Knut Hamsun, world-famous Norwegian novelist, was quoted after the coup as saying that Norwegians had been foolish to try to put up any resistance whatever—a surprising utterance.

Many Norwegians, too, evidently had let the blowhard Nazi propaganda frighten them—in strange contrast to the Finns, who had lived for twenty years next door to the biggest blowhard government on earth, but who stood up and fought that government nevertheless.

So what knocked over the best part of Norway was largely this: Democracy's weaknesses, as analyzed by democracy's enemies, got Norway's democracy, just as those enemies said those weaknesses would get any democracy.

For us, forewarned should be forearmed and can be.

We can tighten up our antispy system. We can keep closer tabs on members of the Communist party, the Bund and other subversive groups in this country, coolly recognizing them and treating them as the public enemies we know they will be in any national emergency. To neutralize class-hate peddlers here, we can carry on our efforts to raise American mass living standards. We can strengthen our defenses by land, by sea, by air. And we can fumigate propaganda with our native common sense.

Norway was a democracy. We hope it will be a democracy again. We can learn from Norway's tragedy how we can go on being a democracy.



Are Migrants a Problem?

THE House is launching a five-member committee charged with looking into the alleged problem of migrant population.

That ponderous term means our 2,000,000 or so people who frequently pull up stakes and go somewhere else to look for work, excitement or fun.

At risk of seeming flinthearted whatnots to people who have taken *The Grapes of Wrath* most heartily to heart, we'll suggest that this committee not take its job too seriously.

True, some unfortunates in this country are annually forced off land that they'd rather not leave. But there are a lot of other people who wouldn't stay put if you paid them—and that's just fine, we think.

This is still a fluid country. It will be a sad day when it becomes the highest American ambition to live out one's life in the old home town, repeating one's ancestors' every deed and thought. That was what ailed China for ages and ages, until Dr. Sun Yat-sen began the job

of blasting China loose from ancestor worship. Yet now a lot of well-meaning people are trying to bring that state of mind to the United States.

If our migrant population has to be investigated at all, which we presume to doubt, let's confine the investigation to people who have been actually tracted or otherwise forced off land that they longed to hold. Leave the born get-arounders, hustlers, pioneers, adventurers and plain bums alone. They can take care of themselves.

Say It with Cash

THERE'S no call to read this one unless you have some beloved older person dependent on you. If you have here's a tip:

See to it that this old lady or this old gentleman has some cash money, regularly, with no strings attached. Say it with dollars in the way you know to be best for the particular case. If

he always was a businesslike fellow who wanted things shipshape, hand him a check or a snappy new piece of folding money. If she's a delicate-souled old darling who never discussed money matters with her husband while he was looking out for her, backhand the remittance to her with nothing said about it, then or later.

The main thing is to let them have some money of their own, and to let them have it on the dot, every week or month, without fail. In plenty of cases, this simple scheme means all the difference to an older person between the indispensable feeling of security and the gnawing feeling of absolute dependence.



Five Great Whiskies *Wedded* into One!



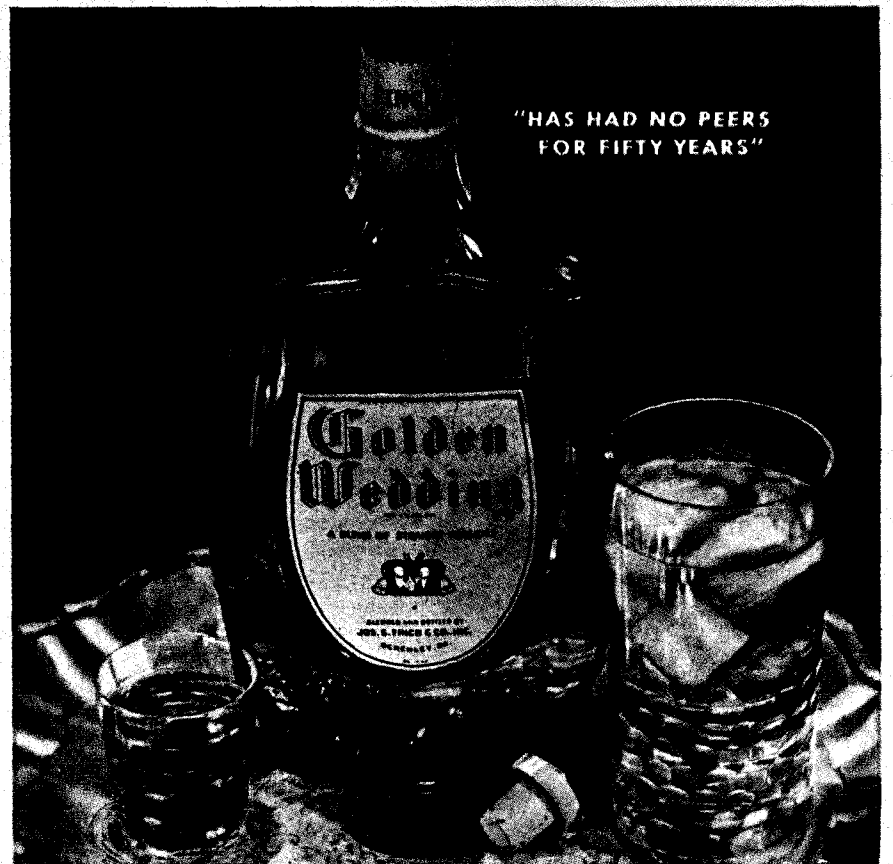
Each of these five decanters holds within it a rare whiskey treasure. Note the age of each . . . from 4 to 11 years old! Observe that each whiskey is prized for a single highly desirable quality.

If you could taste a few amber drops from any one of these five decanters, you would be delighted. But *still* you'd be missing the distinguished qual-

ities of the other four. For it takes all five of these choice, aged whiskies—and a taster's hand—to “wed” them skillfully into one—to bring you the most complete enjoyment possible in a whiskey. Only in *Golden Wedding*—which is *all* whiskey—can you experience this five-fold taste. Serve *Golden Wedding* in your home tonight. I can pay your appreciative guests no finer compliment!

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